

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly

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MEN WHO STAY YOUNG



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LAUNDRY  
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THE WHITE  
NAPHTHA SOAP



*for Speed and Safety*



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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE DRIVER

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT IS Easter Sunday in the village of Massillon, Stark County, Ohio, fifty miles south by east from Cleveland. Fourth year of the Soft Money Plague, 1894. Time, about ten o'clock of a chilly morning.

The sky is low and brooding, with an untimely thought of snow. Church bells are ringing. They sound remote and disapproving. Almost nobody is mindful of their call. The soul may miss its feast; the eye of wonder shall not be cheated. The comic god has published a decree. Here once more the sad biped, solemn, ludicrous and romantic, shall mount the gilded ass. It is a spectacle that will not wait. For weeks in all the newspapers of the country the fact has been advertised in a spirit of waggery. At this hour and from this place the Army of the Commonweal of Christ will set forth on foot in quest of the economic millennium.

The village is agog with people congregating to witness the fantasied event. In the main street natives and strangers mingle, their feet gregariously. There are spasmodic sounds of laughter, retort, argument and ribaldry; and continually the shrill cries of youth in a frenzy of expectation. Buggies, two-wheelers, open carts and spring wagons line both sides of the street. The horses are blanketed. A damp, chill wind is blowing. Venders from Chicago, lewd-looking men, working a hundred feet apart, are yelling: "Git an Army button here for a nickel!" There is a composite smell of ham sandwiches, peanuts, oranges and cigars.

A shout rises at the far end of the street. The crowd that has been so thick there, filling the whole space, bursts open. A band begins playing Onward, Christian Soldiers, and the spectacle is present.

First comes a negro bearing the American flag. Next, on a white horse, is a thick, close-bearded, self-regarding man with powerful, darting eyes and an air of fantastic vanity. He wears a buckskin coat with fringed sleeves; the breast is covered with gaudy medals. On his head is a large white sombrero. Around his neck swings a string of amber beads. He is cheered and rallied as he passes and bows continually.

Behind him walks a trumpeter, saluted as Windy Oliver. After the trumpeter walks the astrologer, bearing the wand of his mysterious office. Then a band of seven pieces, very willing and enterprising.

And now, by the timbre and volume of the cheering, you recognize the commander. He rides. Sitting so still and distant beside a negro driver in a buggy drawn by two mares, he is disappointing to the eye. There is nothing obviously heroic about him. He wears spectacles. Above a thin down-growing mustache the face is that of a man of ideas and action; the lower features, especially the mouth, denote a shy, secretive, sentimental, credulous man of mystical preoccupations. None of these qualities is more than commonplace. The type is well known to inland communities—the man



who believes in perpetual motion, in the perfectibility of human nature, in miraculous interventions of the Deity, and makes a small living shrewdly. He might be the inventor of a washing machine or some other device. He is in fact the owner of a sandstone quarry and a breeder of horses.

But, mark you, the ego may achieve grandeur in any habitat. It is not in the least particular. This inconsiderable man, ludicrously setting forth on Easter Sunday in command of a modern crusade, has one startling obsession: He believes that with the bandit-looking person on the white horse he shares the reincarnation of Christ.

In a buggy following, with what thoughts we shall none of us ever know, rides his wife.

Next comes another negro, bearing the banner of the Commonweal of Christ. In the center of it is a painted Christ head. The lettering, divided above and below the head, reads:

PEACE ON EARTH: GOOD WILL TO MEN

BUT

DEATH TO INTEREST-BEARING BONDS

Then comes the Army of the Commonwealers. They are counted derisively. The commander said there would be a hundred thousand, or at least ten thousand, or, at the start, not fewer than one thousand. Well, the number is one hundred, scant. They are a weird lot—a grim, one-eyed miner from Ottumwa, a jockey from Lexington, a fanatical preacher of the raw gospel from Detroit, a heavy steel-mill worker from Youngstown, a sinewy young farmer from near Sandusky, a Swede laborer from everywhere, one doctor, one lawyer, clerks, actors, paper hangers, blindends, what nots and tramps. There is not a fat man among them, nor one above forty. They march in order, looking straight ahead. A man in a blue overcoat and white trousers, riding a horse with a red saddle, moves up and down the line, eyeing it importantly.

At the end of this strange procession are two wagons. One is called the commissariat wagon; it is loaded with a circus tent, some bales of hay for the horses and a few bags of provisions—hardly enough for one day. The other is a covered wagon painted blue. The sides are decorated with geometrical figures of incomprehensible meaning. This vehicle of mystery belongs to the precious being on the white horse ahead. He created it; inside are sliding panoramas which he has painted.

As these wagons pass, people on foot and in buggies and wagons to the number of more than a thousand fall into line and follow. Their curiosity is not yet sated. They cannot abandon the spectacle.

Among these followers are forty-three correspondents, representing newspapers from New York to San Francisco; four telegraph operators and two linemen. The route to

Jerusalem is uncertain. Something may happen on the open road, miles from the nearest telegraph office. Hence the linemen, anywhere to climb a pole and tap the wires, and special operators to dispatch the news emergently. The reporters are to whoop the story up.

Could anything less seeming of reality be invented by the imagination? It has the pattern of a dream. Yet it is history.

This is how two fatuous spirits, visionaries certainly—Carl Browne on the white horse and Jacob S. Coxey on the buggy—led the Army of the Commonweal of Christ—Coxey's Army, for short—out of Massillon, past the blacksmith shop, past the sandstone quarry, past the little house where the woman was who waved her apron with one hand and wiped her eyes with the other, out upon the easting highway, toward Washington, with the Easter chimes behind them.

And for what purpose? Merely this—to demand from Congress a law by which unlimited prosperity and human happiness might be established on earth.

I, who am telling it, was one of the forty-three correspondents. The road was ankle-deep with that unguent kind of mud which lies on top of frost. Snow began to fall. Curiosity waned in the rear. The followers began to slough off, shouting words of encouragement as they turned back. Browne on his white horse, Coxey in his buggy, and the man in the red saddle were immersed in vanity. But the marchers were extremely miserable. None of them was properly shod or dressed for it. They were untrained, unused to distance walking, and after a few miles a number of them began to limp on wet, blistered feet. The band played a great deal and the men sang, sometimes all together, sometimes in separate groups. The going was such that no sort of marching order could be maintained.

At one o'clock there was a stop for coffee and dry bread, served out of the commissariat wagon. It was understood that the army would live on the country as it went along, trusting to charity and providence; but the shrewdness of the commander had foreseen that the art of begging would have to be learned, and that in any case it could not begin successfully on the first few miles out.

The Commonwealers watched us curiously as we tapped the telegraph wires by the roadside to send off flash bulletins of progress. Both Browne and Coxey exhorted their followers to courage, challenged the weaklings to drop out, and the march was resumed with only two desertions. These were made good by accessions farther on.

At four o'clock a halt was called near a village, the inhabitants of which made friendly gestures and brought forth bacon and hams, which were gratefully added to the boiled potatoes and bread served out of the wagon. The tent was raised. Browne, astride his bespattered white horse, made a speech.

He was the more aggressive half of the reincarnation. Indeed it came presently to be the opinion of the correspondents that he was the motivating principle of the whole infatuation and held the other in a spell. He was full of sound and rhetoric and moved himself to ecstasy with sonorous sayings. His talk was a wild compound of Scripture, theosophy and populism.

The kingdom of heaven on earth was at hand, he said. The conditions foretold in Revelation were fulfilled. The seven heads of the beast were the seven conspiracies against the money of the people. The ten horns of the beast were the ten monopolies nourished in Wall Street—the sugar trust, the oil trust, and so on.

"We are fast undermining the structure of monopoly in the hearts of the people," he declaimed, reaching his peroration. "Like Cyrus of old, we are fast tunneling under the boudiers' Euphrates and will soon be able to march under the walls of the second Babylon, and its mysteries too. The infernal, blood-sucking bank system will be overthrown, for the handwriting is on the wall."

The listeners, though they growled at the mention of Wall Street and cheered the fall of Babylon, received his interpretation of their rôle and errand with an uneasy, bothered air. Voices asked for Coxey. He spoke to them in a gentle



"You Will Get Some Valuable Experience, and if at Any Time You Wish to Go Back to Newspaper Work I'll Undertake to Get You a Place in New York"

manner, praised them for their courage and fortitude, emphasized the hardships yet to be endured, proposed a hymn to be sung, and then dismissed them to rest with some practical suggestions touching their physical comfort. Rest and comfort, under the circumstances, were terms full of iron; but nobody seemed to think of that. They cheered him heartily.

In the village railroad station was a telegraph office, where our special operators cut in their instruments and received our copy. Among us we filed more than forty thousand words of narrative, incident, pathos and ridicule.

News is stranger than fiction, not in what it tells but in how it happens. In a room twenty feet square, lighted by one kerosene lamp, we wrote our copy on our knees, against the wall, on each other's backs, standing up and lying down, matching notes and exchanging information as we went along.

"What's the name of this town?"

"Louisville."

"Kentucky?"

"Kentucky! No. Hear him! Ohio."

"Didn't know there was any Louisville, Ohio."

"Write it anyway. It won't be the first time you've written what you don't know."

Then silence, save for the clicking of the telegraph instruments and the cracking of copy paper.

"Who was the man in the red saddle?"

No answer.

Again: "Who was the guy in the red saddle?"

No answer.

Another voice, in the same difficulty, roaring: "Who in hell was the man in the red saddle?"

Now everybody stops writing. Nobody knows.

Voice: "Call him Smith; man of mystery; the great unknown."

We did. The man in the red saddle was Smith the Great Unknown to the end of his silly part.

There was a small hotel in the place, with only two bedrooms available, and these had been selfishly seized by three magazine writers, who had no telegraph stuff to file. They had retired. The rest of us took possession of a fairly large lounging room and settled ourselves for the night on cots, pallets and chairs.

The lean-minded man from Cleveland, reclining on the hotel desk with his feet on the cigar case, started an untimely discussion.

"We've sent off a lot of guff about this thing," he said, "and not a word of what it means. Not a man here has tried to tell what it means."

"Leave that to the editorial writers and go to sleep," said St. Louis from under his hat. He had made his bed in the swivel chair.

"It means something; it means something, I tell you," said Cleveland.

"Well, what?" asked a petulant voice.

"It's a joke," said St. Louis, not moving. "People have to laugh," he added. "Go to sleep or be still."

Another voice: "What does it mean, you Cleveland? I saw you reading Plutarch."

"These people are asking questions to which there is no answer," said the Cleveland man, lifting on his elbow. "Why is anybody hungry in a land of surplus food? Why are able-bodied men out of work while we have such roads as the one we traveled to-day? I don't know. I'm asking."

A man whom we had hardly noticed before, anemic, shrill and hairy, sat up on his mattress and thrust a naked bent arm out of his blanket.

"I'll tell you what it means!" he shouted. "Wall Street has sucked the country dry. People may perish, but Wall Street will have its profit and interest. Labor may starve, but the banking power will keep money sound. Money in itself is nothing—merely a convenience, a token by means of which useful things are exchanged. Is that so? Not at all. Money no longer exists for the use of people. We exist for the sake of money. There is plenty everywhere, but people cannot buy because they are

unemployed and have no money. Coxey says 'Create the money. Make it abundant. Then people may work and be prosperous.' Well, why not? Wall Street says if you make money abundant you will ruin the country. Hell! The country is already ruined. We laugh. Yet what we have seen to-day is the beginning of revolution. As people have freed themselves from other tyrannies, so they will free themselves from this money tyranny."

He stopped, out of breath and choking, and a singular hubbub arose. Everyone awake had been listening attentively, and now, just as they lay, not an arm or a leg stirring, all those huddled inert forms became vocal, shouting "Populist! Put him out! Douse him!"

Accents of weariness, irritation and railery were inseparably mingled. Yet the overtone was not unfriendly. We could be light and cruel with the Army of the Commonweal of Christ, because its whole figure was ludicrous, but there was no love among us for Wall Street or the money power. Those names were ideas of things which were commonly feared and hated and blamed for all the economic distress of the time.

Above, the plutocratic magazine writers were pounding on the floor. The hairy agitator, breathing heavily, melted back into his mattress, heavy in his conscience, no doubt, for having written a very sarcastic piece about that Easter Day event. We saw it afterward in his Chicago paper. The fat reporter from Cincinnati began to snore.

For a long time I lay awake, thinking.

What were we doing here? Reporting the news. News of what? One hundred inconsequent men dreaming in the mud—was that news? No, not intrinsically. As a manifestation of the frustrate human spirit it might serve as material for the reflective fictionist or text for some Olympian humorist, but why was it news to be written hot and dispatched by telegraph?

In their acts of faith, folly, wisdom and curiosity men are moved by ideas. Perhaps, therefore, the discrepancy between the unimportance of this incongruous Easter Day spectacle itself and the interest we bestowed upon it was explained by what it signified—that is, by the motivating idea. This thought I examined carefully.

Two years before this, Jacob S. Coxey, horse breeder and quarry owner whom no one had ever heard of



before, proposed to cure the economic disease then afflicting the country by the simple expedient of hiring all the unemployed on public works. Congress should raise half a billion dollars from noninterest-bearing bonds and spend the money on national roads. This plan received some publicity as a freak idea; nobody had been really serious about it. What then happens?

One Carl Browne, theosophist, demagogue and noise breaker, seeks out this money crank at Massillon, and together they incubate the thought of calling upon the people to take the plan in the form of a petition and walk with it to Congress. The thing is Russian—"a petition in boots," a prayer to the government carried great distances by peasants on foot. The newspapers print it as a piece of light news. Then everybody begins to talk about it, and the response is amazing. People laugh openly and are secretly serious.

A day is set for the march to begin, a form of organization is announced, and Coxey Army contingents begin to appear spontaneously all over the country. This also is news, to be treated in the same light spirit, and no doubt it is much exaggerated for sportive reasons. As the day approaches, little groups of men, calling themselves units of the Christ Army of the Commonweal, set out from Missouri, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Michigan, from anywhere east of the Missouri River, footing it to Massillon to merge their numbers.

Then it rains. For three weeks there is nothing but rain, and the flesh fails. That is why there is but a scant one hundred to make the start. Coxey believes the bemired and tardy units will survive and catch up. He still hopes to have tens of thousands with him when he reaches Washington.

But all this vibration is unmistakably emotional. That is a fact to be accounted for. When did it become possible to emotionalize the human animal with a financial idea—specifically, a plan to convert noninterest-bearing bonds into an unlimited amount of legal-tender money? Never. The money theory is merely the aspect, the outwardness of the matter. Something else is signified. What is it?

I come back to what the Cleveland man said. Why are people hungry in a land of surplus food? Why is labor idle? Labor applied to materials is the source of all wealth. There is no lack of materials. The desire for wealth is without limit. Why are men unemployed instead of acting on their unfinished environment to improve it?

And now, though I had thought my way around a circle, I began to glimpse some understanding of what was taking place in a manner nominally so preposterous. People had tormented themselves with these questions until they

were weary, callous and bitterly ironic. The country was in the toils of an invisible monster that devoured its heart and wasted its substance. The name of this monster was Hard Times. The problem of unemployment was chronic, desperate and apparently hopeless. The cause of it was unknown. People were sick of thinking and talking about something for which there was no help. They had either to despair or laugh. Then came Coxey, fanatic, mountebank, or rare comedian—so solemn in his pretensions that no one knew which—and they laughed. It might become serious. Mass psychology was in a highly inflammable condition. There was always that thought in reserve to tinge the laughter with foreboding. But if there came a conflagration, perhaps the questions would be unexpectedly answered; nobody cared much what else happened.

Cincinnati turned over with a frightful snort and was suddenly quiet. I prayed that he might be dead, and went to sleep.

The next morning the New York Herald man took me aside. "I've been recalled from this assignment to go to Europe," he said. "I'm waiting for a man to relieve me. He will pick us up sometime to-day."

I said I was sorry; and I was, for we were made to each other's liking.

"I don't care for the man who is relieving me," he continued. "Besides, he isn't competent to do what I'm about to ask you to undertake in my place."

"Anything I can," I said.

"You are from the West," he continued, "and therefore you're not likely to know how jumpy the Wall Street people are about what's going on. They are afraid of this Coxey movement—of what it may lead to. They want to know a lot about it—more than they can get from the newspaper stories. I've been sending a confidential letter on it daily to Valentine—you know, John J., president of the Great Midwestern Railroad. He wants the tale unvarnished, and what you think of it and what others think of it. He particularly wants to know in the fullest way how the Coxeyites are received along the way, for therein is disclosed the state of public feeling. Well, I wish you to take this commission off my hands. It pays fifty a week for the life of the circus. I'll see him in New York, tell him who you are and why I left it for you to do. Then when the thing is over you can run up to New York from Washington and get your money."

I hesitated.

"It's Wall Street money," I said.

"It's railroad money," he replied. "That may be all the same thing. But there's no difficulty, really. It's quite all right for anyone to do this. What's wanted is the

truth. Put in your own opinions of Wall Street if you like. Indeed, do that. Wall Street people are not as you think they are. Valentine is a particularly good sort and honest in his point of view. I vouch for the whole thing."

So I took it; and thereafter posted to John J. Valentine, — Broadway, Room 607, personal, a daily confidential report on the march of the Commonwealers.

I would not say that the fact of having a retainer in railroad money changed my point of view. It did somewhat affect my sense of values, and my curiosity was extended.

For the purpose of the Valentine reports I made an intensive personal study of the Commonwealers. I asked them why they were doing it. Some took it as a sporting adventure, with no thought of the consequences, and enjoyed the mob spirit. Some were tramps who for the first time in their lives found begging respectable. But a great majority of them were earnest, wistful men, fairly aching with convictions, without being able to say what it was they had a conviction of or what was wrong with the world. Their notions were incoherent. Nobody seemed very sanguine about the Coxey plan; nobody understood it, in fact; yet something would have to be done; people couldn't live without work.

Unemployment was the basic grievance. I took a group of twenty, all skilled workmen, sixteen of them married, and found that for each of them the average number of wage-earning days in a year had been twelve. They blamed the money power in Wall Street. When they were asked how the money power could profit by their unemployment, what motive it could have in creating hard times, they took refuge in meaningless phrases. Most of them believed in peaceful measures. Only three or four harbored destructive thoughts.

The manner of the army's reception by farmers, villagers and townspeople was variable and hard at first to understand. Generally there was plenty of plain food. Sometimes it was provided in a generous, sympathetic spirit; then again it would be forthcoming as a bid for immunity, the givers at heart being fearful and hostile. The army was much maligned by rumor as a body of tramps obtaining sustenance by blackmail. It wasn't true. There was no theft, very little disorder, no taking without leave, even when the stomach gnawed.

One learned to anticipate the character of reception by the look of the place. In poor, dilapidated communities there was always a hearty welcome with what food the people could spare, cheerfully bestowed; the better and more prosperous the community the worse for the Commonwealers.

I spoke of this to some of the more thoughtful men. They had noted the fact and made nothing of it. Then I spoke of it to one of the tramps, who knew the technic of begging. He said: "Sure. Anybody'd know that. D'jew ever get anything at a big house? The poor give. We ought to stick to the poor towns."

In those industrial communities where class distinctions had arisen—that is to say, where poverty and affluence were separately self-conscious—the police invariably were disagreeable and the poor were enthusiastic over the Commonwealers. At Allegheny, where the steel-mill workers had long suffered from unemployment, the army received a large white silk banner, lettered:

#### LAWS FOR AMERICANS

MORE MONEY  
LESS MISERY

Here there were several collisions between, on one side, the Commonwealers and their welcomers and, on the other, the police. At some towns the army was not permitted to stop at all. At others it was officially received with music, speeches and rejoicings.

As these incidents became repetitious they ceased to be news, yet they were more important, merely by reason of recurring, than the bizarre happenings within the army which as newspaper correspondents we were obliged competitively to emphasize, as, for example, the quarrel between Browne and the bandmaster, the mutiny led by Smith the Great Unknown, the development of the reincarnation myth and the increasing distaste for it among the disciples.

The size of the army fluctuated with the state of the weather. Crossing the Blue Mountains by the icy Cumberland road in a snow-storm was an act of fortitude almost heroic. Confidence in the



He Began to Pass in Front of Me

With Long, Stealthy Steps, His Hands in His Pockets, Looking at Me Fixedly With a Preposterous Maleficent Glare

(Continued on Page 27)

# EUROPE IN TRANSITION

## The German Industrial Revival

By Isaac F. Marcossou

WHEN you go to Essen, where the great Krupp works are located, you find that most of the huge foundries and mills that formerly turned out guns and shells are producing locomotives, reapers, harvesters, freight cars and motor trucks. What is happening at Essen is also transpiring to a lesser extent throughout Germany. No matter what views the Germans may have about future wars, they are for the moment busily engaged in converting the sword into a plowshare. The mobilization of industry seems to be complete, and but for the shortage of coal the production would be normal.

Germany marched to her place in the sun largely because of a vast industrial output combined with artful distribution. If she is to come back she must renew that one-time commercial grip on the markets of the world through identical agencies. The casual observer of her factories is led into the same misconception that follows a superficial look at her general life. Externally everything seems to be booming. The important detail is to go behind the returns, as it were, and discover whether all this motion is permanent and profitable. Is German industry stable, and what is it doing?

At the outset you go bang up against a serious handicap, because accurate economic investigation in Germany has never been an easy task. Although the German is a prize advertiser, he is disposed to be secretive about his business affairs. It was bad enough before the war, but since the armistice this kind of side-stepping has become more pronounced, and for several reasons. In the first place, the big manufacturer wants to dodge taxes. Secondly, the actual productive situation has been camouflaged in order to avoid full reparation payments if possible.

### Pressing Industrial Problems

NOTHING is more misleading than bare statistics, and the Teuton is long on what he calls expert facts. He will almost overwhelm you with figures, but they do not always enlighten. It was not until well into 1921 that any kind of accurate appraisal of the potash yield was made public. It is typical of the state of affairs in half a dozen other activities.

Let us begin with a bird's-eye view of German industry. The big facts that stand out at the moment I write are these:

**FIRST.** The tendency is toward large consolidation. This movement is backed by the government and is a direct result of the treaty penalties. The German believes that in close union lies the strength for recovery.

**SECOND.** Linked with the trust idea is the desire for coöperation with foreign industrial groups. This is demonstrated in the Stinnes alignments in Austria, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and inevitably in England and America.

**THIRD.** The scientist and the investigator are playing a more prominent part than ever before in devising substitutes. The principal problem, due to the curtailment of the coal supply, is to discover a new source of power.

**FOURTH.** Despite the enforcement of the eight-hour-day law, which has increased the number of workers everywhere, production is rapidly returning to the prewar figure. On October first it was estimated to be about 65 per cent of normal, and by January 1, 1922, is expected to compare favorably with that of 1913.

**FIFTH.** German industry has always been intimately bound up with the German banks. These institutions were never so prosperous as they are to-day. It means that

expansion will not lack adequate backers and exploiters. Shares in all the large industrial concerns are much higher than they were six months ago.

**SIXTH.** Although socialization of industry followed the institution of the republic in 1918, the German worker has not capitalized it to any appreciable extent. He remains the same willing and efficient cog in the productive machine and becomes less and less susceptible to the radical agitator.

The foremost problem of German industry to-day is raw materials. Not only is the available native supply considerably diminished through treaty stipulations and the loss of a part of Upper Silesia, but the decline of the mark has made foreign buying almost impossible. Hence an estimate of the essentials for work must form the approach to a consideration of what the country is doing.

The list of German needs is a long one. Where we obtain foodstuffs, fats, metals and cotton from within our own borders, Germany must import immense quantities of these necessities. In fact, she must scour the whole world for them. From England and her colonies she obtains wool, rubber, tin and oil. From Russia she formerly got flax, hemp, cereals and timber, and expects to do so again. South America has provided her with wheat, hides and tanning material. We ship her cotton, copper and wheat. If she is to resume her former industrial eminence she must have raw materials in greater quantity than ever before, because the reparation payments demand that her exports be increased.

You can get some idea of the German expenditure for raw materials when I say that in 1913—the last complete normal year—the cost of her imports of cotton, hides, wool, copper, lumber, iron ore, coal, fats and petroleum aggregated considerably more than 2,500,000,000 gold marks. This was on the basis of four marks to the dollar. At the present time the mark is over 150 to the dollar. Since all foreign buying

must be in dollars or pounds sterling, you can readily see how and why the raw-material proposition is a difficult one for the manufacturer.

Before the war Germany's self-sufficiency so far as crude products were concerned lay in coal, iron, steel, spelter and potash. But her mineral map has undergone many changes since the armistice. The coal output of the Saar Valley, and considerably more, goes to France for fifteen years. Luxemburg's withdrawal from the German Customs Union cut down the ore supply materially. The potash and iron-ore fields of Lorraine are under the French flag. The partitioning of Upper Silesia pinched off a considerable portion of her underground treasure. What the Germans call the Silesia catastrophe reduced her coal output 21 per cent, the zinc output 60 per cent, the coking works 7 per cent, the lead-smelting works 20 per cent, the blast furnaces 8 per cent, the rolling mills 30 per cent and the sulphuric-acid works 10 per cent.

### Savings Through Science

THE Germans maintain that with these impaired resources their industrial machine is crippled. They forget that during the war, when they were surrounded by the iron ring of the blockade and received practically no imports of consequence, they not only maintained their national existence but almost single-handedly carried on an offensive against half the world. The exercise of an extraordinary ingenuity made this possible.

Their inventiveness has not deserted them with the advent of peace. They are still animated by the impulse of self-preservation and will doubtless be able to make both ends meet. Prophecy is always a dangerous thing, but I will venture the statement that during the next five years, or even sooner, the German research laboratories will revolutionize some of the best-known industrial processes, all to the end of saving the overhead cost of raw materials, and particularly that of coal.

Coal is the corner stone of Germany's industrial structure. Before her might was humbled in the Great War it was both her pride and prop. To-day it is her keenest anxiety. When you analyze the Teutonic coal situation you find that like so many other aspects of contemporary life in the republic it is not without an element of the ironical. During the war, as I have pointed out at various times in these columns, coal was the cudgel that Germany held menacingly over the heads of the unhappy neutrals.

(Continued on Page 35)



PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY  
Bertha Krupp von Bohlen, Formerly "The Cannon Princess." Above—Gun Tubes Destined to be Scrapped Outside the Foundry for Agricultural Machinery at Essen



# DAY DUST

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DR. CARRINGTON HOLMES leaned back in his chair and waited. He wanted his caller to take her own time in telling him what she had come for, although he knew why she was there from the moment that she entered the office.

It was more than half an hour before she gathered courage to say: "And then, Doctor Holmes, I want to ask you something about Bruce."

"Oh! That so? Last time I saw him he didn't look as if you had much to worry about."

"I don't know that I have. I think perhaps I'm just making a fool of myself."

Betty Lane was not the type of woman who makes a fool of herself, but the doctor, covering her with an amused professional glance, did not disagree with her.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder. Your sex presumes on that privilege occasionally, I've found." It was the first time he had seen Bruce Lane's wife, though he had seen Bruce several times since their A. E. F. days. She was very like the photographs Bruce had shown him—a lovely, fair-haired, clear-skinned, all-American girl. "Most of the boys' wives worry over something or other," he went on. "If a man clears his throat occasionally his wife is certain his lungs are giving out from after effects of gas. Or does Bruce forget to mail your letters? That's another menacing symptom of a mental breakdown."

She smiled a little at this, but she looked away from his kindly, seeing gaze.

"I'm not even as sensible as that. I've never spoken about it to Bruce, and I don't really know why I've come to you—except that you took care of him after his fall and he likes you so much that it doesn't seem like a breach of confidence. But it sounds so silly when I try to put it in words."

While she hesitated the gaunt giant of a man removed his eyes from her flushed face to a little picture hanging above his desk.

"Nothing is silly that worries a woman about the man she loves," he said slowly.

Her quick voice thanked him. "Oh, well—you see it may not be anything at all. But several times—seven, to be exact—in the three years we've been married Bruce has cried out—terribly—in his sleep."

"Ye-es?" Doctor Holmes found this something of a diversion from his expectations. "Well, it's not surprising that a good many men should have nightmare. You see there are memories in their minds that they refuse to think of in daytime."

"I know what you mean. But this is different. I can't explain it. And he always calls the same word—Diane."

She whispered the name, and the faint sounds seemed to catch in the corners of the room, like cobwebs. The big doctor coughed, and moved his feet.

"Diane. Let me see. Well, that's not so very alarming. Seems to me that was the name of one of the nurses I got to take care of him."

"Oh!" The sharp little word was a doubt made into fear. "An American girl?"

"No-o. French, I think she was—mostly. Those Luxembourgoise are a little of everything. Why, would you prefer her to have been American?" There was a kindly amusement in his voice which was strangely reassuring, and drew frankness into her answer.

"Yes, I really would, Doctor Holmes. Those women over there are so—so unmoral, the men all say. Please don't think I'm jealous. I'm not. I know Bruce loves me. But I'm worse than jealous—I'm afraid."

"You've nothing to be afraid of from Diane." There was a tinge of sharpness, almost irritation in his

voice, which he quickly covered with a smiling "As I remember her she was a dark dumpy little thing and about as far from unmoral as anything I can conceive of. Just what are you afraid of, Mrs. Lane?"

She seemed to be wilting inside her smart tailored suit, humiliated and hurt. But she met his eyes unashamed.

"I don't know, Doctor Holmes. That's why I've come to you. Please try to believe that I'm not jealous of Bruce, nor spying on him. I wanted to ask about this—Diane, but I'm not afraid of her personally. It's something bigger. I realize it sounds ridiculous, but really it's terrible. After he calls out like that I'm frightened for days. I suppose I ought to talk to him about it."

"Well, perhaps; perhaps not. Why haven't you asked him?"

"I just don't know." She was turning and twisting her hand bag in her nervous hands. "That's one of the things I'm so troubled about. I've never kept anything away from Bruce, but I feel somehow as if he would hate me if I asked—as if it's something I don't belong in. Each time after—after he's called that name, he goes into the soundest, quietest sleep, almost as if he were dead. Once I thought he wasn't even breathing. Then one morning he asked me if I ever dreamed I were dead and he said: 'Well, you know I did last night; queerest dream I ever had. Gosh, it was wonderful.' That's just what he said—'Gosh, it was wonderful.' And he said he hoped he'd have it again so he could remember about it."

After that, a long silence seemed to ask wistfully for the doctor to speak, but since he did not, she went on.

"And the other day the men were cutting some big maples in the yard and one almost fell on Bruce. Of course it would have killed him. I was standing on the porch and it seemed to me he actually tried to get in its way, and there was the strangest, whitest look on his face. And I screamed at him and he jumped back just in time. And—and I know that he cried out that—that name."

It was the end of her story and her voice held to it steadily, but her hands trembled as they fumbled with the beaded bag Bruce had brought her from Paris. Doctor Holmes leaned toward her in his slow, deliberate way, and took her hands into his big bony ones. His warm, practical voice fell pleasantly into the silence, like warmth invading a cold room.

"Well, my dear girl, you've had something to think about, I'll admit. But I believe I can explain it for you." He smiled at the audible sigh of relief that escaped her lips as her fingers slowly relaxed from their tight clasp of his hands. "You see, Bruce came nearer to death in that fall of his than it's in the province of science to quite understand. I've noticed several times in similar cases that such close shaves leave a permanent effect on the nervous system. Now I imagine Bruce never mentions his accident, does he?"

"No, he doesn't," she agreed eagerly. "He told me all about it one night when he first came home. Of course he had written about it, but it did upset him to tell about it, and he hates it when anyone happens to speak of it."

"That's perfectly natural. It seems a little odd he didn't mention Diane when he told you about it. She was the best nurse he had." The doctor's voice was a trifle puzzled.

"No, he never has spoken her name," she said firmly while a painful red crept under the whiteness of her skin. "After he began having these spells I got out his letters, and there was no such name ever mentioned, but one time he wrote: 'The old doc has a mighty patient little nurse for me now; a native, I guess. She's about as big as a minute, but the other night she lifted me back on this high bed when I took a notion to roll off of it.' I've read that letter so often that I know it by heart."

The doctor was nodding his head and smiling.

"Yes, yes; just what I thought. Exactly. That was Diane, all right. You know those beds over there are as high as a house, and one night Bruce fell off of his. They told me he yelled till the house echoed for five minutes. And that little wisp of a thing lifted him back. It was about the first day he'd been conscious and it brought back all the sensations of his fall. We had an awful time with him, almost worse than at first. I suppose he yelled for the nurse when he felt himself going, and now, when he dreams of it, the nerves respond in the same way. So it really isn't so terrible, after all, is it?"

She sat in front of him, tensely, devouring his words as they fell.

"But about the tree?" she said.

"Oh. Well, that was the same thing. Of course he didn't try to run under it. If it seemed so, it was either your imagination or because in the first shock of its falling he started the wrong way. Then the reaction from your scream and his unconscious fright and, perhaps, the sight of the falling tree, all combined to bring exactly the same effect."

She answered his smile valiantly. "Then how much better it would have been if I'd talked to him about it, instead of imagining all sorts of ridiculous things. When I get home I'll tell him the whole thing."

The doctor brought his two hands down on his chair arm with a decided gesture.

"No, sir! I believe you've done just the right thing. I don't think



She Sang Him Whimsical Make-Up Songs About His Funny Bandaged Head, or If Her Heart Were Brave Enough, About Their Love

I'd ever mention it to him, Mrs. Lane. Now that you understand it you won't worry any more, and sometimes these things, if they're dwelt on, can develop into nervous—ah, disorders, that are practically incurable. If I were you I'm quite sure I'd never let him suspect that he calls out in the night. You know, there's no greater magnet in the world than a consuming fear of something, and—well, it might get on his mind."

"But isn't it odd, doctor, that something should have made me feel just that?" Her voice was hushed. This would always be a very grave matter to Betty Lane. He smiled at her and allowed himself another uncharacteristic descent to sentiment.

"No, not odd at all, Mrs. Lane. You love him, you see."

"Oh, I do," she said simply. It brought an actual mist to his small, shrewd eyes.

"Do you mind telling me, Mrs. Lane, just what you expected to find out when you came to me?"

This time no stain of embarrassment touched her fair skin; she gave him her confidence with directness—not altogether without pride.

"I was afraid that some girl named Diane had made Bruce think he had wronged her. Nothing could make me doubt his love for me, but I understand the—conditions over there. And I knew that if Bruce thought he had wronged anyone it would just kill him. If I had believed this was true I should have wanted to give him his freedom quickly, without hurting him, making him know I understood; for I would have realized that he had done as he has to keep from hurting me. And I would have tried to—to repay him."

The doctor's gaze had moved again to the little picture above his desk, where it lingered wonderingly.

"If you women gave the loyalty to one another that you give to us men this would be a wonderful world," he reflected, and his gravely admiring eyes saw that he had complimented her. Then he went on conversationally: "This girl we've been speaking of had a doughboy lover, only an ordinary boy, but she loved him—well, let's say with all her heart, for lack of stronger expressions. She could have kept him from his sweetheart—only for a time, perhaps, but she didn't know that. Anyhow she let him go. Sent him, really. Nearly killed her too. When I think of it, I knew a lot of wonderfully fine women and girls over there. In fact, I didn't know just how fine women could be till I went over there in this war—all kinds of women everywhere. They may have different ideas of what's right or wrong than we have, but—well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Lane, I'm something of a veteran in experience with women, and I wish you'd get over thinking those women so unmoral."

Betty Lane was standing now, in her face nothing except light and happiness and the rare beauty of unselfish love. "Bless you, doctor, I really will," she promised easily. "I often think we're prejudiced over here. Anyhow, I'll love your dumpy little Diane all the rest of my life."

After she had gone Doctor Holmes did not ring at once for his next patient to be sent in. He walked over to the little picture above his desk and blew the dust off the glass. Not satisfied he took it down and wiped it off with his handkerchief.

"Well, little Diane," he said aloud, "your methods are too much for me to diagnose—too much for me."

Then he sat down in his big chair and smoked a while and lost himself in memories of that unbelievably lonely time after the armistice when his regiment was waiting, waiting, waiting for the orders to go home. The insistent city sounds died away from his open windows and in their place he heard the hoarse, husky cries of little Luxemburg boys, playing in the narrow rue below, their racket occasionally punctuated by Yankee laughter of bored homesick doughboys who lazily watched their play. He could hear, too, the sharp hoofs of goats spating by on the pebbled rue, guided by the guttural calls of women. And he could hear the sweet faint voice of Diane Grenia, singing, in the big dark house across the way.

It was in December, after the armistice, that six companies of young, intolerant, homesick American soldiers swarmed into the village of Anyange, like long-wandering angry bees seeking a hive. Anyange is a prim little assemblage of severe stone houses and patterned gardens, set like a dragon's eye deeply in the hollow of four towering red hills in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg—that tiny



"Play Now With Death—You Common Dog!"

chameleon country which takes to its heart so gracefully the colors of any neighboring nation the wars may make victorious. At the time of the arrival of the American regiment the chameleon's tongue had turned from German to French. Herr Burgomeister had become Monsieur le Maire, and bitter were the villagers' tales, recounted in none too fluent French, of *les boches* and their outrages.

With a promptness peculiar to the Yankee and incredible to the deliberate Luxemburger, the Americans diffused themselves throughout Anyange. It was a shallow planting that the regiment gave itself, but one of luxuriant growth. Rough-board stables, tar-paper mess shacks, and red sentry shanties grew like weeds, making incongruous splotches of temporary ugliness in the quaint little town's well-patterned permanence.

The staff officers established their mess and living quarters in a solemn old house directly across the Rue des Jardins from the Grenia home. At that time Diane Grenia was twenty-three years old, and in three days she became known as the singing girl.

"That singing girl's got ghost eyes," one doughboy said of her.

For Diane's eyes, upturned at the outward corners, seemed always to have asked a question and to be waiting for the answer. It made one rather uncomfortable at first—the scrutiny of those wide brown eyes, set so oddly in the pale eager face.

She lived in the most pretentious house in Anyange, the gardens surrounded by hand-wrought iron palings through which ran leafless vines in grotesque designs. The heavy gate to the gardens was always locked.

Capt. Bruce Lane had tried that gate the first afternoon he was in Anyange, while on duty as billeting officer; but he did not ring the bell. The shutters of the lower floor were closed, but the second-story windows were bare to the bright December sunlight and he heard Diane Grenia singing Tipperary. A British car, eloquent of a muddy journey, stood inside the gardens on the driveway. Captain Lane eyed it threateningly.

"It'll not stick around much longer," he made inward prophecy. "That voice'll sound better singing Yankee Doodle."

Captain Lane was young and tall and brave and handsome; and four recent years in one of the best Middle-Western universities had left a firm self-assurance on his

fair frank face—an assurance built soundly on the wisdom of right and the folly of wrong. He had always done right and he always expected to. Just as he had loved Betty Winthrop for as long as he could remember, and always expected to. Now, standing there outside that foreign garden, he thought vaguely that this girl could sing higher notes than Betty could. He did not know that this was a voice far finer than he had ever heard, that it was fashioned with the miraculous simplicity of tears and love and laughter, and that even in the careless Tipperary it evidenced the finest training and surety. To his miserably homesick ears came only the pleasure of good old English words, and to his heart an answering melody. He strode on, leaving the garden bell unring. The lure of that happy voice with its promise of pleasant evenings to come made him strangely indifferent toward securing a billet in just that particular house for the two battalion majors.

Captain Lane was homesick and bored and desperately lonesome. So were the two majors, so was everybody, for that matter. But he had not been assigned to lessen the loneliness of his brother officers. His specific duty, delegated in the colonel's ever-certain terms, was merely: "You get every officer located between linen sheets before night or don't come back to eat."

And Captain Lane ate that evening, heartily, even of the goldfish—canned salmon—questionably camouflaged as some sort of creamed delicacy on toast, and his conscience was quite untroubled for having billeted two of his best friends in a huge dusky chamber over a *boucherie*, instead of in the Grenia maison, surrounded by song.

After mess, armored with military matters, he called at the Grenias'. Diane herself came down to open the great gate. He was surprised that she was not pretty—just a tiny bunch of a thing in a dark green slip patterned like Betty's kitchen aprons. A truant thought of Betty—tall, sunny-haired Betty—touched his observation of the small girl in front of him. Diane stood motionless, looking through the palings.

"How do you do?" she said precisely.

He was so interested in the questioning of her brown slanting eyes that he became suddenly conscious of not having answered her. Jerking off his cap, he pretended to consult a memorandum, surveying it closely in the darkening light, as he stumbled into their confusing maze of languages.

"Mister—Monsieur Wolff, the *burgomeister*—I mean *le maire*, sent me here to see Mister—that is Monsieur Grenia about renting some buildings for our soldiers."

"Yes. Herr Wolff telephoned. You are, then, the Captain Lane?"

"I am," he admitted solemnly.

She smiled at him as naively as a child politely making friends, but she made no motion toward unlocking the gate. Instead she turned and looked up at a long window above them. In the narrow panel between half-closed shutters a tall, olive-skinned man stood looking somberly down at them. His eyes were black and his thin, drooping mustache was black. An annoying coldness shivered down Captain Lane's back. The man opened the window slightly and Diane spoke to him in Luxemburgish—a mongrel language strongly suggestive of German but independent of rules or rhetoric. He answered her briefly and closed both window and shutters. Their voices were like music—hers a major chord of youthfulness, his a minor of discontent. Diane instantly unlocked the gate with a key from a jingling bunch hung about her waist on a silver chain.

"My father is glad for you to come up," she said. "Oh, you doubt it?"

He stared, disconcerted.

"You think with your face," she explained, opening the gate. "Entrez. Do not think a mistake of my father; he is pleased you should come, but he is not a gay man. I am Diane Grenia."

"Yes, Miss Grenia. It certainly sounds great to hear a girl talk English," he said cordially, while she led him up the broad, dimly lighted stairway.

"That is true, I am certain. I speak many errors in my English but all my friends pretend to enjoy them. It is very nice, now that the English leave Luxemburg, that the Americans come."

"It didn't look this afternoon as if all the Tommies had pulled out?"

"Had—had, what do you say?"

"Why—left, gone, parted."



"O-oh! That was a car from Cologne that you regarded so long this afternoon when you did not enter. My father saw you. My cousin is away from the area of occupation *en permission*."

"Cousin? Then you are English?"

"No. It is about the only thing I am not. Brion is a distant cousin. He is like me—some of all peoples, cold Russia, warm Italy. I am even a little of the German—but you must not hate me."

"I'll say I won't," he assured her, laughing. He stood now at her side in the dark upper hall before a wide door. She hesitated, her hand on the knob.

"My father likes best French. Can you speak it a little?"

"Only enough to eat and get shaved."

"Then it is best you should speak English. Errors do not amuse my father. I will translate for you."

She opened the door into a great dark-beamed chamber dimly lighted with flickering gas jets, the walls hung with portraits and a few tapestries. Monsieur Grenia rose from a couch in a far corner but he did not come forward to greet them. Lane had once crawled across No Man's Land with but a slightly stronger sense of unreality than he now felt in walking toward that tall silent man.

He heard Diane presenting him, and with a violent effort he produced a strongly consonant *"Bonsoir, monsieur, je suis —"* The rest deserted him. He smiled inanely.

Monsieur bowed, at least his head inclined a trifle, and a smile of whitest teeth lifted the drooping mustache into something like a courteous snarl. Lane had started to offer his hand but he diverted the motion into an awkward yanking down of his cuff, fervently regretful that he hadn't stayed in quarters and played a comfortable game of cribbage with Major Holmes—the old doc of the regiment.

"We will sit around the table and talk affairs," Diane said, giving his arm the slightest push.

He retreated thankfully to the round table in the center of the room and drew a low upholstered chair up under it. The thick tapestry cover reminded him of an old couch cover in his grandmother's house; it seemed familiar and homelike, and lessened the uncanny atmosphere of the

big room, whose old portraits stared unapprovingly at this handsome young American.

After a little the awkwardness lessened. They talked affairs for half an hour, Diane translating back and forth, and Lane finally agreeing to pay twice the amount of rent Colonel Rodgers had advised. Every time Monsieur solemnly accepted another cigarette from Lane a perceptible degree of warmth enlivened their circle.

"For so long a time we had no cigarettes," Diane explained with calm candor.

Shortly after their talk was ended her father returned to the sofa, saying something to Diane in his musical discontented voice.

"Father suggests you might enjoy some music, and perhaps some cognac."

"He's certainly picked two favorites," Lane admitted; and the golden bottle was immediately brought in by a rosy, firm-cheeked little person in a tight red dress.

"Berthe has, so soon, a soldier sweetheart," remarked Diane idly, turning through some music she had carried to the tables. Lane felt amused.

"Like mistress—like maid," he said glibly. They were all alike over here—these girls. "Little flirt!" he thought distastefully.

"Oh, I have none yet—of the Americans," Diane hastened to say. "You are the first one I have talked to. But father is greatly pleased with you; never have I seen him so cordial to a stranger."

Lane swallowed his tiny glass of cognac in one burning gulp which seemed to scorch him all over. He attempted a careless laugh, but Diane had evidently meant to be neither amusing nor disconcerting, and he was instantly at ease in her serene, questioning gaze.

"What kind of songs shall I sing for you?" she was asking.

"The kind you like best, yourself."

Her smile was as startling as the cuckoo in a plain uninteresting little clock.

"What a pretty answer! But I am certain you would not care for what I like—that is, what I like deepest. When I sing for myself I sing from Brahms or Böhm, or from Chaminade, perhaps, if I'm happy. And if I did not

look like a squirrel I could sing Wagner. I have the heart for his songs."

Her quaint simile made him a little sorry for her, it was so wistful and well made. He tried to think of some flattering protest but a peculiar apathy of nonexpression gripped him as he sat watching her. She was less unshapely than shapeless. The key chain was her only belt and its heaviness pulled it down to her hips after the fashion of an Egyptian girdle. Her wrists and hands were beautiful; so was her throat, so white against the collarless green dress.

"So it is, you would not enjoy the songs I most care for," she summarized.

This irritated Lane, as did any implied criticism of things American.

"Why, I'm not so sure. We're really not the tribe of barbarians you think, Miss Grenia. Now I can sit and enjoy Traumerel or the Largo as much as any old boche can."

"I do not think you are barbarians," she denied quickly. "I think you are wonderful. I spoke only of music. My cousin in Paris is fiancée to an American, and she wrote me his taste in music he had acquired at the circus. Poor Alise." She tipped her head back and laughed. Her smile had given her charm, but her laughter was the very melody of merriment.

"By Jove! You ought to laugh all the time," he burst out youthfully.

"Pardon?" she puzzled, leading him across to the piano, which, happily, stood in the farthest corner from Monsieur Grenia. "Oh! Do not waste your compliments! You have now to think out something to say about my singing. Please light the *bougie*."

He silently lit the one candle which tottered lonesomely in the piano candlesticks, and sat down in a big chair just behind her. She was so small that to reach the pedals with her short arched foot she sat insecurely on the very edge of the bench, clumsy moths of candlelight shadows fluttering over her. Lane had not noticed her hair before because there was so little of it about her face; he now saw that it was drawn back in heavy coils and pinned

(Continued on Page 41)



Her Face Was Luminous With Pallor Above Her Pale Green Gown. If She Saw Him in the Doorway She Gave No Sign

# THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIPPING OVER A MAT

By Stacy Aumonier

ILLUSTRATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

**H**UMOR is not infrequently connected with calamity. That is, of course, provided that the calamity occurs to others. Nothing is so apt to make "our lungs to crow like chanticleer" as to observe one of our fellow creatures made to look ridiculous or discomfited. Take the simplest joke in the world—a man tripping over a mat and falling down. This is always safe to get a laugh among any audience in any part of the world. It will make even Chinamen laugh, cabinet ministers, highbrows, temperance reformers, members of the aristocracy, to say nothing of flappers, Germans, schoolmistresses, pirates and stolen property receivers. It is practically a physical impossibility not to laugh at a man falling over a mat, and it is, indeed, an extremely good joke.

Think of man, his marvelous record and story; his form, "made in the image of God." He has conquered the earth, linked up continents, roamed the seas, bored holes through mountains, discovered the hidden secrets of Nature. He is an almost incredible being; then lo! he is suddenly brought crashing to the earth by a ridiculous inanimate thing like a doormat. You cannot conceive anything less vital than a doormat. Even a moth can destroy it at leisure. Everybody stamps on it, kicks it and treats it with contempt. And yet man in his heart secretly fears it. Sometimes he takes it out into the yard at the back and gives it a good beating just to show that he is the dominant person after all. But he knows that his hour will come. The doormat will triumph one day. And it is not the pain he fears, not the pain of banging his nose on the floor; it is knowledge that at that moment his dignity is instantly destroyed. He is less than the dust. His downfall is so complete that the episode will be perpetuated among the arts. The theater will revel in the incident. The cinema will play to packed houses.

We realize then that humor arises from our sense of proportion in regarding the calamity. It is the majesty and dignity of man brought to earth by a dead object containing no majesty, no dignity at all. If he knew he was going to fall over the mat, and laughed and took the calamity with a good grace, there would be no humor in it at all. On the other hand, if it were not a mat which brought him down, but a lion or a buffalo, we should not laugh. We should either be horrified or excited. His majesty and dignity would have been matched by an equal majesty and dignity. It must be uncomfortable to be marched over by a buffalo, but you can claim not to have lost dignity.

## The Power of Humor

**W**HEN Charlie Chaplin came to London there was an outcry in many quarters that his triumphal reception was positively scandalous, which simply shows that those people have no sense of proportion themselves; in other words, they have no sense of humor. Charlie Chaplin is one of the most important people in the world, because he has taught us the intellectual and moral value of falling over a mat. He has probably done it better than any other living man. He has taught us, moreover, that we attach undue importance to much solemn pomp and ritual.

Nothing destroys a thing so completely as ridicule, and it must be said to the eternal credit of the Anglo-Saxon people that they were the only people who never took the war seriously—except the people at home who did everything they could to lose the war. Whereas the Frenchman would go over the top with the cry, "Vive la France!" the Tommy would light his pipe and call out, "Come on, boys! This way for the early doors!"



The Kaiser Would Have Tripped Over a Mat and Had Such a Tumble That the World Would Have Laughed for Years

The attitude of Charlie Chaplin in *Shoulder Arms* and of Captain Bairnsfather in *Ole Bill* is the finest attitude that could be taken regarding the war, because it makes the war not merely criminal but ridiculous.

The Anglo-Saxon was the first person to abolish dueling, for the reason that his sense of humor wouldn't stand for it. It is all very well to lose your temper in the street because a man barges into you, and even to come to fisticuffs and pummel each other, and then afterwards feel sorry and self-conscious and go and have a drink together. But to arrange a duel in cold blood about a quarrel shows a complete lack of a sense of proportion. By the time two Anglo-Saxons had bought pistols, appointed seconds, hired a field, measured out so many paces and got face to face, one of them would be sure to have said something that would have made the other laugh.

He would have said, "This way for the kingdom of heaven," or "I'm sorry I didn't get time to shave, old boy. I hate this early rising," or something equally flip-pant. This is because he has a better-balanced mentality than the Latin or the Teuton.

I remember an incident that happened during the squabble between England and America over Venezuela. The affair was coincident with the America Cup races, when Lord Dunraven's yacht had been badly beaten. There had been a little unpleasantness because some of the American excursion steamers had got on the course and, it was said, had impeded the British yacht.

When the excitement about Venezuela had reached a crisis some ways on the London Stock Exchange cabled to the New York Stock Exchange, "In the event of war, we hope your excursion steamers won't get in the way of our battleships." Immediately an answer came back, "In the event of war, we hope for your sake your battleships are better than your yachts."

Now this was simply intelligent. It put the whole matter in proportion, and soon after the trouble blew up.

You can argue and disagree, but you can't throw lumps of steel charged with trinitrotoluol at a man who says, "I hope your battleships are better than your yachts." It brought the humanizing element into the atmosphere of executive officialdom. It made the permanent official trip over the mat and fall down. Nobody in England and very few people in America knew anything or cared anything about Venezuela. It was a dispute which touched a few people specially concerned with their own contracts and interests; but, as things will in such a case, the whole affair became magnified into international importance.

Goodness knows what might have been the outcome had not the genial stockbrokers exchanged their little badinage, which being interpreted meant:

"Come; we've just been having a jolly time together—yachting. Even if we disagree, don't you think it's going a bit far to start blowing each other to pieces?"

## Two Letters

**I**T IS an inexplicable mystery that a lower standard of behavior is expected of a nation or of a government than of an individual. If a man steals my umbrella I may be annoyed about it, and should certainly try to get it back; but I don't want to blow his head off with dynamite. Indeed, if I did everyone would be very indignant, and I should be hanged, and serve me right too. But if France steals Germany's umbrella, or vice versa, the offended power immediately not only wants to blow the other's head off but wishes to blow off the heads of millions of her picked sons. She wishes to rend, tear, mutilate, blind, ravage and lay waste the

whole people—and the action is applauded and approved of. The agents who perform this most efficiently receive honors and medals and glory.

In the same way that dueling has been ridiculed out of existence by the Anglo-Saxon people, let us hope that wars may follow it into the limbo of savage myths. To this end it is impossible to exaggerate the value of the cinema. The cinema socializes humor. It knocks down the Tower of Babel. It brings out the value of falling over a mat into the palace of the king and into the hut of the peasant. It puts our regard towards social life into proportion.

The technical cause of the war was the murder of an entirely insignificant archduke in an entirely unknown town. Through the political machinations which followed, dough-boys from Minnesota came to grips with Austrian musicians, French art students hacked at the bowels of German philosophers, Irish gentlemen slaughtered Hungarian peasants, Italian poets murdered Czech gypsies, Russians died like flies, unarmed and hungry, English ships and all their crews went to an awful death, black men stabbed each other in the dark, yellow men killed white, women died from grief, others went mad.

And now the world is bankrupt and bereft! Oh, the disproportion of the whole thing! If only someone had said at the very beginning, "I hope your battleships are better than your yachts!" If only we could have had the Chaplin note in time! If only some woman in, let us say, Chelmsford, could have written to some woman in, let us say, Bremen, words to this effect:

Dear Frau Schmidt: My boy Jim is nineteen and is in the boot trade. He is a nice boy, good-looking and clean-living. He may have his faults, but I am his mother, so cannot see them. I hear that you have a son named Fritz who has just passed through the horological institute in your town, so I suppose he is going to be a watchmaker. Now these two boys have never met, so they can't either be said to hate the other. But I am told they have both got to get bayonets and try to kill each other. Now, if they met they would probably get on quite well, but even if they didn't, they certainly wouldn't want to go to these extreme measures. Don't you think the whole thing is rather out of proportion? Believe me, dear Frau Schmidt.

Yours ever, FANNY PARKER.

(Continued on Page 57)



# THE CROWNING GLORY

By A WIGMAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

**A** NERVOUS-LOOKING young man—a man of about thirty-five, I should say—came into my place in New York a few years ago just to look around, he said. He examined several wigs lying in a show case and asked guarded questions of the attendants. To the average man there is something extremely personal and mysterious about the purchase of a wig. I had noticed this particular young man through the glass door opening into my private office. Sooner or later I knew he would come in. I was interested, because I could see that he needed no wig, and I knew he was not an actor. Actors are never in doubt. They usually know exactly what they want and make no bones about it. Their purpose is purely professional.

Finally this young man asked to see me personally.

"Would it be possible," he asked, "for you to make a wig for me so that my own father would not know me?"

"It is possible, certainly," I said, glancing at his light wavy hair. "But for a perfect disguise you would have to go a little farther than that."

"That is what I want, all right. Could you make it so perfect that I could talk to him without being recognized? Also, can I be sure that nothing will ever be said about it?"

I had to smile at this. On the desk in front of me lay a wig that we had just made for one of the most prominent financiers in the world, a man who had worn wigs for years without detection.

"How long has it been since you have seen your father?" I asked. "You know you will have to do the voice-disguising yourself."

"It's been ten years," he explained. "That's exactly why I am here. I want help to be able to see him."

## The Wig That Brought Happiness

**C**ASES like this were not entirely new to me. This young man, though, like most people, had been under the impression that his idea was very original; that my business was confined entirely to the theatrical profession. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that my name appears on half the theater programs printed in America.

"If you don't mind," I suggested, "tell me the circumstances, and we can get at this idea of yours better."

"Well," he said very frankly, "my father disowned me ten years ago, which explains why I have not seen him. He has misunderstood me and is all wrong—I am sure of that; but he's a stubborn old gentleman and refuses to listen to me or even to see me. He is all alone, there being no other children, and he lives in Chicago. I've simply got to see him and tell him some things about his son that he does not understand. My notion is to have you fix me up so that I could call on him, pretending to be

somebody else. A theatrical friend told me to come to you."

"I can fool him as to your appearance, but it's pretty hard to fool a father about a son's voice. That's up to you."

"I'll risk that," he said.

"Well, you've got to have something more than a wig. On the stage we could do the trick by making up your face; but under an ordinary light that won't work. I'll have to fix you up with a Vandyke beard—make you look like a doctor or some professional man."

The young man put himself in my hands and we went at the job with zest. Odd cases always appeal to our imagination. His face showed that it would harmonize with iron-gray, especially so because he showed a tinge of gray at his temples. It is around the edges that false hair becomes apparent. If a man has any hair at all we can blend a wig with it that cannot be detected.

I got the young man off to Chicago and waited rather anxiously to hear the result. A month later he came back quite happy and without the wig or beard. He had managed to call on his father under the guise of a physician from Boston on a personal mission.

"I happen to know your son quite well," he said to the father, "and he is mighty well thought of in our town, where he is in business. He has spoken of you so often that I felt it a duty to see you. Often he has told me that if you knew certain things about him that had been misunderstood it would make you happier."

The lonely father was immediately interested, and asked all about the boy. The disguised son cleared up a lot of matters, never failing, of course, to put himself in a proper light. Finally the father expressed a desire to see his son again—wanted to know if this friend could arrange it.

The visitor in the Vandyke beard felt sure that he could do so in two or three days, as soon as he could write or telegraph to Boston. He went to a hotel and patiently waited for three days. Then discarding the wig and beard he went to his father. The old man received him with open arms. All the differences were quickly cleared up and forgiven.

I can tell this incident now because the father died two years ago, leaving the son an estate valued at one

hundred thousand dollars. This is one of many odd happenings that I have noted and stored away in my scrapbooks. There are scores that I can never mention. The ethics of my profession or trade will not permit it.

I have been a wigmaker for thirty-five years. For three generations my ancestors have been wigmakers. As a family trade it may go back farther than that, but that is as far as I can trace it. Wigmaking, as a trade, you know, goes back as far as history. Only the other day I was asked to examine a wig taken from the head of an Egyptian mummy supposed to have been embalmed in the time of *Rameses II.* This Egyptian wig was perfectly made and in a remarkable state of preservation. It convinced me that we have made little improvement in the principle of wigmaking, though we have perfected some details in color blending and fitting; also, we have more plastic material on which to weave the hair.

I have examined wigs worn by *Mary Queen of Scots* and *Queen Elizabeth*. They each had more than a hundred.

## Too Strange for Fiction

**I**N MY cedar chest I have old wigs that were worn by some of the most famous Americans. That chest holds many secrets, some of which I can bare. Others must remain untold for a long time. A club friend told me the other day that my scrapbooks would be a treasure-trove to writers of adventure and detective fiction. I doubt that, though. A few years ago I gave one author access to my collection of oddities, but he declared most of the cases too remarkable to be of use. Though true, they were so lacking in plausibility, he said, that fiction readers would not stand for them. Incidentally this man was amazed when I told him of the number of wigs that I had made on doctor's prescriptions; of how wigs were as necessary to the health of some people as are false teeth and eyeglasses. He had thought my business entirely devoted to show people.

In the old days wigs were used for ornament—the periwigs of the English and the perukes of the French kings and their courts, for instance.

The wigs of the very ancient days also had odd uses, somewhat similar to those of to-day. Carthaginian and Roman history tells us that Hannibal used wigs as a disguise.

(Continued on Page 58)



In the Old Days Wigs Were Used for Ornament



Faustina, the Wife of Marcus Aurelius, Had Several Hundred Wigs, the Historian Remarking Casually, "as Was the Custom"

# “WORTH 10,000!”

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

YOU might have called Vincent C. Marr a self-made man and be making no mistake about it. For he was self-made; not merely self-assembled, as so many men are who attain distinction in this profession or that calling. Entirely through his own efforts, with only his native wit to light the way for him, he had pulled himself up, step by step, from the very bottom of his trade to the very top of it. His trade was the applied trade of crookedness; his pursuit the pursuit of other folks' cash resources. He had the envy and admiration of his friends in allied branches of the same general industry; he had the begrudged respect of his official enemies, the police; while his accomplishments—the tricks he pulled, the coups he scored, the purses he garnered—were discussed and praised by the human nits and lice of the Seamy Side, just as the achievements in a legitimate field of a Hill or a Schwab or a Rockefeller might be talked of among petty shopkeepers and little business men. He had, as the phrase goes, everything—imagination, resource, ingenuity, audacity, utter ruthlessness.

Yet it would seem hard to conceive a more humble beginning than his had been. His father was a cobbler in a little West Virginia coal town. At sixteen he ran away from home to go with a small circus. This circus was a traveling shield for all manner of rough extortioners. Card sharps, shell workers, petermen, sneak thieves, pickpockets, even burglars rode its train. They had a saying that the owner of this show sold the safe-blowing privileges outright but retained a one-third interest in the hold-up concession. That was a whimsical exaggeration of what perhaps had a kern of truth in it. Certainly it was the fact of the case that the owner depended more upon his lion's cut of the swag which the trailing jackals amassed than upon the intake at the ticket windows. Bad weather might kill his business for a week; a crop failure might lame it for a month; but the graft was as sure as anything grafted can be. When the runaway youth, Vince Marr, inserted himself beneath the protecting wing of this patron he knew exactly whither his ultimate ambitions tended. He had no vague boyish design to serve a 'prenticeship as stake driver or roustabout in the hope some day of graduating into a rider or a tumbler, a ringmaster or a clown. He joined out in order that among these congenial influences he might the quicker become an accomplished thief.

Starting as a novice he had to carve out his own little niche in company where the competition already was fierce. His rise, though, was rapid. So far as the records show he was the first of the Monday guys. He developed the line himself and gave it its name. A Monday guy was a plunderer of clotheslines. He followed the route of the daily street parade; rather he followed a route running roughly parallel to it. He set out coincidentally with it and he aimed to have his pilfering stint finished when the parade was over. He prowled in alleys and skinned over back fences, progressing from house yard to house yard while the parade passed through the streets upon which the houses faced. From kitchen boilers and laundry heaps,

all within earshot might hear: "I figure that the gentleman weighs—let me see—exactly one hundred and forty-seven pounds." Or perhaps he would predict: "This big fellow will pull her down at two hundred and

eight pounds, no more and no less." Then you placed yourself in the swinging seat of the machine with your feet clear of the earth, and his partner duly weighed you. Sometimes Marr guessed your weight; quite as often, though, he failed to come within three pounds of it and you paid him nothing for his pains. It was difficult to figure how so precarious a means of income could be made to yield a proper return unless the scales were dishonest.

The scales were honest enough. The real profits were derived from quite a different source. Three master dips—pickpockets—were waiting for you as you moved off; they attended to your case with neatness and dispatch. Their work was expedited for them by reason that already they knew where you carried your valuables. Once Marr ran

his swift and practiced fingers over your body he knew where your watch was, your wallet, your purse for small change, your roll of bills. A code word in his patter advertised to his confederates exactly whereabouts upon your person the treasure was carried. Really the business gave splendid returns. It was Marr, though, who had seized upon it when it merely was a catchpenny carnival device and made of it a real money earner. Moreover, the pickpockets took the real peril. Even in the infrequent event of the detection of them there was no evidence to justify the suspicion that the proprietors of the weighing machine were accessories to the pocket looting. Vince Marr was like that—always playing safe for himself, always thinking a jump ahead of his crowd and a jump and a half ahead of the police.

He was never the one to get into a rut and stay there. Long before the old-time grafting circuses grew scarce and scarcer, and before the street-fairing concessions progressed out of their primitive beginnings into orderly and recognized organizations, he had quitted both fields for higher and more lucrative ramifications of his craft. Ask any old-time con man who ostensibly has reformed. If he tells you the truth—which is doubtful—he will tell you it was Chappy Marr who really evolved the fake foot-racing game, who patched up the leaks in the wireless wire-tapping game, who standardized at least two popular forms of the send game, who improved marvelously upon three differing versions of the pay-off game.

All the time he was perfecting himself in his profession, fitting himself for the practice of it in its highest departments. He learned to tone down his wardrobe. He polished his manners until they had a gloss on them. He labored assiduously to correct his grammar, and so well succeeded at the task that except when he was among associates and relapsed into the argot of the breed, he used language fit for a college professor—fit for some college professors anyway. At thirty he was a glib, spry person with a fancy for gay housings. At forty-five, when he



"You'll Go Along With Me Nice and Friendly in a Taxicab, Won't You?"

from wash baskets and drying ropes he skinned the pick of what was offered—silk shirts, fancy hose, women's embroidered blouses, women's belaced under things. His work was made comparatively easy for him, since the dwellers of the houses would be watching the parade.

His strippings he carried to the show lot and there he hid them away. That night in the privilege car the collections of the day would be disposed of by sale or trade to members of the troupe and the affiliated rogues. Especially desirable pieces might be reserved to be shipped on to a professional receiver of stolen goods in a certain city. Naturally, pickings were at their best on a Monday, for since Mother Eve on the first Monday hanged her fig leaf out to dry, Monday has been wash day the world over. Hence the name for the practitioner of the business.

Vince Marr did not very long remain a Monday guy. The risks were not very great, everything considered. Suppose detection did come; suppose the cry of "Stop thief!" was raised. Who would quit watching a circus parade to join in a hunt for a marauder already vanished in a maze of outbuildings and alleyways? Still there were risks to be taken, and the rewards on the whole were small and uncertain. Before he reached his nineteenth year young Marr was the manager of a weighing pitch. Apparently he had but one associate in the enterprise; as a matter of fact he had four. In the place where holidaying crowds gathered—on a circus lot, at a street carnival, outside the gates of a county fair—he and his visible partner would set up his weighing device, and then stationing himself near it he would beseech you to let him guess your correct weight. If he guessed within three pounds of it, as recorded by the machine, you owed him a nickel; if he failed to guess within three pounds of it you owed him nothing. "Take a chance, brother!" he would entreat you with friendly jovial banter. "Be a sport—take a chance!" Let us say you accepted his proposition. Swiftly he would slip with his hands along your sides, would slap your flanks, would pinch you gently as though testing your flesh for solidity, then would call out loudly so that



reached the top of his swing, he had the looks, the vocabulary and the presence of an educated and a traveled person.

He had one technical defect, if defect it might be called. In the larger affairs of his unhallowed business he displayed a mental adaptability, a talent to think quickly and shift his tactics to meet the suddenly arisen emergency, which was the envy of lesser underworld notables; but in smaller details of life he was prone to follow the line of least resistance, which is true of the most of us, honest and dishonest men the same. For instance, though he had half a dozen or more common aliases—names which he changed as he changed his collars—he pursued a certain fixed rule in choosing them, just as a man in picking out neckties might favor mixed weaves and varied patterns but stick always to the same general color scheme. He might be Vincent C. Marr, which was his proper name, or among intimates Chappy Marr. Then again he might be Col. Van Camp Morgan, of Louisiana; or Mr. Vance C. Michaels, a Western mine owner; or Victor C. Morehead; he might be a Markham or a Murrill or a Marsh or a Murphy as the occasion and the rôle and his humor suited. Always, though, the initials were the same. Partly this was for convenience—the name was so much easier to remember then—but partly it was due to that instinct for ordered routine which in a reputable sphere of endeavor would have made this man rather conventional and methodical in his personal habits, however audacious and resourceful he might have been on his public side and his professional. He especially was lucky in that he never acquired any of those mouth-filling nicknames such as Paper Collar Joe wore, and Grand Central Pete and Appetite Willie and the Mitt-and-a-Half Kid and the late Soapy Smith—picturesque enough, all of them, but giving to the wearers thereof an undesirable prominence in newspapers and to that added extent curtailing their usefulness in their own special areas of operation.

Nor had he ever smelled the chloride-of-lime-and-circus-cage smell of the inside of a state's prison; no Bertillon sharp had on file his measurements and thumb prints, nor did any central office or detective bureau contain his rogues'-gallery photograph. Times almost past counting he had been taken up on suspicion; more than once had been arrested on direct charges, and at least twice had been indicted. But because of connections with crooked lawyers and approachable politicians and venal police officials, and because also of his own individual caniness, he always had escaped conviction and imprisonment. There was no stink of the stone hoosgow on his correctly tailored garments, and no barber other than one of his own choosing had ever shingled Chappy Marr's

hair. Within reason, therefore, he was free to come and go, to bide and to tarry; and come and go at will he did until that unfortuitous hour when the affair of the wealthy Mrs. Propbridge and her husband came to pass.

When the period of post-war-time inflation came upon this country specialized thievery marched abreast with legitimate enterprise; with it as with the other, rewards became tremendously larger; small turnovers were regarded as puny and contemptible, and operators thought in terms of pyramiding thousands of dollars where before they had been glad to strive for speculative returns of hundreds. By now Chappy Marr had won his way to the forefront of his kind. The same intelligence invoked, the same energies exercised, and in almost any proper field he would before this have been a rich man and an honored one. By his twisted code of ethics and unmorals, though, the dubious preeminence he enjoyed was ample reward. He stood forth from the ruck and run, a creator and a leader who could afford to pass by the lesser, more precarious games, with their prospect of uncertain takings, for the really big and important things. He was like a specialist who having won a prominent position may now say that he will accept only such patients as he pleases and treat only such cases as appeal to him.

This being so, there were open to him two especially favored lines: He might be a deep-sea fisherman, meaning by that a crooked card player traveling on ocean steamers; or he might be the head of a swell mob of blackmailers preying upon more or less polite society. For the first he had not the digital facility which was necessary; his fingers lacked the requisite deftness, however agile and flexible the brain which directed the fingers might be. So Chappy Marr turned his talents to blackmailing. Blackmailing plants had acquired a sudden vogue; nearly all the wise-cracking kings and queens of Marr's world had gone or were going into them. Moreover, blackmailing offered an opportunity for variety of scope and ingenuity in the mechanics of its workings which appealed mightily to a born originator. Finally there was a paramount consideration. Of all the tricks and devices at the command of the top-hole rogue it was the very safest to play. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the victim had his social position or his business reputation to think of, else in the first place he would never have been picked on as a fit subject for victimizing. Therefore he was all the more disposed to pay and keep still, and pay again.

The bait in the trap of the average blackmailing plant is a woman—a young woman, good-looking, well groomed and smart. It is with her that the quarry is compromisingly entangled. But against women confederates Chappy Marr had a strong prejudice. They were such

uncertain quantities; you never could depend upon them. They were emotional, temperamental; they let their sentimental attachments run away with their judgment; they fell in love, which was bad; they talked too much, which was worse; they were fickle-minded and jealous; they were given to falling out with male pals, and they had been known to carry the jealous grudges to the point of turning informer. So he set his inventions to the task of evolving a blackmailing snare which might be set and sprung, and afterwards dismantled and hidden away without the intervention of the female knave of the species in any of its stages. Trust him—smooth as lubricating oil, a veritable human graphite—to turn the trick. He turned it.

The upshot was a lovely thing, almost fool-proof and practically cop-proof. To be sure, a woman figured in it, but her part was that of the chosen prey, not the part of an accessory and accomplice. The greater simplicity of the device was attested by the fact that for its mounting, from beginning to end, only three active performers were needed. The chief rôle he would play. For his main supporting cast he needed two men, and knew moreover exactly where to find them. Of these two only one would show ever upon the stage. The other would bide out of sight behind the scenes, doing his share of the work, unsuspected, from under cover.

For the part which he intended her to take in his production—the part of dupe—Mrs. Justus Propbridge was, as one might say, made to order. Consider her qualifications: young, pretty, impressionable, vain and inexperienced; the second wife of a man who even in these times of suddenly inflated fortunes was reckoned to be rich; newly come out of the boundless West, bringing a bounding social ambition with her; spending money freely and having plenty more at command to spend when the present supply was gone; her name appearing frequently in those newspapers and those weekly and monthly magazines catering particularly to the so-called smart set, which is so called, one gathers, because it is not a set and is not particularly smart.

Young Mrs. Propbridge figured that her name was becoming tolerably well known along the Gold Coast of the North Atlantic Seaboard. It was too. For example, there was at least one person who kept a close tally of her comings and her goings, of her social activities, of her mode of daily life. This person was Vincent Marr. Thanks to the freedom with which a certain type of journal discusses the private and the public affairs of those men and women most commonly mentioned in its columns, he presently had in his mind a very clear picture of this lady.

(Continued on Page 52)



He Talked and She Listened. The Man Had an Endless Fund of Gossip About Amusing and Noted People

# Insect-Borne Diseases

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN



THE proper study of mankind is "insex." A powder blower is a far more potent weapon of defense than a tiger rifle or an elephant gun. The plunge of a bug's bill has let out more human lives than all

the knives, spears and bayonets ever forged, and we have a thousand times more reason to dread the zing of a mosquito than the ping of a bullet or the whine of a shell.

If ever man's supremacy over the rest of the animal kingdom is seriously challenged it will not be by some other tool-making gorilla or a talking mastodon or an improved and up-to-date ichthyosaurus, or even the man from Mars, but by some magnified ant or gigantic carpenter waip. They've got the brains and the punch; all they need is the weight.

One thing at least should make us speak of them with respect, and that is their astounding and overwhelming numbers. In these days of deciding everything by majorities, if it ever came to a contest with the insects we would be hopelessly outvoted. There are in round numbers nearly three-quarters of a million different known species of animals, and of these over five hundred thousand are insects. Odds of half a million to one against us, though if we came to count individual noses or bills it would be nearer a billion to one.

As one eager young lady amateur biologist who went on a camping trip in the wild wet woods to study the animals bitterly complained, 99 per cent of all the animals she could come across were mosquitoes! Insects are not exactly meek, but they certainly have inherited the earth, and every one of them has a vote—or rather a bite. They are extremely arriving and ambitious, and it seems at times as if every mother's son of them succeeded in making his mark—on us.

Of course we have long recognized that insects of one sort or another are always taking the joy out of life by buzzing or crawling or biting, and we have developed a robust and healthy instinct for swatting or stepping on every flying or crawling thing that comes within our reach. Also they pay us the compliment of liking just the same things to eat, both in the garden and on the shelf, so that every little fruit tree has a cutworm all its own—curculios for the plums, codling-moth worms for the apples and pears, San José scale for the oranges and lemons; and not a seed can we plant in the ground but that some pestiferous bug is sitting up all night just waiting for it to break the surface.

As Bill Nye bitterly complained when he turned farmer and went broke, the wireworm took his corn, the cutworm his wheat, the Hessian fly blighted his turnips, the army worm ruined his potatoes, a bot worm disabled his horse,

and a tapeworm carried off his hired man, and he quit for fear they'd get him next!

Incidentally it may be explained that nine-tenths of the crawling creatures we call worms, practically all, in fact, except the fish-worms, or angle-worms, are really the first, or larval, stage of insects of various sorts—flies, moths, butterflies, beetles.

Caterpillars is a much better name for them, but the shorter and older name has literally wormed its way into household speech. But this is not to be interpreted to make flapjacks insects, even though they are the grub that makes the butter fly.

The Bureau of Entomology at Washington estimates that our losses from insects in the seven or eight great staple crops alone—corn, cotton, wheat, fruit, and so on—total the trifling sum of a billion and a half a year; almost as much as Congress used to cost us before the war. This, however, is but a drop in the ocean, the smallest dust of the balance, compared with the damage which they inflict directly upon our bodies and our health. It was bad enough that armies and clouds of locusts and grasshoppers which hid the sun and darkened the heavens should strip and devour every green thing in our gardens and fields and orchards; that ants should get in the sugar and wasps in the jam and flies in the butter and pulex and cimex in our blankets and the itch mite between our fingers and chiggers between our toes—to paraphrase Mother Goose:

*Stings on her fingers and boils on her toes,  
She shall have itching wherever chiggers—*

that mosquitoes around our unscreened couch, flies in the dewy morn and sweltering midday siestas, should drive sleep from our eyes and slumber from our eyelids—these but make life hideous and serve as good Christian discipline for our higher natures and to get our golf language into good form.

## The Menace of Bite and Sting

BUT when it comes to our single genus of mosquitoes, contemptible piping little flies—*mosca*, a fly—as the conquistadores called them, causing probably every year one-fourth of all the death roll of tropical and subtropical humanity! One insignificant insect, *Glossina*, just like a white-bodied house fly, called tsetse from its panic-striking feeble buzz, absolutely depopulating hundreds of thousands of square miles and sweeping away whole tribes and races in their millions in Central Africa under our horror-stricken but helpless eyes right in this century of science! When we know that the terrible and ghastly black death, which time and again nearly depopulated Europe in the Middle Ages and just after, and still blazes in Asia wherever it can find the right mixture of piety and dirt, hops from victim to victim on the back of a well-nigh invisible flea!

Then we may begin to glimpse some faint idea of the huge and sinister menace which overhangs humanity from these swarming tribes that bite and sting. Here is a roll of the crimes against human health of which they have already been convicted at the bar of science:

Black death; yellow fever; malaria—fever and ague; typhus—cootie fever; typhoid; sleeping sickness; summer dysentery and diarrhea;

dengue, or break-bone fever; tick fever; trench fever, and the like. And, in addition, they are strongly suspected of complicity in infantile paralysis, pellagra, leprosy, trachoma—Egyptian ophthalmia—granulated lids.

It is only sportin', as our English cousins say, to admit at the beginning that all this frightful and diabolic destructiveness is entirely unintentional on their part. At worst, insects bite us simply because they like the taste of us, a frank and spontaneous compliment which, though we may sometimes deplore, we can hardly very rancorously resent. We look good enough to eat to them.

But the vast majority of those which inject their ghastly infections into our veins are moved by far higher and more altruistic motives. They only bite us twice or thrice in their lives—on their honeymoon trips, because they need our blood to enable them to mature their eggs and pass on the torch of life to the next generation. And it is the female of the species which unintentionally proves itself more deadly than the male. The rest of their lives they live peacefully and blamelessly on the juice of plants.

Even were insects the prodigies of intelligence and organization that their lifelong observers and admirers declare, it would be simply impossible to imagine their having even the faintest conception of the deadly *flammenwerfer*—flame-thrower—part which they play in disease.

## Chills and Fever

FOR instance, after having bitten one fallow, chilled and shaking human, if they bite another one next egg-feeding time instead of sticking to their first love they stab into his blood a literal infernal machine called the *plasmodium malariae*. This, after running a regular and most complicated course of development, on exactly a certain day, as if it had been timed by a clock, explodes into thousands of spores and scatters them far and wide through the blood stream, which promptly throws the luckless victim into an ague fit or malarial seizure—fever 'n' ager—chilling and shaking, with blue lips, goose-fleshed skin and chattering teeth until he warms up into a raging fever with racking head and agonized back. Quinine stops the clock and prevents the explosion until the body police can call out their reserves and arrest and intern the intruders. But draw up one of these interned exploders in a mosquito bite and inject him into another unwarned human state and his clock will start ticking again and bring off a spore explosion almost as vigorously and punctually as ever.

The only way to "surroundher" the brutes is to keep everybody in an ague district gently soaked, or lit up, with quinine, just enough to embitter their blood mildly all through the malaria season, especially July and August. Three to ten grains a day, according to age, is enough.

Then everywhere the plasmodia are poked in they get promptly that bitter taste in the mouth and that tired feeling which makes them curl up in disgust and let the body police hustle them where they will. By this means, combined with as much draining and oiling of breeding pools and screening of windows as possible, the malaria vote of any town or county can be and has repeatedly been cut down to one-fifth and even to one-tenth of its former figure in a couple of seasons. Still less could one imagine any intention or design in such weird and complicated collaborations as flies with the hookworm larvae, or in the parasites of limber neck in chickens, and possibly infantile paralysis.

When we first discovered that hookworm was spread by the eggs being sown in the soil by the deposit of human feces on the surface of the ground, there hatching into larvae, or tiny worms, which bored their way into the skin of bare feet, producing ground itch, we began collecting eggs and hatching them in the laboratory.

But we found great difficulty in raising the larvae, because the soil in which they were sown either got so dry that they shriveled up, or so wet that they couldn't get their needed supply of air. By accident a couple of flies got shut into one of the hatching jars and laid their eggs in the soil, and the moment their larvae began to hatch the problem was solved. Their sturdy white maggots, twenty times the size of the baby hookworms, which are only as big as finest sewing thread, began to root and burrow in the richly fertilized soil like so many hogs or moles, making it moist, porous and full of air, just as you may have seen spoiled cheese, fish or meat alive with maggots. This beautifully cultivated the soil for the hookworms, making





an ideal seed bed, so that they thrive and flourished amazingly. After that a blow of flies' eggs were mixed in the culture and the hookworms were as easy to hatch as chickens. But think of the incorrigible cussedness of that pesky little brute! As the scandalized old Dutchman exclaimed with uplifted hands, "The longer you lifts, the more you vinds py crayshus oudt" of the limitlessness of the crimes and misdemeanors of that insufferable little pest, the house fly. "Swat that fly!" is not only a household word but has won its way into the most classic of etymologic dictionaries by virtue of its importance for the public weal.

Not to leave a story unfinished, as soon as the baby hookworms had completed the soil stage of their growth they announced that fact by crawling up the sides of the glass jar, hunting for blood. When picked up gently with fine forceps and placed on the skin of the hands, between the fingers of observers or student volunteers they promptly burrowed in out of sight, but not out of mind, producing, as they did, intense itching and burning. Then, following the incredible life cycle of the hookworm, they bore into a small vein, were carried in the blood stream to the heart and pumped to the lungs. Here they changed cars, bored out into a bronchial tube or small air tube, crawled or were swept with the upward flow of the mucus up the windpipe, through the larynx into the throat, to be swallowed down into the stomach, on to the small intestine, where they find themselves in God's country, and settle down for life by anchoring themselves to the wall of the gut with those famous hooks around their mouths which give them their name.

#### Vicious Circles of Disease

SOON they begin to lay. The eggs appear in the stools and the circle is complete. And a pretty vicious circle it is—*circulus vitiosus* in our medical Latin—and by no means an agreeable one for the scientists and student volunteers, though fortunately they were able to break it before any serious results developed by poisoning the worms in their intestines with doses of beta-naphthol, or of Chenopodium—goosefoot or goose grass. But they don't hesitate for a moment about taking risks like that, or ten times that, if something important is to be found out. And their pluck and devotion proved up to the hilt, beyond possibility of cavil, what had been only a highly improbable theory before—the amazing and at first sight blankly incredible life history of the hookworm: From the egg in the duodenum to the soil, here to meet and grow up with the maggot of the fly, to the thin skin of the top of the foot when the infested soft mud squidges up between the toes of the barefoot boy or girl—ground itch always breaks out just after a warm rain—into a vein, halfway round the body to the lung, up into the throat through the stomach to the duodenum, where the chyme first becomes alkaline instead of acid.

Proof of this marvelous story has unloosed the whole medical forces of civilization in one grand world campaign to unhook the hookworm, by poisoning the worm in the gut, by confining its deposit to pits and toilets, by fighting its wicked partner, the fly, by providing shoe leather. Now that studies made all over the earth show that the hookworm thrives in one solid belt thirty-six hundred miles wide, clear round the world, thirty degrees above and thirty below the equator; and that from 50 to 90 per cent of the dwellers in this broad zone are infested with it, so that the population of the tropical and subtropical regions is literally hookworms and humans in equal parts, we can gain some faint glimpse of the tremendous benefits to mankind inherent in such a campaign.

It is the deliberate opinion of thoughtful and competent experts that hookworm and malaria together destroy more lives every year than were swept away in any year of the World War, while as for the effect upon human health and



efficiency the Association of Planters of Porto Rico reported that the working power of the whole population of the island had been increased 50 per cent by the wiping out of the hookworm under the leadership of Col. Bailey K. Ashforth and Captain King, of the United States Army Medical Corps, who were the

discoverers of both the parasite and the present method of combating it in this Western Hemisphere.

Flies also cause that curious form of paralysis in chickens known as limber neck. The larvae, or maggots, of the green blowfly picked up by poultry lodge in their crops and begin to bore into their tissues, setting free a poison which produces paralysis and death. This poison from the bodies of limber-neck chickens injected into animals promptly sets up symptoms closely resembling infantile paralysis, and it is strongly suspected that this poison, carried by house flies from the bodies of dead chickens, may be the cause of that serious disease.

One of the most recent and interesting instances of this middleman or traveling-salesman rôle played by insects in disease is the deer-fly fever of some of our Northwestern mountain states. This is a troublesome and disabling illness which, as its name implies, has been attributed to the bite of the deer fly—*Chrysops discalis*—for a number of years past.

There is pain and blackening of the skin, quickly followed by swelling and inflammation of all the neighboring lymph glands or kernels. The patient is feverish, prostrated and confined to his bed for weeks, or even months, if the glands go on to suppuration and abscess, as they not infrequently do.

Fortunately it was not often fatal, and not more than twenty or thirty cases a year were reported; but it began to attract attention in 1919, and Doctor Francis, of the United States Public Health Service, was sent out to investigate. By a most painstaking and ingenious series of experiments covering several seasons he succeeded in clearing up its story, which runs the following topsy-turvy and dramatic course:

The fever is caused by a germ—*Bacillus tularensis*—injected in the bite of the deer fly, but where did the fly get it? Not from the deer, nor yet from the horse to which he has emigrated since the deer have become scarcer, nor from another human being. How does he get that way? What other living bars does he drink at?

Sheep, cattle, dogs, chickens were suspected and cleared; but one day, after months of toilsome sleuthing, *Chrysops* was seen to hover over and attempt to bite a jack rabbit. Quick as a flash bunny was shot, carried post-haste to the laboratory, examined and his liver and spleen found swarming with unmistakable *Bacilli tularenses*.

A wholesale round-up of jack rabbits was ordered and nearly six hundred specimens examined, seventeen of which were found infected. How did the disease spread? Not by contact, as was quickly proved by penning healthy and sick jacks together, nor by the deer fly, for it was found very difficult to get it to bite a rabbit in nature. But the bunnies had plenty of lice, and when one of these from the fur of a sick rabbit was put on a healthy bunny's skin and plastered down so that it couldn't be shaken off the disease quickly appeared.

#### The Plagues of the Past

WHERE the rabbits got it is still a mystery, but from this the story is as complete as the House That Jack Built. From sick rabbit to louse, from louse to next rabbit, from next rabbit to deer fly, from deer fly to man—neither horse nor deer will take it—such a chapter of merest accidents, and yet every one of them necessary to keep the germ alive and spreading. The rarity of the deer fly's chancing to bite a rabbit, of course, explains the comparative infrequency of the disease in man.

Just to encourage ourselves, let us glance at a few of the has-beens, the terrors of past ages which now belong to history so far as we Occidentals are concerned. For, although they didn't know it at the time, "Westward the course of empire took its way" as much to get rid of familiar, too familiar, insects as for any other reason.

Barely three centuries ago the black death—called also, by reason of its sheer and undisputed bad eminence above all other plagues and pestilences, the plague, or the pest—was as ever present or threatening as consumption is now. Small wonder it filled our apprehensive sky to the very zenith. It spread like a prairie fire, struck like a thunderbolt, killed in three days, destroyed or crippled for life nine out of every ten whom it touched!

If we wished to be more precise and scientific we called it the bubonic plague, because the earliest and most striking mark of the dread disease was the sudden and exquisitely painful swelling of the glands in the armpit or the groin into great buboes as big as your fist, which rapidly turned black, because the deadly poison of the disease was clotting and blackening the very life blood. When the ravaging germs of the pest had spread all over the system the whole skin of the body and face turned livid and black, whence its name, the black death. The victim died, not burning up with fever, but in shivering, freezing collapse, because his cells couldn't rally against the ferocious onslaught enough to warm up and fight back.

For twenty centuries we watched its ravages in helpless agony. Even to-day we know little that will have any effect upon the course of the disease after it has once struck down its victim. But about thirty years ago we discovered that the disease began in the rat and was carried from him to us solely by fleas, and now the Western world is as safe against the plague as it is against Indians or cannibal islanders.

The dread buboes in the groin were due to the fact that the germ, simply and appropriately termed *Bacillus pestis*, entered the system by being bitten or crushed and scratched into the skin of the feet and legs, the fleas leaping up from the bodies of dead rats and from the floor. From this the germs shot up through the lymph channels until they reached and were caught in the chain of

(Continued on Page 61)



# MEN OF AFFAIRS

XVI

WHEN first the question of radium arose in this chronicle it will be remembered that Anthony Barraclough under considerable pressure yielded the secret of the map reference to his fiancée, and by this very act made a present of it, through the pages of narrative, to whosoever might chance to read.

It would seem a perfectly reasonable supposition that there must be many avaricious persons to whom the possession of untold riches would prove more attractive than a mere interest in the doings of another man. Let it be said at once, then, that although Barraclough certainly confided the correct map reference to Isabel, that reference, for the purposes of caution and public safety, underwent several important variations before passing into my hands. The reason for this precaution will be readily appreciated by the thoughtful, however great may be the disappointment to the adventurous. A memory of average length will recall the high percentage of disaster, of wrecked hopes and of ruin pursuant upon the gold rush to Klondike at the close of the last century. Barely one man in a hundred made a living, barely one in a thousand saw the yellow specks in his shovel that shone so bright among the brown. Those who had set forth, buoyed up with boundless belief, dragged back to where they had started from, broken in purse and spirit, barren of hope and faith.

What, then, would be the result if the illimitable source of wealth upon which by chance and a whisper Barraclough had stumbled, should be revealed to the world? A panic—a mad headlong exodus of men and women. Unequipped and unqualified, they would pour from city and countryside, leaving desk and furrow in a wild race to be first upon the scene—to stake a claim—any claim—to dig—to grovel—to tear up the kindly earth with fingers like the claws of beasts. Wealth, upon which our civilization has been built, is the surest destroyer of civilization. What it has given it takes away. Dangle a promise of gold before the young man at the ribbon counter, and behold he is become a savage. Whisper it never so gently—and it will sound as the roar of torrents in our ears.

Brewster's Series Nineteen. Map Twenty-four. Square F. North Twenty-seven. West Thirty-three. Look it up for yourself. It exists all right, but there is no radium there, not any within a thousand miles for aught I know to the contrary. In that location and over a large stretch of surrounding countryside the earth's outer crust is mainly argillaceous, with here and there an outcrop of sandstone. There is not the smallest indication of pitchblende anywhere in the neighborhood, and radium, as even those little versed in chemistry or geology are aware, is to be found chiefly in that particular ore.

It was the knowledge of the inevitable consequences that would result from incautious confidence that sealed Barraclough's lips and made his movements on arriving at Southampton as secretive as he was able to contrive. It is known that there was a fog over the Solent on the afternoon in question and that a small open boat with a brown sail and a man sitting in the stern put out from the shore and was presently swallowed up in the tasseled wreaths of mist. That same boat was discovered minus its passenger in the early hours of the following day.

A coastal collier, racketing into port in the quiet of evening, brought the tale of a seaplane that narrowly missed crashing into her deck house. Long after it was out of sight the crew heard its engines droning overhead. Then for a while there was silence, during which a curious pinkish glow appeared to the starboard and died away.

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

porcelain pipe enameled with roses and forget-me-nots. His fat short-fingered hands were spread across the waistcoat of Berlin wool, his chin was sunk, and his bearing that of a man who is out of humor.



"Women are Queer Ships," He Said, "and Never Too Even on the Keel. You're an Important Hand to Play"

This glow was repeated three times, and at the third repetition the waterplane engine was again audible, increasing in volume every moment. Presently it cut out and nothing was heard for several minutes. When it started again it must have been quite near at hand, for the sound of water cut by the floats was detectable. The engines howled and whined until the roar diminished to a sound no greater than the buzzing of a bee.

Whether or not these recorded circumstances have any bearing on the mystery of Anthony Barraclough's disappearance it would be impossible to say, but the harbor authorities who were questioned as to whether they had knowledge of the movements of this particular waterplane replied with a regretful negative. They neither knew where it came from nor whither it went, and there is a strong rumor that one or two quite important persons got into severe trouble for their lack of information.

The one thing that is positively known is that Barraclough arrived at and disappeared from Southampton in a single day, but whether he went north, south, east or west is a matter for speculation.

XVII

"THAT guy," said Ezra P. Hipps—"that guy is some stayer."

Hugo Van Diest, from the depths of a big armchair, emitted a kind of rumbling affirmative. He was smoking a

Gracefully disposed upon the hearthrug stood Oliver Laurence, providing in all respects an excellent advertisement for his tailor.

Ezra P. Hipps, hugging one knee, sat upon the center table and he was looking at Auriole Craven with much the same expression as might be seen on the face of a slave buyer in an African market. He had passed her shoes, appreciated her stockings, nodded approval at her gown and millinery, and was now observing with satisfaction that the gloves which she was peeling off revealed two arms of perfect proportion.

"That guy," he proceeded, "has got to be made to talk. Looks like he's made fools of us too long. Looks like"—he threw a glance at Laurence—"your darn psychology isn't worth a hill o' beans."

"We haven't given it a chance yet," said Laurence in defense of his method.

"Seventeen days," grunted Van Diest. "And no progress—nothing. This was not an ordinary man."

"Am I to see him to-day?" asked Auriole.

Hipps shook his head, and the girl brightened perceptibly.

"Seems to please you."

"No, it doesn't. I'll go up if you want me to—only —"

"Get on with it."

"I can't help thinking it's a mistake. Can't help thinking that somehow that minute I spend with him every day strengthens rather than breaks him down."

"Guess you're right; it would me," Hipps agreed. There was a shade of gallantry in the tone.

"I take leave to doubt that," said Laurence. "I'm positively sure that if a man is feeling the pinch all day long and everybody he comes in contact with is definitely against him, a momentary glimpse of someone who is seemingly sympathetic is far more likely to weaken his resolve than strengthen it. It makes him relax, and even though you relax only a trifle it's the very device to get a grip on yourself again. You can see it when chaps are training; that extra cigarette, the whisky-and-soda that isn't allowed—plays the devil with their constitution. I know when I was at —"

He stopped, for Auriole's large eyes were looking at him critically.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, "nothing." Then to everyone's amazement she burst out: "What a mean rotter you are, though."

"Here —" he began.

"I honestly believe you enjoy all this beastliness."

"Enjoy? My dear girl, do be sensible. Damn it, no one enjoys having to put on the screw! It's a case of necessity."

"Yes, yes, I suppose it is," she acquiesced hurriedly in an effort to regain her composure. "Only it seemed to me—but never mind."

Hipps crossed the room and put a hand on her arm.

"Come on, dear. What's the trouble?"

"I wouldn't mind," she returned, "if he weren't so—so desperately plucky."

"H'm!" said Van Diest. "I think it was a good idea that you don't go to see this young man any more."

"That's nonsense!" she replied hotly. "I'll see him. Besides, he's used to my coming, and if I didn't turn up he —"

"Disappointed," suggested Hipps.

"Exactly," said Laurence. "Perhaps it 'ud be a good idea to vary the program for a day or two. Use the siren



a bit more freely at night and cut down his water supply. If he isn't ready to talk in another forty-eight hours I'll be surprised."

"Had a word with him yet?" demanded Hipps.

"Not this morning."

"Then you and Van try a few sweet speeches."

The Dutchman rose heavily from his chair and nodded.

"It was a bad business, all this," he said. "You come with us—no?"

"I'll be right along in just a minute."

He tilted his head a fraction toward Auriole and laid a finger on his lips.

Van Diest and Laurence went out. He waited until he heard their footsteps mounting the stairs before he spoke again.

Auriole was looking through the window at the trees margining the little estate. She presented a charming silhouette against the light.

"Say, you look very womanly in that fawn outfit," said Hipps. "Where did you get it built?"

She turned with a smile that was a shade cynical.

"I'm glad you like it, Mr. Hipps."

"I do—fine."

"I'll wear it again."

"You've passed down the wardrobe hooks pretty prodigal these last few days. What is it—a dress parade?"

"One changes," she replied.

"That's sure what I'm frightened of."

"If you'd rather I appeared in a blouse and skirt —" but he interrupted the sentence with an uplifted hand.

"I've a fancy we'll cut cross-talking," he said, "and come to grips."

"About what?"

"This young fellow Barraclough has cut ice with you?"

"I thought you knew my feelings about him."

"To borrow from your vocabulary—'one changes,'" he replied.

"I haven't changed."

"Glad to hear it."

"I admire his pluck."

"It's a dangerous quality—admiration. Sure the old pash hasn't looked up a bit?"

"Quite sure."

"Still, it 'curred to me you were shaken some at the treatments we're serving out to him."

"That's not surprising. I merely wanted to get my own back, not—not —"

She left the sentence unfinished.

Ezra P. Hipps took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and chewed it reflectively, his eyes never leaving the girl's face.

"Women are queer ships," he said, "and never too even on the keel. You've an important hand to play; and kind of to keep your mind from revoking, here's a proposition to think over."

"Revoking?"

"That's the word. You're in this deal on a jealousy outfit, and we're not after any renunciation, splendid sacrifice and that gear. We want you dead hard, and seemed to me to get that I might do well to tie you up a bit closer to the cause."

"What do you suggest?"

"You're an ambitious woman."

"I suppose so."

"I suggest this child."

And he tapped his chest with the chewed butt of the cigar.

"I don't see —"

"This child thrown in as a sweetener."

For a moment she flushed, then the color died away and was replaced by a smile distinctly crooked at the corners.

"Are you making a proposal of marriage?" she asked.

"I sure am."

"Oh!"

He stretched his legs and rattled the coins in his pockets.

"I've plenty of money, and I've never asked a woman this question before."

"Have you not?"

"Mention that fact 'cause I know they fall for molasses."

"You're very wise about women, Mr. Hipps."

But the irony was wasted.



Barely Three Feet Away, a Clergyman Cocked a Listening Ear

"I read a bit of heart stuff in the trains sometimes," he said.

Auriole began to draw on her gloves.

"Isn't this rather a queer place to settle one's future?" she said.

"Donno—is it? Struck me it 'ud keep you from sidestepping, having me on the horizon."

"I see. And do you always mix love-making with business?"

"Sure. Marriage is a business, and bank books talk sweeter than the long-haired boys."

She flashed a glance up at him and there was a definite appeal in her eyes.

"Are you in love with me?"

The question seemed slightly to take him off balance.

"Of course. I think you're fine," he said.

"That is—splendid," she replied, and turned her head.

"Feeling good about it?"

"Who wouldn't be?"

"Thought you took it quiet."

"I'm sorry."

"Maybe you had some hopes along this street?"

"I guessed there was something doing," she answered in an echo of his tone.

"It's all fixed, then?"

"I suppose so."

"I don't want you to think I'm only doing this out of expediency."

"You're not?"

"Not altogether."

"Better and better," said Auriole.

"I must scrape half an hour for lunch one of these days and we'll talk over settlements."

"That will be—jolly."

"I'll get right upstairs now."

"Good-by."

He made no effort to take her hand or to kiss her, and she offered no encouragement. At the room door he turned.

"Paris for the honeymoon?" he asked.

"Wherever you like."

He looked at her critically and she met his eyes without flinching.

(Continued on Page 46)



It is Known That There Was a Fog on the Afternoon in Question and That a Small Open Boat With a Man Sitting in the Stern Put Out From the Shore

# A Midsummer Knight's Dream

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

AFTERWARDS, reviewing the situation, the Old Man blamed himself.

He should never have let Rosamond come back to the ranch. Certainly he would never have let that fool Crosby Nugent get past his wire if he could have foreseen what was going to happen.

But who could have foretold that the Kid, for instance, was going to back out of the field without even giving battle? Or that Janet would take his withdrawal for indifference? The Old Man, who had forgotten the inverted psychology of lovers, wanted to shake them both, and nearly smoked himself to death over them.

Janet arrived first. From the inside of the car she had made certain that the Kid was with the others on the platform, and was thus able to adopt a wide smile which included everybody and singled out none. All winter she had hated herself for refusing the Kid's overtures, and all winter she had waited for him to renew them. But he had not. Janet's attitude, then, was a sort of feverish, watchful waiting; which was, unfortunately, also the Kid's.

So she smiled at everybody, and the men cheered, and Slim stood in the door of his box car and hi-o-o-ed loudly and repeatedly. And the Kid saw only a beautiful and expensively dressed young woman who might pretend to be the same old Janet, but who couldn't put anything over on him.

No, the Kid saw it all quite clearly. He had gone back to Janet, but she had not come back to him. What was kissing the Old Man and shaking hands all round was a prosperous, successful and worldly Janet, a—he used the only word he had to cover the situation—dude Janet.

She couldn't put anything over on him. Not even when she suddenly stopped talking and stood still, staring at the mountains with a queer soft look in her eyes. The Kid remained a little aloof, whistling to himself to show his complete comprehension, and his indifference to it. After a while he went over and talked to Slim.

There was no card game in the bunk house that night. In the center of an enthralled circle sat Slim, and his talk was of Janet and the act. Strange theatrical terms fell from his lips, and stranger statements. Such, for instance, as an offer of ten thousand dollars for Midge, who had cost the Old Man forty, and that Janet's buckskin stage outfit had set her back five hundred iron men; that the act drew down four hundred a week; that there was a line of Johnnies waiting for Janet every night that reached to the curb and out into the street.

"What about Janet? Did she fall for them?" inquired Dice, with a side glance at the Kid.

"Janet! She told me to push in the face of anyone who spoke to her, and you bet I did it."

The vision of Slim, fighting a path out of the theater every night for Janet, held the bunk house silent for a moment.

"She's a great kid," said Slim reflectively. "A great kid." While the men slept that night the Kid got up, and drawing on his breeches and boots with extreme caution removed from the wall the almost complete cow-horn masterpiece. With equal caution he reached the open air and headed for the creek.

July came, and with it came dudes and yet more dudes. The ranch overflowed with dudes. Pleasant, genial dudes, who did not expect metropolitan-hotel service and rode their horses carefully; disagreeable dudes, who were afraid to bully the Old Man, but tried it out on the corral with unpleasant results; fool dudes, who sat up all night to make night hideous and rode their horses to death or near it; men dudes, who immediately bought neckerchiefs and wide hats, and rubbed themselves into blisters trying to sit the trot; fat-women dudes in breeches riding off weight; pretty-girl dudes, who looked up at the ranchmen with soft romantic eyes, asking but for notice and a little condescension from the young gods in chaps and spurs.

Once again the alarm clock on the bunk-house window sill exploded at four A.M., and once again an occasional favored girl was invited to crawl out of her warm bed before dawn, to risk her neck in the romantic West. But there was this difference, that the Kid now rose hopelessly to what may be called a womanless day. The Kid was definitely and permanently off women.



*The Trained Him Assiduously, But What Had Thrilled the Kid to His Very Soul Was Quite Clearly Beginning to Bore Nugent*

Rosamond blew in breezily the first of August, with a chaperon and Crosby Nugent, and inside of four hours the bunk house had classified Nugent as yellow. He swaggered up to the corral as soon as he had changed into riding clothes, and looked over the stock sourly.

"D'you call them horses?" he demanded of the Kid.

"If you've got any better name you're welcome to use it."

Mr. Nugent approached the bars of the fence and peered through.

"Suppose I can pick my own horse, eh?"

The Kid looked around. There was no one near.

"Well," he said softly, "we usually make our own selections, but we aim to please. Which will you have?"

Some ten minutes later Mr. Nugent threw a leg over the back of the blue roan of his selection, and in so doing lightly touched the blue roan on the back with his spur. Immediately following this Mr. Nugent struck the barn wall with a thud, and then dropped to the ground, where he lay for a moment before the Kid helped him up.

"Must have scratched him somewhere," said the Kid gently.

"Scratched him! I'm scratched all right. Why the hell don't you break your horses?"

"Break 'em!" The Kid's tone was pained. "Why, the children ride that horse. He's a pet, he is." He looked off at the blue roan, standing quietly by the rail. "Al," he called, "look around for something quiet. See if Lizzie's out."

After that the men of the outfit were as definitely off Nugent as the Kid was off women. He rode a succession of horses, bringing them in scratched and sweating, and finding fault with them all. But the bunk house knew more than that. It perceived quite early that Rosamond was fatuously in love with him. She trailed him as assiduously as she had once trailed the Kid, but what had thrilled the Kid to his very soul was quite clearly beginning to bore Nugent. He took to riding early now and then to get off by himself, and it was on one of those early trips that he fell in with Janet.

It is hard to defend Janet. It is necessary to remember that she considered the Kid entirely lost to her, and to keep in mind Rosamond's part in that loss, and of course, too, there was that rankling open humiliation of the year before. But the real issue was the Kid.

She had made one real effort to bridge the gap between them, but it had failed. She had asked him to ride with her some evening when his work was done.

"You don't want to ride with me," he said gruffly.

"I've asked you."

"What's the matter with the dude men who are always hanging round you?"

She flushed.

"I got enough of that last winter, Kid."

Suddenly all the furious jealousy of that desperately lonely winter flamed in him.

"So I've heard," he said coldly. She waited rather wistfully, but for a moment or two he busied himself with a saddle. Then, "Now look here, Janet!" he burst out angrily, "I don't want you to be kind to me. I know you mean well, but—I don't want it."

She had had to turn and go away.

It was after that that Nugent met Janet on the trail one morning, and recognized her as the girl he had seen in a theater the winter before. Maybe he considered the women of the stage fair game. Maybe he was bored with Rosamond. Maybe behind it all there was some genuine sentiment. Whatever it may have been, it is certain that from that day he spent an undue amount of time with her.

The Kid, glancing toward Janet's cottage, could see him curled up on the step, animated and laughing, and Janet laughing too. When there came into view the crowd of young people, which followed Janet those days like the tail of a comet, Nugent would wander away, scowling, to look up Rosamond and make his peace with her. The Kid, who had begun by merely disliking him, began to hate him with a terrible hatred.

Just how Rosamond felt no one could know. She went about with a sort of frozen smile on her face, and made at least one effort to rouse Nugent's jealousy by getting the Kid back. But the Kid knew nothing of such subtleties, and he had no intention of going back.

She asked him one night if she might wrangle with him the next morning, and he uncomfortably agreed. Maybe



she misunderstood the reason for the moody silence in which he worked in the dawn, his taciturnity on the homeward ride. But she was as desperate as he was, and less resigned. She swayed toward him in the saddle.

"Kid," she said softly, "I've treated you very badly, haven't I?"

"How?"

"Don't you want to talk about it?"

He faced her squarely and honestly.

"I don't see much use in it. Do you?"

"I want you to forgive me, Kid."

"Forgive you for me having a brain storm? Well, I guess not!" Then he smiled boyishly. "I'm not holding any hard feelings," he said. "I guess I liked being crazy while it lasted."

That effectually closed any further negotiations so far as Rosamond was concerned.

The Kid was becoming an extremely difficult person to live with. He no longer joined in the card game in the bunk house at night, and if he wore his hat with the rim curled at the sides and the front tilted toward his right eye it was from pure habit. The swagger had gone from his walk and the lilt from his voice. When sent after strays he went alone, by choice, riding as though all the devils of hell were after him.

And Janet? Janet was suffering from a complex, which is a bad thing at any time, but which when constituted of love and hurt pride makes an insoluble compound with some of the attributes of revenge. She could not sit on her heel behind the saddle shed and whistle melancholy dirges. She could not yell at any crowd playing poker around the lamps to "For God's sake put the light out and let a fellow sleep." All she could do was to give hurt for hurt, and this she did with a Janetlike thoroughness.

After two weeks or so, when Crosby Nugent haunted Janet's every step, and Rosamond's eyes had a feverish glitter and her laugh was shrill and forced, one night Dice Barnett took his hat in his hand and presented himself at the Old Man's office door.

"Come in," said the Old Man from the lamplight by his desk. "I've been expecting you for a day or two."

"Yes, sir," said Dice. "I guess you were right last winter. They're not making the grade after all. I don't know but somebody'd better do some shoving."

The Old Man nodded.

"Things are pretty bad, are they?"

"If he gets any worse to live with he'll have to be roped and tied."

The Old Man rolled a cigarette thoughtfully.

"I don't know," he said. "It strikes me, Dice, that this thing is between the two women now, and it is no place for us. I don't know that I blame Janet, but I'll tell you this: If she was half her age I'd give her a good spanking."

He sighed and got up.

"It's a good bit like a boil, Dice," he went on. "It's got to come to a head before it can be cut."

Dice moved to the door. It was all right for the Old Man to be philosophical; he didn't have to live with the Kid.

"He's likely to do Nugent some harm some of these days," he offered. "Looks to me like he's just waiting his chance."

The Old Man smiled grimly.

"The one rule of this ranch," he said, "is first-class care of our guests. I insist on that." Dice nodded and stepped out on the doorstep. "Of course," the Old Man added, "what I don't know won't hurt me."

Dice was smiling faintly as he went back to the bunk house.

The ranch meanwhile was watching the play with avid interest. It saw the foppish Nugent spending hours in Janet's paddock in the heat and dust, hauling out and putting away props, holding horses, saddling and unsaddling, his face smeared with sweat and his clothing dirty and disarranged. Janet was training a new pony, and once it kicked him. He walked with a limp for days.

Just what he thought, what furtive and secret hope he had, cannot be known. Certainly he had no intimation of any situation save the Rosamond one, which must have been pretty acute sometimes. To him the Kid was merely a good-looking cowpuncher with a grouch, and certainly a small flare-up which occurred between them at that time must have puzzled him considerably. It came about, oddly enough, through the gold in the creek sand.

Certainly the Kid had never given a thought to any gold in the mountains after the Old Man's statement relative to it. And so far as gold is concerned, if there ever was any there it is still there, for it has never been found. But although the Kid did not believe there was gold, if there was any—if this can be made clear—he meant to find it. And the breaking point came one day when Nugent came up to the bunk-house porch with a pan in his hand, with a few pin-point specks in it which he said were gold.

The Kid had watched him coming with malevolent eyes.

"Gold!" he said nastily. "Fool's gold!"

"Real gold," said Nugent.

"Fool's gold!" said the Kid belligerently.

Nugent gave him a contemptuous glance.

"You may know how to ride," he said coldly, "although I'd like to see you on an English saddle before I can say. But there may be one or two other little things you don't know."

The Kid got up slowly, with a dangerous smile, but Dice Barnett pushed him back and stepped in front of him.

"Better take it away, Mr. Nugent," he said firmly.

"There isn't enough there to have any difference of opinion about."

Over Dice's shoulder Nugent got a look at the Kid's face, and it must have startled him. There seemed to be no particular reason for the dull hatred that blazed in the Kid's eyes. He was a trifle startled.

¶

SO THERE was Rosamond and Janet and the Kid, all tragically unhappy, each in his own way; and Nugent, playing his game according to his own rules, one of which was that a revoke was not a revoke unless it was called, and walking through the collective disapproval of the ranch without recognizing that it existed. The boil, in the Old Man's language, was slowly coming to a head and causing considerable loss of sleep and general misery meanwhile.

Craps in daytime, cards at night occupied the outfit's leisure.

Slim would stand, bones in his left hand, two fingers of his right extending upward, and beseech, "Allah be Allah, dice be dice!"

Al, squatted on the floor, would pronounce cryptically, "Read'm'n'weep," which is translated into, "Read them and weep."

Mrs. Allenby fought her eternal fight with field mice and pack rats. Early rising dudes in wrappers and slippers, clutching soap and towels, hurried to the bath houses to get what one cynical woman termed the first rim on the tub, and here and there some dashing gentleman wore a snake rattle in his hatband.

In a word, the season was well along. And then the boil came to a head. Janet was pretty sick of her own game by that time, and was not sleeping any better than the Kid; but she had, in effect, got a bear by the tail and couldn't let go. Up to that time, too, Nugent had been skillful enough to keep their companionship on a purely friendly basis. It had not taken him long to find that the girl's theatrical and worldly contacts had not touched her.

She had, however, definitely resolved to break the thing up. She was surfeited with revenge, and it was dust in her mouth, after all. She hated herself and she was close to hating Nugent. She started out that day, indeed, with the definite intention of making a complete confession and facing an unpleasant hour to save her own soul.

(Continued on Page 49)



"Now Look Here, Janet!" He Burst Out Angriily, "I Don't Want You to be Kind to Me. I Know You Mean Well, But—I Don't Want It!"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## Something for Nothing

IT IS fortunate or unfortunate, according to the point of view, but it is a fact that careful inquiries into such subjects as the national income, taxation, unemployment, waste in industry and the business cycle all tend to re-enforce the idea that progress is and must be slow. That men cannot lift themselves by their boot straps, that they cannot have everything in this world and that perfection is pretty much a dream—these are the trite and commonplace lessons which a familiar acquaintance with several recent investigations of a nonpartisan and painstaking nature most clearly emphasizes.

Consider the national income. A recent intensive study shows that if all incomes above \$25,000 a year were sliced off at that point and the excess distributed among the people it would amount to \$200 a year for each family. That would be quite agreeable for the poorer families, at first. But if they spent the money and kept it up for any length of time the productive machinery of the country would be broken down, because to an important extent it is from the large incomes that funds are derived to maintain the machinery of industry.

Indeed the capital for industry comes almost entirely from two sources—the larger personal incomes and the excess profits of corporations and other business enterprises. But a popular theory of taxation holds that both large incomes and excess profits should be taxed to the bone. If the industries of the country, the railroads, public utilities, factories and mines, have more capital than they need for improvements and extensions, if funds can no longer be employed by them to advantage in improving the services which they render, then obviously it would be wise to take from them and give to the public purse. But if they need and can use all they have and more, then the partial observer cannot but hesitate before a policy of taxing to the bone. The situation cannot be better described than in the words of the hackneyed maxim which points out the difficulty of both eating and having one's cake.

Nor is anything more needed than the mere statement to show that the task of eliminating unemployment, waste in industry and the evils of the business cycle is exceedingly complicated. A child can point out the harm which is done, but the wisest Solomon among us is unequal to the riddle of a solution. Anyone knows how unfortunate it is to be a chronic drug fiend, alcoholic or kleptomaniac, but

all the sympathy, knowledge, patience and foresight in the world are none too much when it comes to bringing about a steady improvement in the patient's condition.

"A lot of panaceas and some porous plasters will be touted about very much to the cooling off of any serious desire to study the whole complex situation with the idea of doing a little better next time," was the recent comment of a keen, open-minded employer. "I am certain that while no one thing can be done which will cure the cycles of business, yet there are a number of intelligent and constructive steps which can be taken to relieve us from the most intense difficulties of depression by relieving us of an equally damaging riot of overexpansion."

If this country were like India the problem would be different. Instead of having every possible class, financially speaking, with millions in the middle ranges, India has a few very rich people and several hundred millions that are abjectly poor. There is little need to worry about the available fund of capital for industry or the wastes of industry or the business cycle, because business and industry do not exist on a scale large enough to create such questions. Though this country is still far poorer than under ideal conditions it should be, yet it is by a big lead the richest in the world, in it a larger number of individuals have comfort, education and opportunity than elsewhere, and, all things considered, greater liberty and freedom.

As measured by countries like India, China and Russia this is a land of extraordinary wealth and comfort. These have not been attained without the growth of such problems as those involved in taxation, waste, unemployment and the evils of the business cycle. Bad as they are they seem small in comparison with the almost permanent misery of other great peoples. Sensible men know that the diseases of the industrial order by which we live will not yield to panaceas and some porous plasters. They can be checked only by a long, hard, persistent struggle. Those who disagree with this statement would like to try some entirely new order or system, and incidentally scrap most of the present machinery. But if the study of other peoples and races is any guide, if history is any fair criterion, this would merely be opening the floodgates of disease, poverty, misery and starvation. It would be burning down one's house to get roast pig.

## A Long, Long Job

READERS who keep up with current comment on immigration problems occasionally express the opinion that some of the best authorities on the subject are inclined to do rather scant justice to the efforts toward the Americanization of aliens that are being prosecuted so diligently in various parts of the country.

There is scarcely room for two opinions as to the utility and beneficence of this work; and inasmuch as a great deal of it is an unpaid labor of love, unmerited criticism is peculiarly galling to those who are giving their best thought and energy to this form of practical patriotism. Signal success has attended the efforts of these workers to inculcate in foreigners the principles of self-government, to imbue them with American ideals, to familiarize them with the outlines of our history and to teach them to honor our flag. The value of such educational programs can scarcely be overestimated. No man in his senses can impugn the soundness of such instruction. But there are certain fairly definite limitations to what this work can accomplish.

The truth of the matter is that we so long ago began to take for granted the great achievements of Americanization that familiarity has belittled them in our eyes and there has grown up a tendency to berate Americanization because it does not accomplish impossibilities along with the possibilities.

The early proponents of the myth of the melting pot were no fools. Seemingly miraculous changes were wrought before their very eyes. They saw uncouth, outlandish peasants who arrived with all their worldly goods wrapped in an Old World bedquilt, or incased in a tin valise, settle down among them, build up snug little businesses, rear and educate American-born children, develop political affiliations and become respected units in local civic life.

Such histories were the rule with the people of Nordic strain who came to us on the tides of the old immigration. Our national error lay in the assumption that because we could assimilate the Nordic peoples we could successfully apply the same process to persons of any race or blood that might come hither. The myth of the melting pot was firmly established before modern science had worked out the laws that govern breeding. It was not until 1900 that the truth of the Mendelian laws of heredity began to be generally recognized; and by that time we had gone along for at least two decades doing our amateur Burbanking.

Americanization is not to blame, for the value of what is being done along these lines is great. Nature is not to blame. Science is not to blame; though we should be a finer race if she had spoken out boldly half a century ago and told us in plain terms what every biologist now knows: that the germ plasm on which heredity depends is one of the most indestructible and unalterable of all forms of matter; that neither precept nor example can change it; that food, climate, occupation, environment, latitude and longitude leave it for centuries unimpressed. Our faith in this knowledge rests on the firmest foundations; yet some of us expect evening classes in English, lectures on the Constitution and the singing of patriotic songs to accomplish in half a decade what Nature would call a rush job if she were asked to do it in thousands of years.

Americanization can make better and more understanding citizens of our aliens; but it cannot make a race true to the old American type.

## Teeth in the Sherman Law

JUDGE VAN FLEET, of the Federal Court in New York City, sharpened the teeth of the Sherman Act and rendered a signal service to the business interests of the country when he gave jail sentences to four defendants who pleaded guilty to charges brought under the antitrust law.

This measure has been on the statute books since 1890; but, according to the prosecuting officer in these and in other cases growing out of the New York building scandals, no prison term had ever been served.

Taken by and large, business men are a law-abiding class. Their fortunes hang upon their own good faith and upon that of their fellows. The Sherman Law is so intricate and so obscure that in many cases the best obtainable counsel have been unable to tell them whether the courts would declare a proposed trade agreement or corporate relationship to be lawful or unlawful. For more than thirty years the best legal minds in the country have labored without cessation to ascertain the precise meaning and the accepted interpretation of every clause of this famous piece of legislation. In these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that conscientious judges, mindful of the responsibilities of their office, have been reluctant to clap into prison defendants who, though technically guilty beyond reasonable doubt, may very possibly have been unaware of the illegality of their methods of doing business. Inevitably, as the years passed, men fell into the habit of taking into their calculations this tendency toward leniency, and thus was formed the vicious circle that Judge Van Fleet has so effectually shattered.

There is no reason to regret this change of judicial attitude. A whole generation of trust litigation has done much to clarify the Sherman Law. It is still a sheet of cloudy glass with many a boss and bubble, and opacities not a few; but it lets through a deal more light than it did thirty years ago, or even ten years ago. It is right, therefore, that men should be held accountable to the definitely interpreted and ascertained provisions of the law.

It is not to be denied that some corporation officials have, year in and year out, deliberately taken advantage of the leniency of the courts and their unwillingness to impose prison sentences.

Prison sentences will knock all this galley-west, for a term in the county jail cannot be smuggled into factory prices. It cannot even be parceled out among the stockholders of the delinquent corporation. A term in jail is something as personal as one's waistline or bald spot, and it is just as nontransferable.



# Hacking at the Federal Reserve

By WILL PAYNE

**M**OST of us have a chronic idea that we want more money. If you sit down calmly and examine your total stock of ideas you will probably find that this one of wanting more money is a sort of fixed North Star amid a whirling firmament of other ideas. The other ideas come and go, shoot up comet fashion and peter out; but the little old idea of wanting more money twinkles right along. The Bible warns us against it, but somehow the needle is always swinging back to the north. One might almost say that man has steered his course by it ever since cave days. It is such a persistent and appealing idea that a great many people get through life very comfortably without ever having any other idea worth mentioning.

Mostly when a fellow citizen solicits your vote for an elective office his platform simmers down to a promise to get you more money—by reducing taxes, lowering railroad rates, tinkering the tariff in your alleged interest, curbing the trusts, and so on, the net of it being that if you vote for him you will be better off in current coin.

Now all modern governments make money by simply printing it. That is one of their functions. Naturally some lively political movements have been based upon a simple proposal to have the Government supply the people's want of money by just making a lot of it. The celebrated greenback movement of more than a generation ago was in that category. This is a Government for the people, the people want money, the Government makes money, let the Government make what the people want. Substantially that was what it came to.

The free-silver movement of 1896 was somewhat more refined. It didn't propose to have the Government make dollars out of nothing, but to have it make a dollar out of fifty cents' worth of silver—a sort of fifty-fifty scheme. There have been many less conspicuous movements along the same attractive line.

## Fiat Money

**B**UT of late years all of us with any sense have been disillusioned on that subject of just making money out of hand. According to the old greenback and free-silver doctrines the Russian people should now be enjoying the acme of economic happiness—instead of starving to death—for since the world began no other people were so blessed with money as the Russians now are. Quite literally they have money to burn. It is so abundant that a cab driver gets a thousand rubles for carrying you three blocks. But he cannot get a square meal or a pair of shoes. Austria has money by the billions, but no clothes. Germany to-day has more than forty times as much money as prosperous prewar Germany had, but is not happy about it.

Of late years we have learned that there is good money and bad money, and that any

money begins to go bad as soon as there is too much of it. Experts always knew that; but to ordinary citizens the notion that there might be too much money was a hard one to swallow. They know it now, however. Experience here at home was illuminating.

Early in 1920 we had far more dollars than ever before; but the dollars had shrunk scandalously in purchasing power. Outside of a lunatic asylum nobody nowadays could get votes by simply promising to turn out a lot more dollars.

But since greenback days we have grown sophisticated about money in another respect. We care little about money in the sense of greenbacks and silver dollars. On the whole we prefer a deposit to our credit in a bank, and a check book. It is more convenient.

So we now discover in our midst some signs of a greenback and free-silver movement dressed up in modern clothes to fit modern conditions. As yet it can hardly be called a movement, for it is in that newborn state which is characterized mainly by convulsive movements of the arms and legs and a lusty exercise of the lungs. But it looks to me as though efforts were afoot to nurse it into an organized, aggressive state. Its object, baldly stated, is to have the Government turn out fiat money in the refined, modern form of bank credits.

There is an institution, created by act of Congress, which issues a large part of the money in circulation. Probably you will find its name on the first bank note you take out of your pocket. Moreover it is vested by law with some power over bank credits. Under certain conditions it can considerably increase or decrease the total volume of such credits. As a rough and ready—and not very accurate—figure of speech you might liken it to a gate in a dam. Shut the gate and the water is impounded until it rises high enough to flow over the top. Open the gate and you have a flood—while the water lasts. At present the gate is operated by trained engineers. Looks to me as though a movement were shaping to throw out the engineers and put politicians in charge, with a large, cheerful sign: "Come on, everybody; the water's fine!"

## Costly Log-Rolling

**T**HE object of politics is to get votes. It must be obvious even to a child that the more benefits you can promise a man or a community the more likely he or it is to vote for you. For example, everybody knows how politics has managed river improvements and public buildings—promising to benefit this community with a public building and that one by dredging a creek, and then pooling the promises in one of our famous log-rolled river-improvement and public-building bills. But Aville, rejoicing in its new post office, is paying Federal taxes to dredge Bville's creek; and Bville, having its own creek dredged, is paying for Cville's useless navy yard. Assuredly the public will likewise foot the bill for all political control of money and credit.

The popular name for the institution I am talking about is the Federal Reserve System; and for the sake of getting clearly in mind what it is and does I hope you will endure a brief recital of dry facts:

The banking business of the United States, as shown by the latest report of the Comptroller of the Currency, is done by 30,139 banks, national, state and private, having, at the date of the report, \$53,000,000,000 of resources. With very few and negligible exceptions each one of these banks is an independent local concern, owned and managed by local men. If you want to borrow money, whether you are a steel corporation in quest of a million or a shoemaker in quest of fifty, it is to one of these banks that you must go to get it. Every bank loan in the country is made by one of them. The Federal Reserve Banks lend to no man and no corporation except a member bank.

Only a third, roughly, of these banks are members of the Federal Reserve System. The other two-thirds have nothing to do with that system and that system has nothing to do with them. And as to the third, roughly, which are members, the Federal Reserve System cannot stop them from



DRAWN BY HERBERT FULLINGER

making any loan they choose to make or compel them to make any loan they do not choose to make. Primarily the control of bank credit is completely in the hands of these thirty thousand independent local banks. As to any proposed bank loan, the decision whether it shall or shall not be made rests with them. Any of these thirty thousand banks, doing a commercial banking business, may become a member of the reserve system by complying with the requirements of the law.

When a local bank becomes a member of the reserve system the Federal Reserve Bank of its region does, chiefly, two things for it. In the first place it holds the bank's legal reserve. The local bank accepts money on deposit and makes loans. The bulk of its deposits are payable on demand—that is, they may be withdrawn at any time. The local bank must therefore keep in hand a sufficient stock of cash or its equivalent to meet the probable demands of its depositors. That stock of cash is called its reserve. If it belongs to the reserve system its reserve—or at least a specified portion of it—is deposited in the nearest Federal Reserve Bank.

### The Extension of Credit

The Federal Reserve Bank will also rediscount commercial paper held by the member bank. You borrow a thousand dollars of your local bank. If it is a member of the system it can endorse that note over to the Federal Reserve Bank for rediscount. A member bank finds that its reserve is getting too low. It sends a batch of its loans to the Federal Reserve Bank, which rediscounts them and puts the proceeds to the member bank's credit, thereby bringing its reserve up to the required level. So no solvent bank belonging to the system can be closed by a sudden run. In a pinch or panic it can turn to the Federal Reserve Bank and get more funds by rediscounting.

Thus the Federal Reserve System, as the word "reserve" implies, is something to fall back on in an emergency, or under extraordinary conditions. Only when the thirty thousand independent local banks have exhausted their own power to lend do they turn to the reserve system and begin drawing from it further lending power by rediscounting their paper. As to its most important single function—the rediscounting function—the reserve system would in ordinary smooth-sailing times be fairly negligible, mostly just standing there doing nothing, like a fire engine when there is no fire.

For example, New York City banks belonging to the reserve system now hold more than \$4,000,000,000 of loans and investments, but their rediscounts at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York amount to only \$230,000,000. Money is quite easy and the member banks, in this connection, have little use for the reserve system. But a year ago, before liquidation had got well under way, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York's rediscount of member banks' paper amounted to nearly \$1,000,000,000.

In ordinary smooth-sailing times, then, and under sound banking practice, the Federal Reserve System has no control over bank credits. The resources of the thirty thousand independent local banks are sufficient to take care of the legitimate demands for credit, and those banks go their own way, managing the extension of credit according to their own judgment. It is only in an emergency, or under unusual conditions, that the reserve system comes powerfully into play as a factor in controlling bank credits. That is exactly the time, I may remark in passing, when the extension of credit ought to be guided by sound business judgment and not by political considerations. Even at such a time the Federal Reserve Banks cannot forbid a local bank to make any loan it pleases. They can only say to a member bank that it has already rediscounted all the paper it is entitled to rediscount and they will extend no additional credit to it.

It should be understood that the Federal Reserve System is not a central bank, like the Bank of England or the Bank of France. Congress balked at the idea of a central bank, and set up, instead, twelve Federal Reserve Banks, one for each of the twelve regions into which the country was divided. It also set up at Washington a Federal Reserve Board, with certain supervisory powers over the twelve banks. Yet each of the twelve regional banks is a separate corporation, with its own regionally

elected management, and in many important respects independent of the central board at Washington.

The banking system thus roughly sketched is probably the best in the world. Beyond any question it meets the needs of the United States better than any other known banking system would. It gives the coordination of banking power and the elasticity to stand a strain without cracking which European countries get from their more centralized systems. At the same time it leaves the banking business in the hands of independent local banks, locally owned and managed, alive to local needs and conditions—whereas in Europe generally local banking is done by a branch of some huge institution with headquarters in London or Paris or Berlin which appoints the local management and lays down rules and regulations which sometimes fail to meet local needs. Our system carried us through the great strain of the war, the postwar boom and the drastic deflation. It has proved itself and every sensible informed person knows it.

The Federal Reserve System was invaluable to the nation during the war, yet from one point of view it was launched at an unfortunate time. It got into operation in November, 1914, three months after the beginning of the World War. For a good while the public and even bankers had so many other things to think of that they paid no particular attention to this new reserve system. One year after it went into operation total discounts of all twelve banks amounted to less than \$50,000,000. Two years after it went into operation total discounts were only \$122,000,000. It was after the United States got into the war that people, including bankers, began to pay marked attention to the reserve system.

Thus the Federal Reserve Banks came markedly to the attention of public and bankers under abnormal war conditions when winning the war at any cost was the main consideration and other considerations went more or less by the board. A good many people, including some bankers, conceived an entirely erroneous notion of the reserve system, coming to regard it as an institution whose chief function was to shovel out credit on easy terms as long as there was a demand for credit. Its purpose, in fact, was something quite different from that.

To agriculture especially deflation was a monstrously oppressive process. Within a year prices of all farm products taken together fell more than one-half—to a level, in a great many cases, below the cost of production; and much of this drop occurred just when the main crops of 1920 were coming to market. The most striking illustration that I have seen of what deflation did to farmers was made by Willford I. King, whom some readers will remember as the author of an able study of the wealth and income of the people of the United States, published several years ago.

### Doctor King's Estimates

Doctor King calculates the net amount received by the average farmer for his own labor and that of the members of his family who work on the farm without receiving money payment; in short, a net sum which gives, as nearly as it can be figured, the farmer's wages, or what the farm returns to him for his own efforts in managing and working it, including also the work of members of the family who were not remunerated in money. Doctor King reduces the figures to the price level of 1913 in order to give real wages, or wages measured in purchasing power. On this basis the farmer's real wages in 1919 were \$865 and in 1920 only \$197. In short, the farmer found that the farm had cut his wages to 23 per cent of what they had been the year before.

The Department of Agriculture puts it another way: This last June a bale of cotton would buy 51 per cent as much as before the war, a bushel of corn 56 per cent as much, a hundredweight of hogs 67 per cent, a bushel of wheat 93 per cent, and so on—supposing the farmer bought his goods at wholesale, which, of course, he very seldom does.

Farmers, like other manufacturers, operate a good deal on credit, buying cattle and hogs to feed with borrowed money and borrowing in the spring to carry through until harvest. The drop in prices caught farmers when the crops of 1920 were ready for market, after all costs of production had been met, with high-priced labor and materials, and when their liabilities were

largest. Farmers by the ten thousand could not pay their debts.

Now the big drop in general prices coincided to a degree with a rise in the rediscount rates of the Federal Reserve Banks. Without looking further quite a lot of people charged the fall in prices to the rise in reserve rediscount rates because the two things happened more or less at the same time, exactly as free-silverites twenty-five years ago used to charge low prices to the demonetization of silver, but as prices afterwards rose greatly while silver still remained demonetized it was evident that silver had not been keeping prices down. So discount rates had practically nothing to do with the fall in agricultural prices, as a little candid examination of the subject will show.

Agriculture, taking the net product, not the gross, produces about one-fifth of the wealth of the nation. In 1919 this net product amounted to around \$15,000,000,000. It is produced by 6,500,000 persons. In the main—and this is particularly true of the big items, such as cotton, wheat, cattle, hogs—these producers are quite unorganized. Each of them just produces, puts his goods on the market and takes what the market gives him in the way of price. Usually the selling is done as soon as the goods are ready for market.

### The High Tide of Exports

But we produce much more cotton, wheat and meat than we consume at home, the surplus being sold abroad. As to cotton, for forty years before the World War two-thirds of the crop was exported—we grew one pound for ourselves and two pounds for Europe. Of course the export price largely governed the price of the whole crop. Many of you will remember that when the war, in 1914, shut off exports cotton became almost unsalable at any price and President Wilson joined the buy-a-bale-of-cotton movement. War reduced exports somewhat, but stimulated domestic consumption, cotton being used for many war purposes. Almost one-half the 1918 crop was exported in the raw state, however, and the export demand continued to be a great factor in fixing the domestic price.

Of the wheat crop in late years we have consumed three-quarters and exported one-quarter. But by a well-known economic law it is the last bushel that largely fixes the price. You put ten bushels of apples on a market in which there are ten buyers each wanting a bushel. The whole ten bushels will move off smoothly at a normal price. But when you put ten bushels on a market in which there are buyers for only nine bushels, in the haggling of the market the price of the whole ten bushels will fall until somebody turns up to take the final bushel. So although the domestic demand for wheat remains unchanged the price will fall until the surplus one-quarter, normally exported, is disposed of. In 1918 we easily worked off a bumper yield at high prices because hungry Europe still had buying power left and took nearly a third of the crop off our hands.

Before the World War our exports of agricultural products ran about \$1,000,000,000 a year. In the fiscal year 1917 this rose to \$2,000,000,000, and in 1919 to \$3,500,000,000. Our total exports in the calendar year 1919 amounted to \$8,000,000,000 in round numbers—a performance in the foreign-trade line such as no other nation ever came within gunshot of before and which probably no nation will ever again approach in this generation. It was altogether abnormal and there was a bogus element in it. Europe and the United States were in a hectic postwar inflation and a very important part of those huge exports was sold on time to debtors who were exhausting their credit. The inflation continued, however, well into 1920. By June of that year wholesale prices had risen to 275 as compared with 201 in the February following the armistice—which about marks the beginning of the postwar boom. In a year bank loans had risen \$5,000,000,000. Federal Reserve rediscounts as compared with February following the armistice had increased \$1,000,000,000. Then the gas began to go out of the balloon. Export demand from exhausted Europe began decidedly to break down.

It happened that in the spring of 1920 crop prospects were not very good, which tended to stimulate the price of farm products. But the prospects steadily improved. In fact, the agricultural outturn

was the largest in five years, grain-breaking all records except that for 1915, while the cotton fields yielded 13,700,000 bales against an average of little more than 11,000,000 bales in each of the five preceding years—just at a time when buying power was drying up.

Moreover, commodity prices had been steadily advancing for a year and a half, going far above the wartime level. A great many people were getting restless thereat and starting a buyers' strike. Japan had gone through a financial panic that shook her out of her shoes. Danger signals were flying; deflation was in the air. The Department of Agriculture's index number, compounded of the price of thirty-one farm products, stood at 246 in June, as the big crops were approaching harvest. It fell to 242 in July, 225 in August, 207 in September, 191 in October—the movement beginning slowly and gathering momentum as the general situation was more clearly revealed, the size of the crops was more definitely known and the new grain and cotton began moving to market in the face of a shrinking export demand.

Now under such circumstances nothing except some fantastic scheme of government valorization could have held farm prices even temporarily. The boom was collapsing; we had far more farm goods than there were buyers for; the price was bound to fall. By December the index number for agricultural prices had fallen to 143, by March to 122, by June, 1921, to 106, or decidedly less than half what it had been the year before. No such precipitous fall in prices had ever happened before, yet the same thing in lesser degree followed the war of 1812 and the Civil War, prices reaching the peak after the war and falling sharply. A collapsing boom, big crops and the breakdown of European buying caused the fall in 1920-21.

Deflation hit agriculture hardest because it is most exposed. When the demand for steel falls off the mills at once cut down production. But the farms, broadly speaking, go on producing just the same. Steel mills in the summer of 1921 were producing about one-quarter of their capacity; but the farms, notwithstanding last year's ruinous drop in prices, produced substantially the same amount of grain as in 1918 and 1919 when grain brought top prices. The cotton crop was very much smaller than last year's, but that was due quite as much to bad weather and the boll weevil as to reduced acreage. Of course a series of calamitous years the country over would reduce yields, but for any comparatively short view the farmer is tied to his job of producing whether it ruins him or not.

### When the Bubble Burst

Other labor strikes when wages are unsatisfactory. Railroad labor declared a nationwide tie-up of transportation because its wages were reduced to seven-eighths of what they had been in 1920. That labor said: "We will not produce at the reduced pay." As mentioned above, Doctor King figures that for producing the crop of 1920 farmers received as wages for their labor less than one-quarter what they had received before. But that agricultural labor went right ahead and produced a new crop. In the nature of the case, farm products and farmers' labor are more exposed to a headlong drop in prices than manufactured products or other labor is.

A joint commission of the Senate and House of Representatives held hearings on this subject for weeks. Much other evidence is available. There is no reason to suppose that any action the Federal Reserve Banks could have taken would have had any noticeable effect upon the fall in farm prices. A bubble burst and farmers were most exposed to the force of the explosion. Probably organized cooperative marketing would have helped to ease the blow, but there was no such organization. No doubt, also, farmers and cattle growers needed better facilities for long-time credit—nine months and year credit. But such credit is entirely outside the field of the Federal Reserve Banks.

Now, as to the part played by the reserve system. The fall in farm prices began in June, 1920, when bank credit was already extended to the limit—and beyond a reasonable limit. Loans and discounts of the thirty-odd thousand banks which do the country's primary banking business, exclusive of the Federal Reserve institutions, had risen beyond \$31,000,000,000, or double

(Continued on Page 24)



Ho, for the merry Christmas-tide  
The bells and the glistening tree!  
The thrill of the gifts and a dashing ride  
And the dinner with Campbell's for me!



## A Merry Christmas to all!

And a feast as happy as the day, with the laughter of children for its music, sunny faces on every side and a table smiling with all good things! Campbell's Soup, of course, to give the dinner its first spark—spoonfuls of hot and savory deliciousness, inviting your most genial mood.

### Campbell's Pea Soup

brings the glow of early Springtime to your Winter's day—the delicate, enticing flavor of dainty, fresh, young peas, the sweetest on the vines. Rich country milk, smooth creamery butter, spices added with the nicest care delight the palate and satisfy the appetite. A soup that gives the touch of luxury to introduce your dinner.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

#### Cream of Pea Soup

Heat Campbell's Pea Soup to the boiling point in saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point and stir it slowly into the soup just before serving. This extra rich soup is made even more attractive by serving in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream.

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

what they had been in 1915. Almost \$9,000,000,000 of this expansion had occurred in two years and over \$5,000,000,000 of it had occurred in the last twelve months, or long after the end of the war. The Federal Reserve Banks had already extended credit to these individual banks to the amount, in round numbers, of \$3,000,000,000. Some of the reserve banks were practically at the end of their lending power—for that power is by no means unlimited, and it ought to be understood clearly that nothing but fiat and depreciated money can give unlimited lending power. Danger signals were flying. It was a time for deflation, not for further inflation. Months before this, Federal Reserve Banks had begun warning member banks that credit was too extended. Six months before, they had taken somewhat more effectual means to check further inflation by raising their rediscount rates.

As prices fell the first thought of many farmers and stock raisers was, quite naturally, to carry along on borrowed money in the hope that prices would rise again. They found the country's credit structure already loaded to the danger point. It should be remembered, however, that the farming and stock-raising country had its full share of the credit already extended, for expansion and inflation had gone on as briskly in the country as elsewhere. A report made by the Comptroller of the Currency as of November 15, 1920, classifies about 70 per cent of the total loans and discounts of the national banks according to the occupation of the borrower. Farmers' and stock-raisers' paper amounted to a fifth of the whole. As a rule country banks that were soundly managed would not have materially increased their loans no matter what the Federal Reserve rediscount rates had been. Candid country bankers have no testified. They were loaned to the limit. The band was stretched as far as it would go without breaking.

A great volume of credit was extended to farmers and stock raisers. Federal Reserve Banks serving the chief agricultural regions exhausted their own lending power and borrowed from Federal Reserve Banks of the East in order to keep on rediscounting. Agricultural products were carried to a great extent; and farm stuff was held back from market to an extraordinary degree, as the market statistics show. Some 5,000,000 bales of the 1920 cotton crop—or nearly half a normal crop—were carried over into the 1921 crop year, counting visible and invisible stocks. Owing to bad weather, boll weevil and some reduction of acreage, the 1921 cotton outturn was far the smallest in many years. That caused the price to advance. So a banker who loaned a cotton grower money to enable him to carry his cotton over to 1921 did him a service. But as to wheat and most other farm products the longer it was carried the worse off the holder was. Carrying over a crop is a speculation in which one is very likely to lose unless a crop calamity next year helps him out.

#### Money Rates Kept Low

Though a great volume of credit was extended to farmers and stock raisers, the supply was not equal to the demand. There was a demand for credit which the credit resources of the country could not meet. By that time the credit resources of the country were popularly regarded as being in the keeping of the Federal Reserve System, and there was a great deal of criticism of that system. Very often denial of credit meant hardship for the applicant, and quite often the hard-pressed local banker, feeling bound to deny the application, passed the buck to the Federal Reserve System, for he would naturally rather have the disappointed applicant blame that far-away system than blame him. The Federal Reserve Banks began raising rediscount rates in December, 1919. Presently prices began to fall, and a good deal of thoughtless criticism, putting the nearest two and two together, drew the false conclusion that rising rediscount rates were responsible for falling prices.

In fact, the legitimate criticism of the Federal Reserve Banks is not that they began raising rediscount rates at the very end of 1919 but that they failed to raise rediscount rates much earlier; and there seems to be no doubt that they would have raised rediscount rates earlier but for the opposition of the Treasury Department—which is worth a moment's consideration

as illustrating that not even the most powerful government in the world can, finally, prevent water from running downhill.

When the United States entered the World War it was clear that the Government would borrow immense sums. The Treasury Department wished to float the loans at the lowest possible interest rate. Out of patriotism the public and the banks readily subscribed to all the Liberty Bond issues although the bonds bore a rate of interest lower than nonsentimental conditions warranted. Through moral suasion the Government practically commandeered the money at less than the market rate. But in order to float the loans the rediscount rates of the Federal Reserve Banks were also held below the market. Throughout the war almost any bank anywhere would lend money on a Liberty Bond at a rate of interest no higher than that borne by the bond. Almost anybody could subscribe for a Liberty Bond, make a small initial payment and have the local bank carry the bond indefinitely. The transaction cost him nothing, for the bank charged only the same rate of interest that the bond drew. It cost the bank nothing either, for it could immediately hand over the subscriber's note, with the bond attached, to the nearest Federal Reserve Bank, which would discount the note at 4 per cent. It amounted to this: "Write your name to a bond subscription and make a small initial payment. Your bank will then carry the subscription for you free of cost and the Federal Reserve Bank will carry it for your bank free of cost."

#### The Inflation of 1919

As a war measure, no doubt, that was justified. The Government wished a big popular subscription to the bonds not only because it needed the money but also for the moral effect of showing a united people. The armistice left the Government with some billions of unfunded debt. The Victory Liberty Loan of \$3,500,000,000 was soon offered for subscription, and after that the Treasury was carrying out shorter-time financing on an immense scale. A low Federal Reserve rediscount rate had been of incalculable value in floating the war loans, and the Treasury wanted the rediscount rates kept low while it was doing its postwar financing. In fact, the rediscount rate was kept well below the mark throughout 1919.

The obvious result was to make borrowing from a Federal Reserve Bank very profitable to the member banks. A member bank could readily lend money at 6 or 7 per cent and then rediscount the note at a Federal Reserve Bank at 4 or 5 per cent. Bankers being only human, I have no doubt that this helped on the reckless inflation of 1919. And it was quite contrary to the theory of reserve or central banking. The theory is that banks other than the reserve bank will have sufficient funds to take care of the ordinary average demands of business. In an emergency, or under unusual conditions, they can turn to the reserve bank and keep themselves in cash by rediscounting paper. But they should not make a profit out of resorting to the reserve bank; for that bank is supposed to be the custodian not of the main army but only of the reserve, and the reserve should not be drawn into action unless there is real unavoidable need. Thus reserve banks such as the Bank of England and the Bank of France normally hold their rediscount rates slightly above the market. In short, banks should not be paid a handsome premium for drawing on the reserve; but in 1919, generally speaking, we were paying them a handsome premium, because the Treasury Department wished to hold the rediscount rate low in order to facilitate its own financing. When the Federal Reserve Banks raised rediscount rates—finally to 7 per cent in some districts, including New York, and to 6 per cent in others—there was a good deal of complaint from member banks because that cut down, or cut off, their profits. The object of the reserve system, however, was not to make banking more profitable but to make it safe.

There was complaint, also, of a progressive discount rate which some of the reserve banks adopted. Each member bank was allowed a normal or basic line of credit proportioned to its resources. It could rediscount at its Federal Reserve Bank up to that normal line at the regular rediscount rate; but if it went 25 per cent above the

normal line it must pay 1 per cent premium, and so on. The object, of course, was to check expansion of credit in those spots where it had gone farthest. It should be understood that all through the pinch many member banks were rediscounting less than their normal line, many others only up to their normal line, while a few went much above the normal line. As the president of a Federal Reserve Bank put it, "We have high-pressure banks and low-pressure banks and medium-pressure banks." The object of the progressive rate was to put brakes on the high-pressure banks. Of course the object of raising the rediscount rates at all was to check a dangerous inflation and not to make a profit for the reserve banks.

Those institutions are not operated for profit, as the term is usually understood. Their capital stock is held by the member banks and dividends are limited to 6 per cent. All profits above 6 per cent are turned into the National Treasury. Raising the rediscount rates did, of course, increase the profits of the Federal Reserve Banks, which meant increasing the revenues of the Government.

It is charged that Federal Reserve Banks discriminated against agricultural paper, but I have seen no evidence to support the charge. It is true that many farmers and stock raisers needed long-time credit—nine months or a year—which the Federal Reserve Banks are wisely forbidden by law to extend. But as to paper which they are permitted to rediscount, there was no discrimination against agricultural paper.

Naturally the Federal Reserve Banks were rediscounting much more paper at New York than at Atlanta or Kansas City because there was much more paper there to be rediscounted. A great number of the local banks in the agricultural regions are state banks which do not belong to the Federal Reserve System and cannot therefore rediscount paper directly at a Federal Reserve Bank. Such banks manage their reserves and rediscounts on the plan that obtained before the reserve system was inaugurated—that is, they keep a certain proportion of their reserves on deposit with a national or state bank in Atlanta, Omaha, Minneapolis, Chicago or New York, and when they require credit they turn to their city bank for it.

#### Pressure From the Treasury

As a rule such nonmember country banks keep two reserve accounts, one in the nearest commercial center and one in New York or Chicago. In a pinch such banks borrow from their city banks, but in almost every case the city bank is a member of the Federal Reserve System and it, in turn, borrows from the Federal Reserve Bank in its city. Thus a pull from the country falls with cumulative force upon the Federal Reserve Banks in the big reserve cities. In the Kansas City region, at least, until the progressive discount rate was put into effect, country banks, even though they were members of the Federal Reserve System, very generally rediscounted at their city banks instead of at the Federal Reserve Bank, and let the city bank hand the loan on to the Federal Reserve. That was the way they had been used to borrowing and they kept it up.

The experience of the last half of 1920 has often been described as agriculture's worst calamity in the United States. Inevitably the strain fell upon the country banks. I think there is no doubt that there would have been many country bank failures except for the help extended by the Federal Reserve System. In view of the situation, country bank failures were few. Apparently the Federal Reserve Banks permitted no really solvent member bank to fail.

Perhaps it is human nature to look to one's injuries rather than to one's benefits. Many applicants were denied further credit, there was much hardship and much criticism. Inevitably the blessed old tribal tomtoms of "Wall Street" and "Big Business" were dragged out and whacked lustily. As a matter of fact liquidation at New York was as drastic as elsewhere. The Federal Reserve Banks are not permitted to rediscount stock-market paper—paper secured by stocks and bonds, other than government bonds. In fact, the reserve system served the country well through deflation. The one conspicuous blot on its record, I believe, is that it failed to raise rediscount rates until December, 1919. There seems no doubt that failure is

traceable to political pressure from the Treasury Department, which wanted an easy money market while its big financial operations were carried out. The Treasury would have done better if it had paid somewhat more for the money it borrowed.

The agricultural calamity furnishes nearly all the ammunition for attacks on the Federal Reserve System. In general the obvious purpose of the attacks is to get more politics into the system and make it more amenable to political pressure. In that respect it is simply a greenback and free-silver movement in modern guise. Almost all our business is done on credit. Our everyday money is credit money. Whatever you buy you hand over to the seller a promise to pay—either an engraved piece of paper which recites that the Treasury or a Federal Reserve Bank will pay the bearer so many dollars on demand, or a lithographed and signed piece of paper, called a check, which amounts to a promise that the bank on which it is drawn will pay so many dollars and cents on demand. Whatever you sell you receive such a promise to pay. It all goes on promise.

#### A Road to Avoid

These promises to pay are good when they are honestly based on liquid assets—that is, on goods moving into consumption—wheat in a warehouse that is on its way to a bread basket, materials in process of manufacture, goods on merchants' shelves that are passing into the hands of buyers and users. If the stuff is flowing into consumption the paper will liquidate itself and the promises honestly based on it are good. But when the promises begin very materially to exceed the liquid assets they begin to turn bad. When German bank notes were based on liquid assets every mark was worth par. They are now mostly based on unliquid government bonds, or mere fiat, and a mark is worth about half a cent.

Any government's fiat can make money, but no government's fiat can make good money, not even that of the richest government in the world. If the Federal Reserve Banks should be required to extend credit, which means issuing promises to pay on demand when liquid means of redeeming those promises are not in hand, that would be nothing but fiat—in principle the same thing as Germany's issuance of fiat marks. Of course you will be told, "A vigorous financial system can digest some fiat. Nobody dreams of having the United States go to any such lengths as Europe has gone. We will go only a few rods along that road, at most only half a mile, and then stop." Which is like the old proposition, "Certainly we shall not get drunk; we will take only three or four moderate drinks and then go straight home."

Since the road plainly leads to the gutter and is so marked by big legible signs of world experience, why go any length upon it? Why even start on it? As to any rotten road, the time to stop is before you start. It looks to me as though an attempt would be made to chey us along that rotten road—very plausibly and persuasively—by requiring the Federal Reserve Banks to extend credit when sound principles would forbid the extension of credit, and especially by getting more politics and politicians into the system. This propaganda is directed especially to farmers and stock raisers, they having been the first victims of deflation. But adulterating the country's credit reservoir can bring nothing but harm in the end to any class or interest—excepting some speculators who are always at hand to pick a profit out of a calamity.

Quackery works a twofold injury—doping the patient and at the same time keeping him from seeking true remedies for his ailment. Telling farmers and stock raisers that the remedy for such a misfortune as befell them last year is to be found in adulterating the Federal Reserve System dopes with a false hope and tends to distract their attention from organized marketing and sound schemes of long-time credit outside of commercial banking and the reserve system. We don't want another government operation of railroads or another shipping board in our credit system. Vote no on any proposition to get more politics and more political appointees into the Federal Reserve System. Any proposal to amend the Federal Reserve Law that is opposed by the Federal Reserve Board should be regarded with acute suspicion.



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for any lover of fine Havana**

LET THE FULL HAVANA FRAGRANCE of Robt. Burns add its zest to Christmas Day. Give him the *known* cigar—Robt. Burns.

No cigar is "safer to give"—for no cigar has a finer full Havana filler.

Packings and prices are shown below at the left. Dealers everywhere sell Robt. Burns. If you have any difficulty in securing them, we shall be glad to refer you to the nearest dealer who has them. Address:

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(individually foil-wrapped)  
Box of 25—\$3.50  
Handy package of 5—75c

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Box of 25—\$3.00

*Robt. Burns Cigar  
is Full Havana Filled*



*Friction—  
the unseen enemy of production  
in your plant*

*for Lower Production Costs*

## Your Machinery is willing. Are you?

**E**VERY ENGINE, every machine, every bearing in your plant should be ready to do its best work.

Its best work is possible only through continuous use of the most efficient lubricants you can buy.

The connection between production costs and correct lubrication is direct and absolute.

### I.

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### II.

*When you reduce friction, your machinery forthwith puts more power into your production.*

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*Correct Lubrication and nothing but correct lubrication will cut down this friction.*



## Lubricating Oils

*A grade for each type of service*

If you will supply each one of your engines and machines with the correct oil for its individual needs, its work will be easier and the power you pay for will be more productive.

Our nearest branch can put before you definite lubricating recommendations based on more than 50 years' experience in manufacturing and in applying correct lubricants to mechanical equipment throughout the world. Stocks are carried in principal cities throughout the country.

Every day that you deny your plant the full economies of correct lubrication, you pay for the delay. The penalty comes under the head of Operating Costs.

You know the pressure of high production costs. Are you interested in lowering them?

### For Lower Production Costs

#### Steam Cylinders

Gargoyle Steam Cylinder Oils minimize power losses and undue wear in steam cylinders the world over. No other steam cylinder oils are so widely endorsed by engine builders.

The well-known Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W and several other Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are specially manufactured for cylinder and valve lubrication to meet conditions in all types of Steam Engines, Steam Pumps, Steam-driven Compressors, Locomotives, etc.

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A worry of every turbine operator is sludge. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils are manufactured and especially treated to meet the exacting requirements of turbine lubrication. These oils separate readily from moisture and impurities and thus provide remarkable freedom from sludge.

#### Internal Combustion Engines

The severe lubricating requirements of gas engines, Diesel engines and oil engines are scientifically met by Gargoyle D.T.E. Oils.

#### Compressors and Vacuum Pumps

Correct lubrication is of unusual importance in compressor work. Carbon in the air cylinder has sometimes caused explosion. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil Heavy Medium is made especially to minimize carbonization. It is correct for air or gas compressors and vacuum pumps.

#### Bearings

A wide range of Gargoyle Bearing Oils is provided to meet all specific operating conditions of engines and machines involving size, speed, pressure, temperature and lubricating methods.

**T**HROUGH our nearest branch or distributor, we shall be glad to assist you in selecting the correct Gargoyle Lubricating Oils for use throughout your entire plant. Stocks are carried in principal cities throughout the country.

#### Domestic Branches:

New York (Main Office)	Chicago
Boston	Detroit
Philadelphia	Indianapolis
Pittsburgh	Minneapolis
Buffalo	Des Moines
Rochester	Kansas City, Kan.
Albany	Dallas

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY



## THE DRIVER

(Continued from Page 5)

leaders declined. Browne came to be treated with mild contempt. The line "Christ and Coxeys," which had been painted on the commissariat wagon, was almost too much. There was grumbling in the ranks. Everybody was discouraged when the expectation of great numbers had finally to be abandoned. Never did the roll exceed five hundred men, not even after the memorable junction in Maryland with Christopher Columbus Jones, forty-eight men and a bulldog, from Philadelphia.

Yet there was a cohesive principle somewhere. Nearly all those who started from Massillon stuck to the very end. What held them together? Possibly a vague herd sense of moving against something and a dogged reaction to ridicule. This feeling of againstness is sometimes stronger to unite men, especially unhappy men, than a feeling of forness. The thing they were against was formless in their minds. It could not be visualized or perceived by the imagination, like the figure of the horrible Turk in possession of the Holy Sepulcher. Therefore it was a foredoomed crusade.

The climax was pitifully futile.

Two self-mongering reincarnations of Christ, both fresh and clean, having nighted in decent hotels, led four hundred draggel-tail men into Washington and up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol grounds, enormous humiliated crowds looking on. Browne dismounted and leaped over the low stone wall. Coxeys tried to make a speech. Both were good-naturedly arrested for trespassing on the public grass and violating a police ordinance. The leaderless men wandered back to a camp site that had been mercifully loaned. For a time they dully subsisted upon charity, ceased altogether to be news, and gradually vanished away.

THOUGH the Army of the Commonwealth of Christ was dead, Coxeyism survived in a formidable manner. The term was current in newspaper language; and the country seemed to be full of those forms of social insubordination which it was meant to signify. In the West rudely organized bands, some of them armed and strong enough to overwhelm the police of the cities through which they passed, were running amuck. They bore no petition in boots; they were impatient and headlong. One of their pastimes was train stealing. They would seize a railroad train, overpower the crew and oblige themselves to outlaw transportation; and the railroad people, fearful of accidents, would clear the way to let them through. It was very exciting for men who had nothing else to do, and rather terrifying to the forces of law and order.

Public opinion was distracted and outraged.

Some said: "Put down Coxeyism. Put it down with a strong hand. To treat it tenderly is to encourage lawlessness."

Others said: "You may be able to put down Coxeyism by force, but you will sometime have to answer the questions it has raised. Better now than later."

There was a great swell of radical thought in the country. The Populist Party, representing a blind sense of revolt, had elected four men to the Senate and eleven to the House of Representatives. Many newspapers and magazines were aligned with the agitators, all asking the same questions:

Why hunger in a land of plenty?

Why unemployment?

Why was the economic machine making this frightful noise?

The Federal and state governments were afraid to act effectively against Coxeyism because too many people sympathized with it, secretly or openly. It was partly a state of nerves. Writers in the popular periodicals and in some of the solemn reviews laid it on red. In Coxeys' march they saw a historic parallel. In almost the same way fifteen hundred volunteers, knowing how to die, had marched from Marseilles to Paris with questions that could not be answered, and gave the French Revolution a hymn that shook the world. Human distress was first-page news. The New York World gave away a million loaves of bread and whooped up its circulation. The New York Herald solicited donations of clothing, which it distributed in large quantities to the ragged.

On the train from Washington to New York I found men continually wrangling in fierce heat about money, tariff and Coxeyism. I was surprised to hear Wall Street attacked by well-dressed, apparently prosperous men, in the very phrases with which the Coxeyites had filled my ears. Nobody by any chance ever stood in defense of Wall Street, but there were those who denounced the Coxeyites and Populists intemperately. Everybody denounced something; nobody was for anything. National morale was in a very low state.

In the smoking compartment two men, behaving as old acquaintances, quarreled interminably and with so much dialectical skill that an audience gathered to listen in respectful silence. One was a neat, clerical-looking person whose anxieties were unrelieved by any glimpse of humor or fancy. The other was carelessly dressed, spilt cigar ashes over his clothes unawares, and had a way of putting out his tongue and laughing at himself dryly if the argument went momentarily against him or when he had adroitly delivered himself from a tight place. He was the elder of the two.

He was saying: "Because men are out of work they do not lose their rights as citizens to petition Congress in any peaceful manner. Your low tariff is the cause of unemployment. There is the evidence—those cold smokestacks." He pointed to them. We were passing through Wilmington. "The importation of cheap foreign goods has shut our factories up. You retort by calling the unemployed tramps."

"It was the high Republican tariff that made the people soft and helpless," said the other. "For years you taught them that good times resulted not from industry and self-reliance but from laws; that prosperity was created by law. Now you reap the fruit. You put money into the pockets of the manufacturers by high tariffs. The people know this. Now they say, 'Fill our pockets too.' It's quite consistent. But it's socialism. That's what all this Coxeyism is—a filthy eruption of socialism; and the Republican Party is responsible."

"You forget to tell what has become of the jobs," the other said. "All they want is work to do. Where is the work?"

"These Coxeyites," the other retorted, "are a lot of strolling beggars. They refuse work. They enjoy marching through the country in mobs, living without work, doing in groups what as individuals they would not dare to do for fear of police and dogs. And the Republican Party encourages them in this criminality because it needs a high-tariff argument."

At this point an impulse injected me into the discussion.

"You are wrong about the Coxeyites," I said; "at least as to those from Massillon. I marched with them all the way. A few were tramps. There were no criminals. A great majority of them were men willing to work, and honestly unemployed."

Both of them stared at me, and I went on for a long time, not knowing how to stop and wishing I hadn't begun. The younger man heard me through with a bored air and turned away. But the other asked me some questions and thanked me for my information.

The episode closed suddenly. We were running into the Jersey City railroad terminal, on the west bank of the Hudson River, and all fellow-traveler contacts began to break up without ceremony in the commotion of arrival. I saw no more of the disputants and forgot them entirely in the thrill of approaching New York for the first time.

It was early evening. Slowly I made headway up the platform against the tide of New Jersey commuters returning from work. With a scuffling roar of feet, and no vocal sound whatever, they came racing through the terminal in one buffalo mass, then divided into hasty streams, flowed along the platforms and boarded the westbound trains, strangely at ease with extraordinary burdens, such as reels of hose, boxes of tomato plants, rakes, scythes, hand cultivators, bags of bulbs, carpentering tools and bits of lumber.

Beating my way up the current, wondering how so many people came, by what means they could be delivered in such numbers continuously, I came presently into view of the cataract. Great double-decked ferryboats, packed to the rails with

self loading and unloading cargoes, were arriving two or three at a time and berthing in slips which lay side by side in a long row, like horse stalls.

We, the east-bound passengers from the Washington train, gathered at one of the empty slips. Through the gates I saw a patch of water. Suddenly a stealthy mass upheaved, hesitated, then made up its mind and came head-on with terrific momentum. At the breathless moment the engines were reversed, there was a gnashing of waters, and the boat came fast with a soft bump. The gates burst open and the people decanted themselves with a headlong rush. We stood tight against the wall to let them pass. As the tail of the spill fled by we were sent aboard, the gates banged to behind us, and the boat was off toward the other shore for another load. This was before the unromantic convenience of Hudson River tunnels.

I stood on the bow to have my first look at New York. One's inner sense does not perceive the thing in the moment of experience, but films it, to be afterward developed in fluid recollection. I see it now in memory as I only felt it then.

A wide mile of opal water, pulsatile, thrilling to itself in a languorous ancient way. And so indifferently! Indifference was its immemorial character. I watched the things that walked upon it—four-eyed, double-ended ferryboats with no fore or aft, like those monsters of the myth that never turned around; tugs like mighty Percherons dragging sledges in a string; a loitering hyena, marked dynamite, much to be avoided; behemoths of the deep, helpless in this thoroughfare, led by hawsters from the nose; sore-footed scows with one-pole rigs, and dressy, high-heeled pleasure craft. The river was as unregardful of all these tooting, hooting, hissing improvisations as of the natural fish, the creaking gulls or those swift and ceaseless patterns, woven of the light, which seem to play upon its surface and are not really there.

Beyond was that to which all this hubbub appertained—the city! Sudden epic! Man's forethought of escape, his refuge, his self-overwhelming integration. Anything may happen in a city. Career is there, success is there, failure, anguish, horror, women, hell and heaven. One has the sense of moral fibers loosening. Lust of conquest stirs. The spirit of adventure flames. A city is a tilting field. Unknown, self-named, anyone may enter, cast his challenge where he will, and take the consequences. The penalties are worse than fatal. The rewards are what you will.

"New York!" I said.

It stood against the eastern sky, a pure illusion, a rhythmic mass without weight or substance, in the haze of a May-day evening. The shadows of twilight were rising like a mist. Everything of average height already was submerged. Some of the very tall buildings still had the light above, and their upper windows were agleam with reflections of the sunset.

Seething city! So full of life transacting potently, and yet so still! A thin, gray shell, a fragile show, a profile raised in time and space, a challenge to the elements. They will take their time about it. Lovely city! Ugly city! Never was there one so big and young and hopeful all at once.

"New York!" I said again, out loud.

A man who must have been standing close beside me for some time spoke suddenly, without salutation or word of prelude.

"You were with Coxeys' Army?"

"Yes," I said, turning to look at him.

I recognized him as a man who had sat in one corner of the smoking compartment, listening in an attentive though supercilious manner, and never spoke.

"Wasn't there plenty to eat?" he asked in a truculent tone.

"People were very generous along the way."

"Wasn't there plenty to eat?" he asked, repeating the question aggressively.

"There was generally enough, and sometimes plenty," I replied. Then I added rather sharply: "I have no case to prove for the Coxeyites, if that's what you think."

"I know you haven't," he said. "I have no case to make against them either. They are out of work. That's bad. But people who will ask need not be hungry. You can cut that out. The unemployed

eat. You've seen it. Do the ravens feed them?"

"What are you driving at?" I asked. "They all eat," he repeated. "Ain't that extraordinary?"

"It doesn't seem so to me," I said. "They have to eat."

"Oh, do they?" he said. "You can eat merely because you have to, can you? Suppose there wasn't anything to eat?"

He was turning away, with his feathers up, as if he had carried the argument. But I detained him.

"All right," I said. "There is not enough work, but plenty to eat. We'll suppose it. What does that prove?"

Eying me intently, with some new interest, he hesitated, not as to what he would say but as to whether he should bother to say it.

"It proves," he said, "that the country is rich. Nobody knows it. Nobody will believe it. The country is so rich that people may actually live without work."

"That's an interesting point of view," I said. "Who are you?"

"Nobody," he replied with an oblique sneer. "A member of the Stock Exchange."

"Oh!" I said before I could catch it. And not to leave the conversation in that lurch I asked: "Do you know who those two men were who wrangled in the smoking compartment?"

"Editors," he replied cynically. "The younger one was Godkin, of the New York Evening Post. I've forgotten the other one's name. Silly magpies! Politics, hell!"

At that instant the ferryboat bumped into her slip. The petulant man screwed his head half round, jerked a come-along nod to a girl who had been standing just behind us, and stalked off in a mild brain fit.

I had not noticed the girl before. She passed me to overtake her father—I supposed it was her father—and in passing she gave me a look which made me both hot and cold at once. It left me astonished, humiliated and angry. It was a full, open, estimating look, too impervious to be returned as it deserved, and much too impersonal to be rude. It was worse than rude. I was an object and not a person. It occurred to me that either or both of us might have been stark nude and it would not have made the slightest difference.

For a moment I thought I must have been mistaken—that she was not a girl but a man-hardened woman. I followed them for some distance. And she was unmistakably a girl, probably under twenty, audaciously lithe and flexible. She walked without touching her father—if he were that. He was a small man, wearing a soft hat a little down on one side, and moved with a bantam, egregious stride. One hand he carried deep in his trousers pocket, which gave him a slight list to the right, for his arms were short. The skirts of his overcoat fluttered in the wind and his left arm swung in an arc.

Presently I lost them, and that was all of it; but this experience, apparently so trivial, cost me all other sensations of first contact with New York. I wandered about for several hours, complaining that all cities are alike. I had dinner, and the food was like food anywhere else. Then I found a hotel and went to bed. My last thought was: Why did she look at me at all?

Her eyes were dark carnelian.

WHERE is — Broadway? I asked the hotel porter the next morning.

"That's in Wall Street," he said. "Take the Elevated downtown and get off at Rector Street."

That was literal. Broadway is in Wall Street, as may be explained.

Wall street proper—street with a small s—is a thoroughfare. Wall Street in another way of speaking—street with a big S—is a district, the money district, eight blocks deep by three blocks wide by anything from five to thirty stories high. It is bounded on the north by jewelry, on the northeast by leather, on the east by sugar and coffee, on the south by cotton, on the southwest by shipping and on the west by Greek lace, ship chandlery and Trinity churchyard. It grew that way. The Wall Street station of the elevated railroad is at Rector Street, and Rector Street is a handwide thoroughfare running uphill to

Broadway under the south wall of Trinity graveyard. When you are halfway up you begin to see over the top of the wall, rising to it gradually, and the first two things you see are the tombstones of Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton. A few steps more and you are in Broadway. Rector Street ends there.

Trinity Church is on the west side of Broadway, thirty paces to your left. Standing with your back to Trinity Church door you look straight down Wall street, with a little S. All of this is Wall Street with a big S. You are in the midst of it.

If it is nine-thirty or a quarter to ten you may see here and there in the preoccupied throng groups of three bearing wealth—in each case two men with a box carried between them and a third walking close behind with one hand resting lightly upon something in his outer pocket. These are the trusted clerks of big banking and brokerage houses. They go each morning to fetch the strong box from one of the great Wall Street safety-deposit vaults. At four o'clock they take it back for the night. The third man, walking behind, is probably unnecessary. If the box were not too heavy one man, unarmed, might bear it safely to and fro. Banditry—that is to say, taking by force—is here unknown. There is a legend to account for this fact. It is that the police keep a dead line around the money district which thieves dare not cross. Every crook in the world is supposed to know and respect the sacred taboo. It may be so, more or less. One need not believe it whole.

A much more probable explanation is what any highwayman knows. He might make off with a dozen of those strong boxes and then be no richer than he was before. They contain no money at all, but stocks and bonds, numbered and registered, which represent wealth reduced to an impalpable, theft-proof form. A railroad may lie in one of those boxes. But if you ran away with the box you would have neither the railroad nor anything you could turn into cash. The lost stock and bond certificates would be canceled and new ones issued in their place; and after that anyone who tried to sell one of the stolen certificates would be instantly arrested.

I walked a little way into Wall Street, somewhat in awe of it, almost expecting to be noticed and challenged for trespassing. The atmosphere was strange and inhospitable and the language unknown. Two men were quarreling excitedly, one standing on the edge of the sidewalk, the other down on the pavement. One seemed to be denouncing the Government for letting the country go bankrupt.

"It is busted!" he shrieked. "The United States Treasury is busted!"

The other at the same time spoke of the color, the shape, the bowels and the religion of men who were exporting gold to Europe. I could make nothing of it whatever. Nobody else so much as glanced at them in passing. Everybody seemed absent, oblivious and self-involved. When two acquaintances met or collided there was a start of recognition between them, as if they had first to recall themselves from afar. Incessantly from within a great red-brick building came a sound of boing, cavernous and despairing. This place was the Stock Exchange, and the noise was that which brokers and speculators make when prices are falling.

A few steps farther down the street a dray stood backed against the curb, receiving over its tailboard some kind of very heavy freight. Ickelheimer & Company, Bullion and Foreign Exchange, was the legend on the window; and what the men were bringing forth and loading on the dray was pure silver, in pigs so large that two strong men could carry only one. The work went on unguarded. People passed as if they didn't see it. Precious money metal flung around like pig iron! The sight depressed me. I walked slowly back to Broadway, feeling dazed and apprehensive. The number 1 was looking for on Broadway was an office building. The executive offices of the Great Midwestern Railroad occupied the entire sixth floor. Room 607, small and dim, without windows, was the general entrance where people asked and waited. High-backed wooden benches stood against the walls. The doors opening out of it were ground glass from the waist up, lettered in black. The one to the left was lettered, President; the one straight ahead, Vice President-Secretary; and the one to the right, Private. In one corner of this room, at a

very tiny desk, sat a boy reading a book. He was just turning a page and couldn't look up until he had carried over; but he held out his hand with a pencil and a small writing pad together, meaning that I should write my name, whom I wished to see and why. I gave it back to him with my name and nothing more.

"Your business, please," he said, holding it out to me again.

I let it to him tactfully that my business was private. If necessary I could explain it to the president's secretary. Might I see his secretary first?

The boy put down his book and eyed me steadily.

"He left this morning."

"The president?"

"His secretary."

"Suddenly, perhaps?" I said.

He slowly nodded his head several times, still gazing at me.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Two weeks."

"Do you care for it?"

Instead of answering he got up, took the name I had written on the pad and disappeared through the door to the left. Almost at once he stood holding it open and beckoned me to enter.

First was a small antespace, probably called his office by the private secretary who had gone suddenly away. It was furnished with letter-filing cases, two chairs and a typewriter desk standing open and littered with papers.

The president's room immediately beyond was large and lighted by windows, but desolate. The rug was shabby. The walls were hung with maps and railroad scenes in photograph, their frames askew. At one side against the wall was a long oak table; on it were ink and writing materials, also some books and periodicals.

On the other side of the room a very large man sat writing at a small old-fashioned walnut desk with a green-covered floor that pulled out and a solid curved top that opened up or closed down with a rotary motion. That kind of furniture was even then out of style. It is now extinct. It was too ugly to survive in the antique shops.

He went on writing for a minute or two, then turned slowly, looked me through and put out his hand.

"I'm preparing a speech on your subject," he said.

"Coxeyism?"

"Yes. Your reports were excellent; very good indeed."

As he said this he turned to search for something on his desk.

It is an odd sensation to meet a notorious person at close range for the first time, especially one who has been much caricatured in the newspapers. There is an imaginary man to be got rid of surreptitiously before the real one can be accepted. One feels somehow embarrassed while this act is taking place, with an impulse to apologize for the human fact of its being so much easier on hearsay to believe ill than good of a fellow being whom you do not know.

This John J. Valentine was a person of much figure in the country. He was the head of a family two generations removed from the uncouth progenitor who founded its fortune in commerce, real estate and transportation; therefore he was an aristocrat. For many years he had been president of the Great Midwestern Railroad. After his name in the Directory of Directors was a long list of banks, corporations and insurance companies. He made a great many authoritative speeches, which were read in the economics classes of the universities, printed at length in the newspapers and commented upon editorially. What he said was news because he said it. He represented an immovable point of view, the chief importance of which lay in the mere fact of its existence. He spoke courageously and believably for the vested rights of property.

However, he might have been all that he was and yet not a national figure in the popular sense. For the essential element of contemporary greatness he was indebted to the fact that his features gave themselves remarkably to caricature. The newspaper cartoonists did the rest. They had fixed him in the public mind's eye as the symbol of railroad capital.

There was in him or about him an alarming contradiction. The explanation was too obvious to be comprehended all at once. It was this—that his ponderable

characteristics were massive, overt and rude, such as one would not associate with a notable gentleness of manner; and yet his manner was gentle to the point of delicacy and he seemed remarkably to possess the gift of natural politeness. Physically he was enormous in all proportions. The head was tall and the forehead, overhanging, gave the profile a concave form. He had a roaring, windy voice, made husky by long restraint; it issued powerfully from a cave partly concealed by a dense, fibrous mustache.

"Oh, here they are," he said, producing my reports.

Turning them sheet by sheet he questioned me at length, desiring me to be most explicit in my recollections as to the reactions of people to Coxeyism. His knowledge of the country through which we had passed was surprising.

When we were at the end I said: "I have talked with all sorts of people besides; people in Washington, on my way to New York, and here also. Nobody seems to know what is wrong. Some say it's the tariff. Others say it's something that has been done to money. Nearly everyone blames Wall Street more or less. What is the matter? Why is labor unemployed?"

He passed his hand over his face, then leaned forward in his chair and spoke slowly: "Why are the seventeen-year locusts? Why do men have seasons of madness? Who knows?"

After a pause, his thoughts absorbing him, he continued in a tone of soliloquy:

The country was bewitched. The conglomerate American mind was foolishly persuaded to a variety of wistful and unverified economic notions—that was to say, heresies—about such important matters as money, capital, prices, debts. People were minding things they knew nothing about and could never settle, and were neglecting meanwhile to be industrious. This had happened before in the world. In the Middle Ages Europe might have advanced with consequences in this day not easily to be imagined, but for the time and the energy of mind and body which were utterly wasted in quest of holy grails and dialectical forms of truth. So now in this magnificent New World, the resources of which were unlimited, human progress had been arrested by silly Utopians who distracted the mind with thoughts of unattainable things.

Take the railroads. With already the cheapest railroad transportation in the world, people were clamoring for it to be made cheaper. Crazy Populists were telling the farmers it ought to be free, like the air. Prejudice against railroads was amazing, irrational and suicidal. All profit in railroading had been taxed and regulated away. Incentive to build new roads had been destroyed. If by a special design of the Lord a railroad did seem to prosper the politicians pounced upon it and either mulcted it secretly or held it forth to the public as a monster that must be chained up with restrictive laws. Sometimes they practiced both these arts at once. Result: The nation's transportation arteries were strangling. No extensions of the arterial system for an increasing population were possible under these conditions. What would the sequel be? Rome for all her sins might have endured if only she had developed means of communication, namely, roads, in an adequate manner. It was obvious, and nobody saw it. Well, now he was trying to save people from a repetition of that blunder. He was trying to make them see in time that unless they allowed the railroads to prosper the great American experiment was doomed.

I could not help thinking: people prophesy against Wall Street and Wall Street prophesies against the people.

I was surprised that he gave me so much time until it occurred to me that he was thinking out loud, still working on his speech.

He wished me to take my reports, which were merely field notes, and pull them into form as an article on Coxeyism. He would procure publication of it, in one of the monthly reviews perhaps, under his name if I didn't mind and he could adopt it whole, or under my own. It didn't matter which.

"An unhappy incident has just occurred in my office," he said. "My private secretary had to be sent away suddenly. You might work in his room out there if it's comfortable."

I sat down to the task at once, in the anteroom at the vacant desk. Half an

hour later, passing out, he dropped me word of where he was going and when he might be expected back, in case anyone should ask. In a little while the boy did ask. Either he had not been at his place when the president passed out or else the president had forgotten to tell him, his habit being to leave word at the desk where I sat. Also the telephone rang several times, and as there was no one else to do it I answered.

This ambiguous arrangement continued, the president coming and going, leaving me always informed of his movements and asking me to be so good as to say this or that to persons who should call up on the telephone. It took two days to finish the article. He conceived a liking for my style of writing and asked me to edit and touch up a manuscript that had been giving him some trouble. Then it was to go over the proofs of a monograph he had in the printer's hands.

On the fifth day, about four o'clock, I was at work on these proofs and the president was in his office alone with the door closed when someone came in from the waiting room unannounced. I did not look up. Whoever it was stood looking at my back, then moved a little to one side to get an angular view, and a voice I recognized but could not instantly identify addressed me.

"Hello, Coxey!"

"Hello," I said, looking round. It was the irritating man of the ferryboat incident. He sat down and ogled me offensively.

"Are you the new private secretary?"

"I don't know what I am," I said.

"But you're working for Jeremiah," he said, jerking a glance at the proofs. "Oh-h-h! Toot-toot!" He was suddenly amused and shrewd. "You must be the man who sent him those reports on the march of Coxey's Army. That's it. Very fine reports they were. Most excellent nonsense. My name is Galt—Henry M. Galt."

"I'm pleased to meet you again," I said, giving him my name in return.

"And old jobbernow! hasn't hired you yet!" he said. "I'll see about it."

With that he got up abruptly and bolted into the president's office, closing the door behind him. I hated him intensely, partly, I suppose, because unconsciously I transferred to him the feeling of humiliation and anger produced in me by that look from the girl who was with him on the ferryboat. It all came over me again.

Half an hour later as he was going out he said: "All right, Coxey. You'll be here for some time."

The last thing the president did that day was to have me in his office for a long, earnest conversation. He required a private secretary. Several candidates had failed. What he needed was not a stenographer or a filing clerk. That kind of service could be had from the back office. He needed someone who could assist in a larger way, especially someone who could write, as I could. He had looked me up. The recommendations were satisfactory. He knew the college from which I came and it was sound. In short, would I take the job at two hundred dollars a month?

"I must tell you," he said, "there is no future in the railroad business, no career for a young man. A third of the railway mileage of the country is bankrupt. God only knows if even this railroad can stand up. But you will get some valuable experience, and if at any time you wish to go back to newspaper work I'll undertake to get you a place in New York no worse than the one you leave."

I protested that I knew almost nothing of economics and finance.

"All the better," he said. "You have nothing unsound to get rid of. I'll teach you by the short cuts. Two books, if you will read them hard, will give you the whole groundwork."

I accepted.

#### IV

THE next morning Mr. Valentine presented me to the company secretary, Jay C. Harbinger, and desired him to introduce me around the shop.

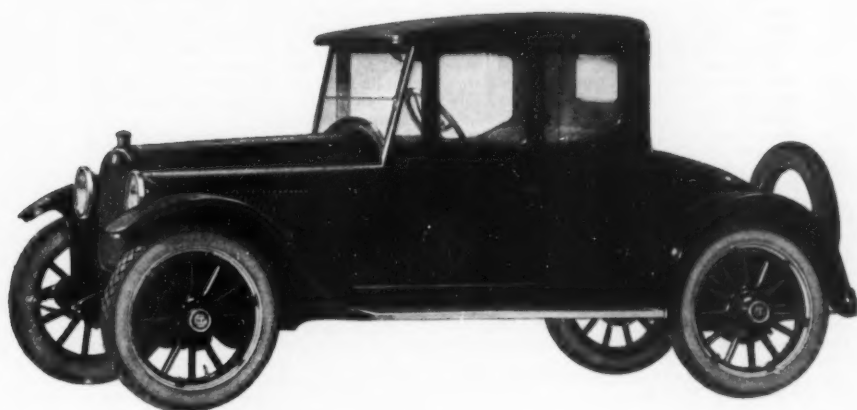
"This way," said Harbinger, taking me in hand with an air of deep, impersonal courtesy.

He stepped ahead at each door, opened it, held it and bowed me through. His attitude of deference was subtly yet unmistakably exaggerated. He was a lean, tall, efficient man who hated his work and did it well, and sublimated the petty irritations of his position in the free expression of violent private judgments.

(Continued on Page 30)



# A New Hupmobile



## *The Roadster-Coupé*

Where the saving of time and energy is a thing that counts; where reliable, low-cost, city-and-country transportation is a daily and hourly need—there is a distinct and definite place for this handsome Hupmobile Roadster-Coupé.

To the sturdiness and stamina of the roadster for hard service, it adds the permanent comfort and shelter of the coupé.

Its operating economy is the operating economy for which the Hupmobile has become so famous. Its repair costs hold to the low Hupmobile level.

It is rugged and ready—on the go every day with a constancy and consistency that would be surprising in any car but the Hupmobile.

Its performance is the same wonderful performance you expect from any Hupmobile—a rare combination of pulling power that never says die, with a pick-up ability that is not excelled even by more powerful cars.

Its body, as well as its chassis, is built entirely in the Hupmobile shops, and is exceedingly attractive, strong and durable.

This new Hupmobile is now being displayed by Hupmobile dealers. See it and ride in it.

# \$ 1 4 8 5

(Continued from Page 28)

We stopped first in his office. It was a small room containing two very old desks with swivel chairs, an extra wooden chair at the end of each desk for visitors, a letter squeeze and hundreds of box letter files in tiers to the ceiling, with a stepladder for reaching the top rows. There was that smell of damp dust which lingers in a place after the floor has been sprinkled and swept.

"That's the vice president's desk," said Harbinger, indicating the other as he sat down at his own, his hands beneath him, and began to rock. "He's never here," he added, swinging once all around and facing me again. He evidently couldn't be still. The lineolium was worn through under his restless feet. "What brings you into this business?" he asked.

"Accident," I said. "It gets you in but never out," he said. "It got me in thirty years ago. Are you interested in mechanical things?"

"Like what?" I asked.

Jerking open a drawer he brought forth a small object which I recognized as a dating device. He showed me how easily it could be set to stamp any date up to the year 2000. This was the tenth model. He had been working on it for years. It would be perfect now but for the stupidity of the model maker, who had omitted an important detail. The next problem was how to get it on the market. He was waiting for estimates on the manufacture of the first five hundred. Perhaps it would be adopted in the offices of the Great Midwestern. That would help. The president had promised to consider it. As he talked he filled a sheet of paper with dates. Then he handed the thing to me. I concealed the fact that it did not impress me wonderfully as an invention; also the sympathetic twinge I felt. For one could see that he was counting on this absurd thing to get him out. It symbolized some secret weakness in his character. At the same moment I began to feel depressed with my job.

"Well," he said, putting it back and slamming the drawer, "there's nothing more to see here. This way, please."

His official manner was resumed like a garment.

In the next room were two motionless men with their backs to each other, keeping a perfunctory, low-spirited tryst with an enormous iron safe.

"Our treasurer, John Harrier," said Harbinger, introducing me to the first one—a slight, shy man, almost bald, with a thick, close-growing mustache darker than his hair. He removed his glasses, wiped them, and sat looking at us without a word. There was no business before him, no sign of occupation whatever, and there seemed nothing to say.

"A very hearty lunch," I remarked hysterically, calling attention to a neat pile of pasteboard boxes on top of the desk. Each box was stamped in big red letters: Fresh eggs. I do. He went on wiping his glasses in gloomy silence.

"Mr. Harrier lives in New Jersey and keeps a few chickens," said Harbinger. "He lets us have eggs. If you keep house—Are you married though?"

"No," I said.

The treasurer put his glasses on and was turning his shoulder to us when I extended my hand. He shook it with unexpected friendliness.

The other man was Fred Minus, the auditor, a very obese and sociable person of the sensitive type, alert and naive in his reactions.

"Nice fellows, those, when you know them a bit," said Harbinger as we closed the door behind us and stood for a moment surveying a very large room which might be called the innermost premises of a railroad's executive organization.

There were perhaps twenty clerks standing or sitting on stools at high desks, not counting the cashier and two assistants in a wire cage, which contained also a safe. The bare floor was worn in pathways. Everything had an air of hallowed age and honorable use, even the people—all save one, a magnificent person who rose and came to meet us. He was introduced as Ivy Handbow, the chief clerk. He was under thirty-five, full of rosy health, with an unmarried look, whose only vice, at a guess, was clothes. He wore them with natural art, believing in them, and although he was conscious of their effect one could not help liking him because he insisted upon it so pleasantly.

At the farthest corner of the room was the transfer department. That is the

place where the company's share certificates, after having changed hands on the Stock Exchange, come to be transferred from the names of the old to the names of the new owners. Five clerks were working here at high pressure.

To my remark that it seemed the busiest spot—I had almost said the only busy spot—in the whole organization, Harbinger replied: "Our stock has recently been very active. With a large list of stockholders—we have more than ten thousand—there is a constant come and go, old stockholders selling out and new ones taking their places. Then all of a sudden, for why nobody knows, the sellers become numerous and in their anxiety to find buyers they unfortunately attract speculators, who run in between seller and buyer, create a great uproar and take advantage of both. That is what has been happening in the last few days. This is the result. Our transfer office is swamped."

He began to show me the routine. We took at random a certificate for one thousand shares that had just come in, and followed it through several hands to the clerk whose task was to cancel it and make out another certificate in the new owner's name. At this point Harbinger saw something that caused him to stop, forget what he was saying and utter a grunt of surprise. I could not help seeing that what had caught his attention was the name that unwound itself from the transfer clerk's pen.

Harbinger regarded it thoughtfully until it disappeared from view, overlaid by others; and when he became again aware of me it was to say, "Well, we've been to the end of the shop. There's nothing more to see."

The name that had arrested his attention was Henry M. Galt.

AT LUNCH time Harbinger asked me to go out with him. On our way we overtook the treasurer and auditor, who joined us without words. We were a strange party of four—tall discontent, bald gloom, lonely obesity and middling innocence. Two and two we walked down Broadway to the top of Wall Street, turned into it and almost immediately turned out of it again into New Street, a narrow little thoroughfare which serves the Stock Exchange as a back alley. The air was distressed with that frightful, destructive boo-o-o-ing which attends falling prices. It seemed to issue not only from the windows and doors of the great red building but from all its crevices and through the pores of the bricks.

"They are whaling us in there to-day," said Harbinger over his shoulder.

"Nine," said John Harrier. It was the first word I had heard him utter, and it surprised me that the sound was definite and positive.

"Are you talking about Great Midwestern Railroad stock?" I asked.

"Yes," said Harbinger, "John says it sold at nine this morning. That is the lowest price in all the company's history. Every few days there's a rumor on the Stock Exchange that we are busted, as so many other railroads are, and then the speculators, as I told you, create so much uproar and confusion that no legitimate buyer can find a legitimate seller, but all must do business with the speculator, who plays upon their emotions in the primitive manner by means of terrifying sounds and horrible grimaces. Hear him! He has also a strange power of simulation. He adds to the fears of the seller when the seller is already fearful, and to the anxieties of the buyer when the buyer is already impatient, making one to part with his stock for less than it's worth and the other to pay for it more than he should."

Eating was at Robins'. The advantage of being four was that we could occupy either a whole table against the wall opposite the bar or one of the stalls at the end. As there was neither stall nor table free we leaned against the bar and waited. We appeared to be well known. Three waiters called to Harbinger by name and signaled in pantomime over the heads of the people in possession how soon this place or that would be surrendered. While we stood there many other customers passed us and disappeared into a larger room beyond.

"Nobody ever goes down there," said Harbinger, seeing that I noticed the drift of traffic. "It's gloomy and the food isn't so good." The food all came from one kitchen, as you could see; but as for its being more cheerful here than in the lower room, that

was obviously true because of the brilliantly lighted bar. And cheerfulness was something our party could stand a great deal of, I was thinking.

Harbinger had left himself in a temper and was now silent. The two others were lumpy. Presently we got a stall and sat there in torpid seclusion. The enormous surrounding clatter of chairs, feet, doors, chinaware and voices touched us not at all. We were as remote as if we existed in another dimension. Lunch was procured without one unnecessary vocal sound. Not only was there no conversation among us; there was no feeling or intuition of thought taking place. I was obliged to believe either that I was a dead weight upon them or that it was their habit to make an odious rite of lunch. In one case I couldn't help it; in the other I shouldn't have been asked. In either case a little civility might have saved the taste of the food. When there is no possibility of making matters worse than they are one becomes reckless.

"Who is Henry M. Galt?" I asked suddenly, addressing the question to the three of them collectively.

I expected it to produce some effect—possibly a strange effect; yet I was surprised at their reactions to the sound of the name. It was as if I had spilled a family taboo. Unconscious gestures of anxiety went around the table. For several minutes no one spoke, apparently because no one could think just what to say.

"He's a speculator," said Harbinger. "Have you met him? But of course you have."

"The kind of speculator who comes between buyer and seller and harries the market, as you were telling?" I asked.

"He has several characters," said Harbinger. "He is a member of the Stock Exchange, professional speculator, floor trader, broker, broker's broker, private counselor, tipster, gray bird of mystery. An offensive, insulting man. He spends a good deal of time in our office."

"Why does he do that?"

"He transacts the company's business on the Stock Exchange, which isn't much. I believe he does something in that way also for the president, who, as you know, is a man of large affairs."

"He seems to have a good deal of influence with the president," I said.

There was no answer. Harbinger looked uncomfortable.

"But there's one thing to be said for him," I continued. "He believes in the Great Midwestern Railroad. He is buying."

Harbinger alone understood what I meant.

"It's true," he said, speaking to the two others. "Stock is being transferred to his name." It was the secretary's business to know this. Harrier and Minus were at first incredulous and then thoughtful. "But you cannot know for sure," Harbinger added. "That kind of man never does the same thing with both hands at once. He may be buying the stock in his own name for purposes of record, and selling it anonymously at the same time."

While listening to Harbinger I had been watching John Harrier, and now I addressed him pointedly.

"What do you think of this Henry Galt?" His reply was prompt and unexpected, delivered with no trace of emotion.

"He knows more about the G. M. Railroad than its own president knows."

"John! I never heard you say that before," said Harbinger.

Harrier said it again, exactly as before. And there the subject stuck, head-on.

We returned by the way we had come, passing the rear of the Stock Exchange again. At the members' entrance people to the number of thirty or forty were standing in a hollow group with the air of meaning to be entertained by something that was about to happen. We stopped.

"What is it?" I asked.

Harbinger pushed me through the rind to the hollow center of the crowd and pointed downward at some blades of grass growing against the curbstone. The sight caused nothing to click in my brain. For an instant I thought it might be a personal hoax. It couldn't be that, however, with so many people participating. I was beginning to feel silly when the crowd cheered respectfully and parted at one side to admit a man with a sprinkling pot. He watered those blades of grass in an absent, philosophical manner, apparently deaf to the ironic words of praise and encouragement hurled at him by the spectators, and retired with dignity. I watched

him disappear through an opposite doorway. The crowd instantly vanished. The four of us stood alone in the middle of New Street.

"Grass growing at the door of the New York Stock Exchange," said Harbinger, grinning warily, as one does at a joke that is both bad and irresistible.

The origin of the grass was obvious. An untidy horse had been fed at that spot from a nose bag and some of the oats that were spilled had sprouted in a few ounces of silt gathered in a crevice at the base of the curbstone.

The incident gave me a morose turn of thought. As a jest it was pitiable. What had happened to people to abase their faith in themselves and in each other? Simple believing seemed everywhere bankrupt. Nobody outside of it believed in Wall Street. That you might understand. But here was Wall Street nurturing in fun a symbol of its own decay and, by this sign, not believing in itself. Harbinger denounced the Stock Exchange speculators who depressed the price of Great Midwestern shares and circulated rumors damaging to the railroad's credit. But did Harbinger himself believe in Great Midwestern? No. The Great Midwestern did not believe in itself. Therefore nobody could believe in it, not even its own president. He, in fact, advertised his disbelief in the whole railroad business. Why had he no faith in the railroad business? Because people had power over railroads and he disbelieved in people. Therefore, people disbelieved in him.

I was saying to myself that I had yet to meet a man with downright faith in anything when I thought of Galt. He believed in the country. I remembered vividly what he said about it on the ferryboat. It was rich and nobody would believe it. He believed also in Great Midwestern, for he was buying the stock in the face of those ugly rumors.

The fact of this one man's solitary believing seemed very remarkable to me at that instant. In the perspectives of time and achievement it became colossal.

THE president was in Chicago on two errands. One was to hold a solemn quarterly conference with the operating officials on the ground. There was supposed to be much merit in having it take place on the ground. The first time I heard the location it made me think of Indian chiefs debating around a camp fire. The executive offices in New York were more than a thousand miles from the Great Midwestern's first rail's end. It does not matter so much where a railway's brains are; but its other organs must remain where they naturally belong, and that is why all the operating departments were in Chicago. Four times a year the brains were present in a physical sense. At all other times the operating officials either brought their problems to New York, solved them on the spot or put them in a pigeonhole to await the next conference.

His other errand was to deliver a speech, entitled *Lynching the Railroads*, at a banquet of manufacturers. On the plane of large ideas the great Valentine mind was explicit; elsewhere it was vague and liable. Although this was the first time I had been left alone with the New York office for more than one day my instructions were very dim. At the last moment the president said: "You will know what to do. Use your own judgment. Open everything that comes in. Tell Mr. Harbinger to be very careful about the earnings. They got out again last week."

He was referring to the private weekly statement of gross and net revenues compiled jointly by the secretary and treasurer and delivered by Harbinger's own hand to the president. This exhibit was not for publication, like the monthly statement; it was a special sounding for the information of the executive, or a kind of statistical cheese auger by means of which the trained sense could sample the state of business. The figures were supposed to be jealously guarded. On no account were they to go out of the office, save by direct order of the president. The crime of my predecessor had been to let them fall regularly into the hands of certain Stock Exchange speculators.

Knowing all this, everybody knowing it, I wondered at Harbinger when late one evening he brought the statement to my desk, saying: "Here are the weekly figures."

(Continued on Page 35)





## The Van Camp Way

The beans we use are grown on studied soils, rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

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The beans are baked in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape.

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The sauce is a rare creation. It was perfected step by step by testing countless recipes. That sauce is baked with the pork and the beans so that every granule shares its tang and zest.

Thus we have met, in scientific ways, every requirement of quality, taste and hygiene. This dish will bring to every home it enters a new conception of Baked Pork and Beans.



## Man Style

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Men like beans easy to digest. As men grow older this becomes more important. This long baking done by super-heated steam fits Van Camp's Beans to digest.

Men like a zestful sauce with a delicate tang. The Van Camp sauce is a masterpiece, and it permeates the beans.

Thousands of restaurants and hotels have served Van Camp's Beans to please men.

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Women like good cooking. Here is one of the finest examples of superlative modern cookery.

Women like a home-like taste. Our Domestic Science expert gives that to Van Camp's.

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# Van Camp's Pork & Beans

Baked with the Van Camp Sauce  
Prepared in the Van Camp kitchens at Indianapolis

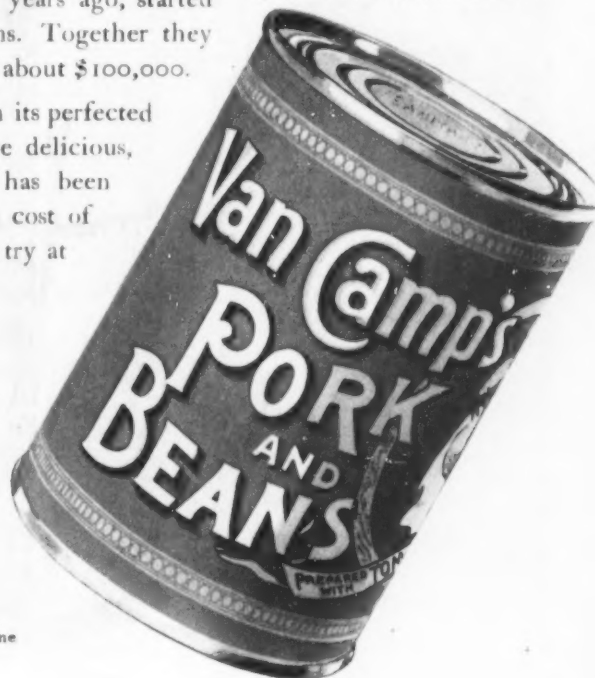
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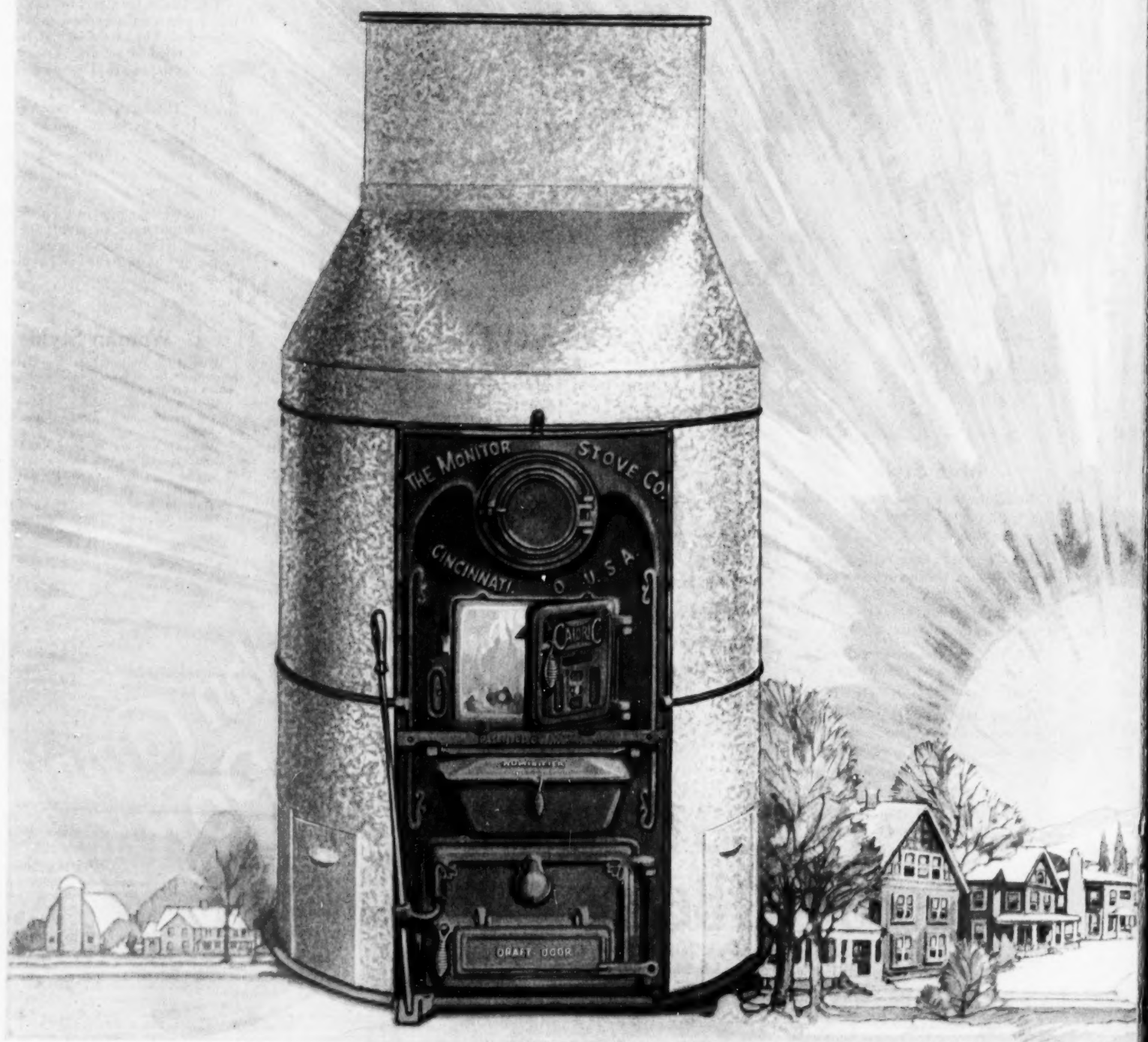
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## FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York



(Continued from Page 30)

You take them. It's better to keep them all in one place while the chief is away. I haven't even a copy."

I was not surprised that he should be trying to rid himself of a distasteful responsibility. But the act of avoidance was in itself puerile. Suppose there was another leak? He could say that he had put the statement out of his keeping into mine; he could say he had not kept a copy. But could he expect anyone to believe he had erased them from his mind? It irritated me. I kept thinking about it that night. I concluded there was something I did not understand; and there was.

As I was opening my desk the next morning Galt came in and without a word or sign of salutation addressed me summarily.

"Harbinger says you have the earnings."

"The weekly earnings?" I asked.

"The weekly earnings," he repeated after me, trying to mimic my voice and manner.

He would have been ridiculous except that he was angry, and anger was an emotion that seemed curiously to enlarge him. So here was the explanation of Harbinger's behavior.

He had expected Galt to ask him for the figures, and he meant to be able to say that he didn't have them.

We regarded each other steadily.

"Well?" I said.

"You apparently don't know that I get them," he said, his anger beginning to rise against me.

"No, I don't know it," I said. "Does Mr. Harbinger know?"

This reference to Harbinger, which he understood to be sarcastic, completed his rage.

"Do I get them?" he asked, bulging at me in a menacing manner.

"Sorry," I said. "There's no hole for you in my instructions."

At that he began to pass in front of me with long stealthy steps, his shoulders crouched, his hands in his pockets, his head low and cocked first right and then left as he turned and passed again, all the while looking at me fixedly with a preposterous, maleficent glare.

The effect was so ludicrous that I laughed. And then for only so long as it takes to see a flashing thing there was a look in his eyes that made me shudder. Suddenly he went out, slamming the door so hard that I held my breath for the sound of falling glass.

As the pantomime reconstructed itself in reflection it assumed a comic aspect. No, it couldn't have been serious. I was almost persuaded it had been a bit of undignified acting, an absurd though harmless way of working off a fit of temper, when I recalled that look, and shuddered again. Once before I had seen that expression, in the eyes of a malevolent hunchback. It was the look of a physical giant trapped in a puny body. Galt was a small man, weighing less than one hundred pounds, with a fretful, nagging body.

Before lunchtime the president called me on the G. M.'s private telegraph wire. He stood at the key in the Chicago office and I stood at the key in the New York office, and we conversed through the operators without written messages. Was everything all right? he asked me. Yes, everything was all right. There was nothing urgent? he asked. No, there was nothing urgent, I said.

Then, as if he had but chanced to think of it, he said: "I forgot to tell you. It's all right for Mr. Galt to have the earnings."

His anxiety to seem casual about it betrayed the fact that he had called me up expressly to say that Galt should have the earnings; and there was no doubt in my thoughts that Galt since leaving me had been in communication with my chief by telephone or telegraph. What an amazing do!

If my deductions were true, then I might expect to be presently favored with another visit. So I was. He came in about two o'clock and sat down at the end of my desk without speaking. I did not speak either, but handed him the statement of earnings. He crumpled the paper in his hand and dropped it in the wastebasket. I was sure he hadn't looked at it.

"Coxey," he said, "promise never again to laugh at me like that. We've got a long way to go—up and down grade—but

promise, whatever happens, never to do that again."

Somehow I was not surprised. For a little time we sat looking at each other.

"All right," I said, holding out my hand to him.

It was an irrational experience. We shook hands in the veiled, mysterious manner of boys sealing a lifetime compact for high adventure, no more words either necessary or feasible.

But with Harbinger some further conversation seemed appropriate. So later I said to him, "Why are you so afraid of Galt?"

"You do ask some very extraordinary questions."

"I have a right to ask this one," I said, "seeing that you put it upon me to refuse him the earnings. You were afraid to refuse him. Isn't that why you gave the figures to me?"

"You will have to think what you like of my motives," he said with rather fine dignity, though at the same time turning red. "I don't see why you shouldn't learn yours as we've had to learn ours," he added.

"My what?"

"That's all," he said, twirling about in his swivel chair and avoiding my regard.

"Why do you dislike him?"

"It isn't that I dislike him," he retorted, beginning to lose his temper a bit. "The thing of it is I don't know how to treat him. He has no authority here that one can understand, get hold of or openly respect. Yet there are times when you might think he owned the whole lot of us."

"How did this come about?"

"Gradually," he said. "Or at least it was only about a year ago that he began to have the run of the place. Before that we knew him merely as a broker who made a specialty of dealing in Great Midwestern securities. From dealing so much in our securities he came to have a personal curiosity about the property. That's what he said. So he began to pry into things, wanting information about this and that, some of it very private, and when we asked the president about it he said, 'Oh, give him anything but the safe.' Lately he's been spending so much time around here

that I wonder how he makes a living. He knows too much about the company. You heard John Harrier. He knows as much about our mortgages, indentures, leases and records as I know—and that's my end of the business. He's made me look up facts I never heard of before. He's been all over the road, looking at it with a microscope. I do believe he knows generally more about the Great Midwestern than any other one person living. Why? Tell me why?"

"He and the president are old friends, did you say?"

He paused for effect and said: "Henry Galt has only one friend in the world. That's himself. Ask anybody who knows him in Wall Street. He's been around here twenty years."

"Maybe it's his extensive knowledge of the property that gives him his influence with the president," I suggested.

Harbinger came forward with a lurch, rested his elbows on his desk, hung his chin over his double fist and stared at me close up.

"Maybe!" he said.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked.

He was aching to tell me what all this had been leading up to, and yet the saying of it was inhibited.

"I'm not a superstitious man," he said, speaking with effort. "There's a natural reason for everything if you know what it is. It's very strange."

"What's strange?"

"He knows both what is and what isn't."

"Galt does?"

He nodded and at the same time implored me by gesture not to let my voice rise. "May be anywhere around—in the next room," he said, hardly above a whisper. "Yes, He knows things that haven't happened. If there's such a gift as prevision he has it."

"If that were true," I objected, "he would have all the money in the world."

"Just the same it's true," said Harbinger, rising and reaching for his coat.

He looked at me a little askance, doubtless with misgivings as to the propriety of having talked so much.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 6)

With this indispensable mineral she exacted tribute from Holland, Switzerland and Sweden. One reason why Holland almost starved in 1917 and the early part of 1918 was because Germany blackjacked her into exporting her food under the threat that she would receive no coal if she refused. In those days the Germans had an abundance of the black diamond. Now they are facing a shortage. I cite this incident to show that those proverbial chickens almost invariably come home to roost.

This observation, however, does not alter the German coal situation. A comparison of production will tell the story. In 1913 Germany produced in round numbers 190,000,000 tons of hard coal. This included the three most important areas, which are the Ruhr, the Saar and Upper Silesia. Of this output the Ruhr contributed 114,000,000 tons and Silesia 43,000,000 tons. The total home consumption amounted to 158,000,000 tons. During the same year Germany mined 87,000,000 tons of lignite, which is the well-known brown coal. It takes two tons of lignite to do the work of one ton of hard coal. The home consumption of lignite was 99,000,000 tons, which means that a quantity was imported from Bohemia. The figures in this paragraph comprise what might be called the production that was.

Now let us see what has happened to that prewar output. The Spa Conference decreed that Germany must send France 2,000,000 tons a month—the whole Saar output and more—for fifteen years. The real body blow to German coal potentiality came with the loss of mines in Upper Silesia. Although the League of Nations award has not been formulated in full at the time I write this article, it is safe to say that half and possibly more of the German supply there is lost. This means that not less than 25,000,000 tons must be eliminated from the yearly Silesian yield. The one remaining area left to Germany in its entirety is the Ruhr, which at its present output would not meet the home requirements.

There is a silver lining to this black German coal cloud. The reason is lignite. Ever

since the Germans realized that they could never again reach their prewar production of hard coal they have concentrated intensively on the brown article. As the hard-coal output declines the lignite record goes up. In 1913 the production was 87,000,000 tons. In 1920 it had risen to 111,000,000 tons. The first four months of 1921 show an increase of 7,000,000 tons over the corresponding period of last year. With the advance in tonnage has come a like expansion in the demand for it.

Lignite has a much bigger significance for the future of German industry than is expressed in these figures. Not only is it the accredited substitute for the dwindling anthracite, but it is also a large part of the hope of German production. When I stated that the German professor would loom larger in commercial affairs than ever before I had the possibilities of lignite in mind. The problem of liquefying coal is long past the experimental stages.

### Oil From Liquid Coal

Shortly after the war a German chemist patented a process for producing oil from bituminous coal, lignite and peat. The process is not only inexpensive but the tests already made in industry have proved that the substance is highly useful. After a long series of investigations it has been demonstrated that the oil produced from the brown coal is far more profitable than the distillation of black coal. Obviously, it is to the advantage of the manufacturer to employ the lignite for this process, because the black coal has a larger intrinsic value for fuel in its original state. Moreover, the chemical industry depends entirely upon coal, and by distilling lignite for other activities the production of dyes and other coal-tar products is safeguarded.

When I was in Germany last summer two plants of considerable size were engaged in the distillation of oil from liquid coal. One of them was backed by the German Petroleum Company. The other was endowed by Hugo Stinnes. The very fact that this wizard of business is putting good money

into the process is one good evidence that it is worth while.

This growing desire to achieve independence of coal in Germany is part of a larger movement throughout Central Europe dedicated to the same purpose. Coal remains the acute problem of Austria and Hungary, where an immense program to enlist water power as a substitute for the mineral is well under way. A new power era is in the making, and it is bound to affect production in a big and favorable way.

After coal, the most important items in German industry are iron and steel. In the past they formed the backbone of export trade, and they are rapidly coming back to their former authority. A dispassionate analysis of the German metal situation shows that the hysteria which attended the dislocation of industry in the eighteen months following the war was based on really groundless fears. In the preceding article I showed how the German flies into a panic the moment his well-ordered schemes are diverted. This was especially true of the iron and steel masters. In 1919 they assured me, almost with tears in their eyes, that Germany had been reduced to a third-rate industrial power. To-day they have returned to 60 per cent of their prewar output, and are beginning to undersell England and the United States throughout the world.

Those German fears as expressed to me in 1919 were based on the fact that Germany has lost 80 per cent of her native or allied ore production. Up to the outbreak of the war—and to be precise—75 per cent of her ore came from Lorraine and Luxemburg. These properties, which were all German owned, formed the basis of the German production of iron and steel. With peace they passed out of German hands, since Lorraine became a part of France and Luxemburg withdrew from the German Customs Union. The diversion of all the coal in the Saar Basin was another jolt.

At first glance the Germans believed that they were doomed. They felt that French hostility to them would preclude any arrangement by which they could still receive

the Lorraine ore. They did not reckon with the uncompromising circumstance that commerce knows neither caste, creed nor hate. With the signing of the peace treaty the flow of Lorraine ore into Germany began again. During the first half of 1920 France exported to Germany approximately 700,000 tons, and this amount has increased proportionately ever since. This Lorraine ore is only one remedy for the German ore dislocation. Large quantities of Swedish and Spanish ores—and there are none better in the world—are making up for the losses due to the war. Stinnes has further fortified himself by the acquisition of the rich ore area in Styria, which is still a part of Austria. He owns the Erzberg, the ore mountain. These imported ores, together with the output within the present German confines—they are mainly in the Siegerland, Lahn and Dill districts—give Germany ample working raw materials.

### The Cartel System

With iron and steel, as with so many other German products, it is difficult to get at actual figures for reasons that I have already indicated. The Monthly Bulletin of Statistics of the Supreme Economic Council states that in 1919 the output of German pig iron and crude steel had been restored to one-half the 1913 figure. There was a slight decline in the latter part of 1919, but since January 1, 1920, a production boom has been on. Last summer the German smelters were operating at about 60 per cent of their normal output. It reflects the whole iron situation.

One reason why Germany has renewed her prosperity in iron and steel is that she follows the cartel gospel as never before. What is known as the Eisenwirtschaftsbund—in simple terms, the Steel Syndicate—is the arbiter of metal destiny. It is the successor to the Steel Council which existed before the war, and it has proved to be a potent industrial stabilizer. The Eisenwirtschaftsbund is a controlling body which fixes prices and to a certain extent regulates imports and exports. The whole

iron and steel industry as now constituted expresses a cohesion unparalleled in any other country. For each branch of the industry, and this includes engineering, there is a rigid system of licensing control for both exports and imports, supervised by a foreign-trade-control center. In this way the Germans can continue their mass buying, but no one producer can get an advantage over his neighbor. A representative of the government is attached to every trade-control center, which shows that German paternalism, so far as industry is affected, still does business at the old stand.

To return to German iron and steel, let me add that one evidence of their stability came during the October panic which followed the Upper Silesia award, and when the mark went down to half a cent. During this crisis, and since, the German industrial establishments continued the even tenor of their way, and their shares have reached the highest price since the end of the war. The stock of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft—the A. E. G.—for example, which was quoted at 290 in June last, sold at 660 during the middle of October. Shares in Siemens and Halske, the rivals of the A. E. G., which brought 281 in June, soared to 703. The same ratio obtained in chemical, mines and motor and equipment securities.

German metal exports, as well as all others, will labor for some time to come under the handicap imposed by the 26 per cent tax on exports, which is one of the reparation terms. This, however, is proving to be an advantage, because it gives the German another excuse for slashing rates. He is willing to sacrifice profit to roll up a larger gross business.

Since I am dealing with the general export problem, this seems as good a place as any to explain the working of the Reichswirtschaftsrath, which means National Economic Council. It is the supreme court of imports and exports, and is the best example of the kind of bulwark that Germany is rearing about her industry, and especially that which relates to iron and steel.

The council is made up of 326 members. With the exception of twelve named by the national council and twelve others appointed by the national government, the personnel is recruited from the ranks of the industrial producers. It is just as if the National Association of Manufacturers in the United States were reduced to the proportions of 326, comprising representatives of every important activity.

The economic council has wide scope, for it not only regulates imports and exports but censors all business legislation. Every bill that touches industry in any possible way must be submitted to its legislative branch first. Here it is carefully scrutinized by experts. If they believe that it is to the interest of German commerce it is presented in the Reichstag. If it fails to meet requirements it goes into the wastebasket. An institution of this kind at Washington would save the American people a great deal of money and prevent an immense amount of useless literature from encumbering the Congressional Record.

#### Control of Imports

In the National Economic Council there is a committee for each branch of industry. One deals with electrical apparatus; a second with heavy iron products like locomotives; a third with business appliances such as cash registers, typewriters and adding machines; a fourth with agricultural implements; a fifth with coal; and so on. If a German dealer wishes to import 100 American typewriters he must first obtain the permission of the typewriter section of the council. Since this section is composed exclusively of German typewriter manufacturers, he does not stand much of a chance to get a license unless he can put up a pretty good argument. As a result of the procedure the council has played havoc with American exports to Germany. The same rules apply to the export of German articles, and no producer can ship a bill of goods to England, Brazil or any other country without the sanction of the watchdog of industry.

You can readily imagine that more than one American manufacturer has run afoul of the council findings. The most conspicuous case—it almost became an international issue—dealt with a well-known American factory which has had a branch in Berlin for many years. It has been unable to import any new machines from the United States since 1914. During the war it was physically impossible, and since

the armistice the conspiracy of German makers, operating through the national council, has continued to block the game. The company therefore had to confine its activities to the buying, refitting and selling of old machines that could be gathered up throughout Germany. Here you have an illuminating instance of the way the Germans can play freeze-out.

Last summer the company decided to build a factory in Germany, believing that it could overcome the ban against imports by making machines on German soil, with German labor and German materials. In order to perfect their product it was necessary to import certain highly developed tools which were only made in America. When the application for the import of these essential implements was placed before the National Economic Council it was immediately rejected. This performance was not surprising, because a dozen big German concerns, including the Krupps at Essen, now manufacture the same machine. In handing down the decision the council committee—and it was sustained by the whole body—declared that "the German machine industry can make special tools just as efficiently as the articles that the company desires to import from America."

#### Community of Interests

The American company decided to fight it out. It enlisted the aid of our diplomatic mission to Germany and insisted upon a public hearing. Fortunately, the episode developed at a time when Germany was trying to invoke President Harding's aid in bringing about an amelioration of the reparation terms, and the council reluctantly reversed its opinion and the tools were allowed to come in. There is much food for reflection in this incident. It shows that though Germany is burning with desire to flood the world with her own goods, she is resorting to every pretext to prevent alien products that compete with her own from entering the country.

This close coordination to restrict imports is matched by the larger militant consolidation of German industry for offensive and defensive purposes. Now we come to the German trust, which is the most significant development in production since the armistice. Just as German industry was mobilized for destruction during those years of agony and slaughter, so is it coordinated to-day to the very last degree for reconstruction.

Many people have a conviction that quantity output has long been practiced in Germany. As a matter of fact, she never engaged in mass production save during the war, when her output of shells and other kindred materials was little short of phenomenal. German prewar industrial supremacy lay in the genius for substitution and a no less marked ability in specialization. The agencies that planted German wares throughout the world were, first, an acute commercial penetration that took root; and, second, a collective distribution under the wing of syndicates.

Thus the trust idea was mainly devoted to two things. One was the type of monopoly as we know it in America, which was confined to products like coal, dyes or potash. The other was the cartel which exploited manufactured articles. In both there was a community of interests which minimized the cost of production and the overhead on dissemination.

The moment Germany realized that she was up against a life-and-death struggle for existence, and that she must employ all her resources to reestablish her world trade, she turned to the bigger trust formula. The diminution of the coal supply and the necessity for paying the huge reparation accelerated the movement. Instead of grouping highly specialized articles, she began to bring about mergers of industries, all with the view of increasing output at the lowest possible cost and creating an immense surplus for export.

One of the fathers of this movement was Hugo Stinnes. In my article about him in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I explained the process of the vertical trust, which has become synonymous with his name and which represents the highest development of the present-day German consolidation. Since the vertical trust must enter into any discussion of German industry, I will rehearse the details briefly.

The vertical trust differs from the horizontal trust in that it is a complete and self-sufficient merger, representing all the successive stages of manufacture from the

production of raw materials to the transport and distribution of the finished article. Putting it in another way, it establishes a direct span from soil to consumer. The horizontal trust is merely a union of kindred industries that produce a certain article. It may be a group of manufacturers of typewriters, harvesting machines or electrical apparatus. The trust that we know in America is commonly of the horizontal variety.

The value of the vertical trust to men like Stinnes lies in the fact that it provides insurance against any sudden curtailment in the supply of raw materials. When he effected the trust of trusts, known as the Siemens-Schuckert-Rheinische Union, it meant that thenceforth it would not be necessary for him to lose a single wink of sleep about the continuity of his output. This mastodonic institution, with the allied Stinnes interests, owns or controls coal and iron mines, collieries, smelters, blast furnaces, mills, factories, shipyards, river, rail and steamship lines, and to back it all up, a merchandising company to sell its goods. The only possible interruption to output can come from strikes. No trust and for that matter no human power is proof against the frailties and vagaries of human nature. If it were possible to perfect a strike-proof worker you may be sure that Stinnes would have located him long ago.

The vertical trust has other distinct advantages. It makes cheaper and better methods of production possible, since competition is minimized. It also encourages a wide and profitable exploitation of by-products. By pooling inventive resources many technical innovations are achieved at a low cost, because the hazard of the experiment is distributed. I can illustrate this with the example afforded by the distillation of lignite. Stinnes was largely responsible for the endowment of this all-important investigation, and he was enabled to do it at little expense, as it was part of the research work in one of his trusts. It is just like that fundamental maxim in finance which is that with money you can make money. So it goes.

Not only is the tendency in German industry towards trusts but it goes a step further in that it sponsors the combination of combinations. Production bristles with huge affiliated groups, each dominated by one or more outstanding barons of business.

#### The Power of Stinnes

First among them in power and potency is the empire which flies the flag of Hugo Stinnes. Its headquarters is at Mulheim, in the Ruhr, but its office is wherever Stinnes hangs his hat. I have already told how he built up the most extraordinary aggregation of interests that exists anywhere under single control. It is worth rehearsing that they employ more than 700,000 men, and that the great man himself sits in over fifty boards of directors. His electro-metallurgical combine alone represents a share capitalization of 600,000,000 marks, and has 200,000 workers on its pay rolls. He and his associates own steamship lines, river fleets, automobile factories, warehouses, cellulose and explosive works, book and newspaper publishing establishments, chemical factories, herring fisheries, coal mines, oil wells and forwarding and merchandising concerns that handle not only his commodities but those of a great many other undertakings.

One reason why Stinnes keeps on acquiring new properties is that he withdraws most of his capital the moment he gains control of a new concern and employs it elsewhere. He is able to get away with almost anything, because German business fears him. This fear, coupled with iron nerve, has helped materially to land him where he is. An illuminating detail of his financing has come to me since I wrote the article about him. When he annexes a big enterprise he invariably contracts for a big loan. His habit has been to get this loan not in German marks but in pounds sterling or dollars, and it almost invariably appreciates while it works. He keeps a surplus of this loan in alien countries like Holland or Switzerland, where it is immune from any possible German taxation. It all gets down to the fact that Stinnes is just a little bit wiser than any of his contemporaries, and it explains his astonishing rise.

But Stinnes is not alone in the octopus line. The next ranking group after his is the one organized and still sponsored by August Thyssen, the Nestor of German industry. Here you have one of the giants of

production whose name is scarcely known in the United States. At eighty he is still on the job, and like those other pioneers in what is known as the industrial west—the Rhineland—he is at his office every morning at eight o'clock and puts in a full twelve-hour day.

It has been said of Thyssen that his ruling motto is, "If I rest I rust." This maxim applies to all those other leaders of the type of the Kirdorfs, the Stumms, the Krupps, the Kloeckners and old Matthias Stinnes, grandfather of the masterful Hugo. These men all rose from the ranks, and they never forgot the habit of incessant application ingrained into them in their childhood. Thyssen has always specialized in iron and steel. The principal concern of his federation is Thyssen & Co., of Mulheim, which makes machine works, gas engines for dynamo plants, pumps and generators. This firm, however, controls thirteen other concerns—I will not give the names, because each one is about three inches long—including foundries, steel mills and machine shops at Düsseldorf, Duisburg, Crefeld and elsewhere.

Third in the array of German combinations comes the Kloeckner, which holds forth at Duisburg. Before the war one of its strongholds was in Lorraine, where it owned extensive ore mines and mills. These works were sequestered by the French Government and sold for 100,000,000 francs. The Lorraine assets, however, only comprised a part of the immense Kloeckner holdings, which now include either ownership or control of fifteen iron and steel enterprises. At the bottom of nearly all German mergers you find the invariable coal mines, and the Kloeckner aggregation is no exception. The principal products are pig iron, castings, rod iron, rails, salt, sulphate of soda, tar and other essentials to industry.

#### Financial Rulers

The fourth fusion of German industrial interests may be called the Haniel group, which is owned by the well-known family of that name. The first Haniels were contemporaries of Matthias Stinnes and were of the rugged Thyssen mold. The capital of their territory is Oberhausen, where the principal works are located. The family has large control in eight important iron and steel producing companies, whose output includes locomotives, freight cars, cranes, gas engines, hydraulic presses, briquetting plants, wire and wire goods, brass and an immense quantity of pig iron.

Other combinations that rank with the Haniel affiliation are the industries controlled by the Stumm Brothers, of Neunkirchen, who operate fourteen iron and steel concerns; the Phoenix group, of Horde, which owns extensive blast furnaces, iron foundries, coal and ore mines and produces all grades of iron and steel products; and the Wolff undertakings, headed by Otto Wolff, of Cologne, which grew to tremendous proportions during the war because of its ore deliveries to the Krupps. The vast Krupp establishment is in a class by itself and I will deal with it in a subsequent chapter.

To get back to the larger subject of German trust organization, you discover that the net result of the vast marshaling of industry is that its products are being set down in the markets of the world in constantly growing quantities and at prices that are in some measure almost ridiculously low.

Not all dominant German industry is merged into groups. One of the conspicuous examples of the concern that maintains the integrity of its organization is the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, known throughout the globe as the A. E. G. It is an example of the horizontal trust, for it owns no iron or coal mines, and prefers to buy its raw materials in the open market. This immense institution is of special interest to America, because Kuhn, Loeb & Co. have lately invested 25,000,000 marks in it, and the wife of Felix Deutsch, the managing director, is a sister of Otto H. Kahn, the New York banker.

The story of the A. E. G. is a real romance of business. It was founded by Emil Rathenau, father of Dr. Walter Rathenau, the German Minister of Reconstruction, who resigned as chairman of the board of administration to assume this post. The elder Rathenau was the type of self-made man that we know so well in this country. Born in Hamburg of poor parents, he worked as a boy in a Silesian machine shop, where he earned enough money

(Continued on Page 38)





ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

# BETTY COMPSON

IN J. M. BARRIE'S PLAY

## "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

*A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production* *A Paramount Picture*

Babbie is on the screen at last!

The Babbie Maude Adams made famous on the stage.

What a character!—what a girl!—"the most tempestuous petticoat that ever swung!"

Betty Compson redoubles her fame with this dashing rôle.

The little witch beguiles everyone. The handsome young minister comes to rebuke and stays to kiss and later to wed.

The naughty girl of the village has it all her own way till wedding bells ring, and then, giving her away to The

Little Minister, her father also hands him his cane:

"Use it," he instructs. But dare he!!

You remember the hit Betty Compson made in George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man."

You remember how she entertained you in "At the End of the World."

They were both Paramount Pictures and so is this, but "The Little Minister" might have been written for Betty Compson, it suits her so.

It was screened and directed for her, and Penrhyn Stanlaws, director, has made perfect entertainment of it for you.

Ask your theatre manager how soon he is going to give you this treat!



### Reputation

The reputation of the brightest stars, of the greatest directors, of the most skillful dramatists and of the largest motion picture organization, is vested in and richly expressed by *Paramount Pictures*.

That name has naturally come to mean the cream of motion picture entertainment.

Don't take chances with your evening's pleasure. Be sure it's *Paramount*.

Note current releases below. Ask your theatre manager when he will show them.

### PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

December 1, 1921 to February 1, 1922

Ethel Clayton in "Exit—the Vamp" by Clara Beranger.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" From George M. Cohan's famous play A Cosmopolitan Production. Directed by Frank Borzage.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter in "Don't Tell Everything!" by Lorna Moon.

"Just Around the Corner," by Fannie Hurst. A Cosmopolitan Production.

William S. Hart in "White Oak," A William S. Hart Production.

Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash" From the novel "The Shulamite" by Alice and Claude Asquith.

Pola Negri in "The Last Payment."

Betty Compson in "The Little Minister" by James M. Barrie. A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

A William de Mille Production "Miss Lulu Bett" with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson. From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Wallace Reid in "Rent Free" by Isola Forrester and Mann Page.

"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Frank Borzage. A Cosmopolitan Production.

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was" From George M. Cohan's play and the novel "Enchanted Hearts" by Darragh Aldrich.

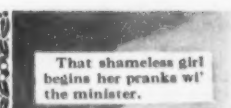
Agnes Ayres in "The Lane That Had no Turning" by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Cecil B. De Mille's Production "Fool's Paradise" Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story "The Laurels and the Lady."

"Boomerang Bill" with Lionel Barrymore. By Jack Boyle. A Cosmopolitan Production.

John S. Robertson's Production "Love's Boomerang" with Ann Farrent. From the novel "Perpetua" by Dian Clayton Calthrop.

A George Fitzmaurice Production. "Three Live Ghosts" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.



That shameless girl begins her pranks w/ the minister.



"If I were not a minister I'd throttle her."



But in-between pranks Babbie was a lady of high degree.



The Little Minister feels himself weakening.



Victory at last—but for whom?

# Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

(Continued from Page 36)

to attend technical colleges at Hanover and Zurich. Like many other young Germans of his time, he got part of his practical education in England. It was this kind of penetration that enabled Germany later on to snatch the British industrial laurels.

Rathenau was the real pioneer in popularizing electricity in Germany, for he is given credit for having introduced both the telephone and the incandescent light. He first saw the telephone at the Centennial Exposition, held at Philadelphia in 1876, and although he was laughed at for his enthusiasm about it when he returned, he lived to see it become one of the first aids to commerce and life generally. In the early '80's he obtained the Edison rights for Germany and organized the German Edison Company. This was the nucleus of the mighty Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, which is unique to-day in its field. Its own capitalization is 1,000,000,000 marks, while the affiliated companies represent another 1,000,000,000. Sixty thousand people are employed under its banner in Germany and elsewhere.

Emil Rathenau was not alone in building up this mastodon. Among his early associates was Felix Deutsch, who hailed from Breslau, where his father was a well-known musical composer. He got a good academic and technical training and, once launched in business, proved to be a fit mate for Rathenau. Rathenau was the financial wizard, while Deutsch had the big vision. Between them they made the world acquainted with the A. E. G. When Emil Rathenau died in 1915 Deutsch succeeded him as chairman of the board of directors, and with the entry of Walter Rathenau into public life he assumed supreme command.

One new A. E. G. activity is significant, because it reveals another of the many tendencies in German industry to make the most of every opportunity. It has recently taken over a big Hamburg merchandising house and has gone into the export of every kind of merchandise, and especially rails, electric equipment and potash. Behind this move is a fact not without value. Before the war a Hamburg or Bremen forwarding firm could cut quite a spurge with a capital of 500,000 marks. That sum to-day is a mere drop in the bucket on account of the depreciation of the mark. The A. E. G., with its immense capital and other resources, steps in and not only protects the whole export trade but expands it.

### The Coming Electrical Age

I had many talks with Felix Deutsch in Berlin. He believes that the next industrial age will be one of electricity, and the intensive mobilization of the electric industry in Germany shows that his confrères share this view.

I usually went to see him at eleven o'clock in the morning, and almost invariably he had a dish of fresh fruit on his desk. I was in Germany at the height of the white-strawberry season, and this luscious berry usually filled the bowl. As he talked Deutsch ate the fruit, and sometimes I joined him. I cite this little circumstance to make known a common characteristic of big German business men. Not only do they eat fruit every morning but they do not seem to be able to carry on without several cups of coffee. Where the Englishman has his cup of tea in the afternoon, the German demands extra sustenance more often during the working period. In no country do the people eat so frequently as in Germany. The day is not complete without at least two breakfasts, and the habit applies to everybody, from cabbie to capitalist.

Perhaps the best way to round out this attempt at appraisal of the German iron-and-steel industry is to describe my visit to the Krupp plant at Essen. With the exception of the meeting with Hugo Stinnes, it was the most interesting of all my experiences in Germany. As to most other Americans, Essen to me was synonymous with the birth and development of German militarism. Here the deposed Kaiser bestowed his royal favors with lavish hand. He never tired of boasting of the precision and the invulnerability of the Krupp gun and shell.

I was naturally curious to see what the works were doing, now that the All-Highest is out of commission and the business of war has subsided. Therefore when I received an invitation to make a visit I was not slow to accept. It was conveyed through William Coffin, the American

consul general in Berlin. The fact that it pursued this channel shows that the Krupps still invest themselves with some of the appurtenances of official life. It means that the casual observer cannot drop in at Essen and see the sights. During the war the person of the Kaiser was not more jealously guarded than the capital of his armament world. You cannot take a camera within its precincts to-day.

Before we enter the works let me give a brief history of the Krupp business. Most people know it by name and that is all. Friedrich Krupp, the founder, was originally a colonial merchant at Essen, his birthplace. In 1810 he bought a small forge and began to manufacture cast steel. This was the beginning of the Krupp industrial dynasty. The tiny time-worn building which was his home and workshop still stands in the midst of the colossal works, and is a sort of silent shrine in the center of a humming empire of din and detail. It reminded me of the medieval-looking residence of Adolph Saurer, the grand old man of Swiss industry, built by his grandfather, which he occupies. It is entirely surrounded by the various buildings of his great enterprise at Arbon, on the shores of Lake Constance.

This sentimentality in commerce is peculiar to countries like Germany and Switzerland. You rarely find an expression of it in England or France.

### Krupp Family History

Friedrich Krupp was a failure, and at his death his eldest son, Alfred—the Germans call him Alfred the Great—then a boy of fourteen, was compelled to leave school and support the family. Just as coal was ingrained into the very fiber of Hugo Stinnes, so did steel become part and parcel of Krupp's being. He began to experiment with metal, and after years of unremunerative effort which would have discouraged a less tenacious man he succeeded in manufacturing a weldless steel tire for railway vehicles. The family fortune was reared upon this product. Hence the trade-mark of the Krupps to-day is made up of three tires linked together like leaves of clover. These tires became a mere detail in the Krupp business, for no sooner did Alfred have financial elbow room than he launched an extensive manufacture of guns which gave him the title of The Cannon King. He was the close friend of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and it was the Krupp gun that helped to defeat the French in the war that began in 1870.

Alfred Krupp was the father of the widely known welfare movement which has made Essen a model industrial community. Upon his death in 1887 he was succeeded by his only son, Friedrich Alfred Krupp, who lived only forty-eight years. The latter was a vital agency in creating the German Navy, for one of his first outstanding undertakings was the purchase of the Germania Shipyards at Kiel, which are still owned by the firm.

Many of the plates, guns and turrets of the mighty German armada that so ignominiously surrendered to Earl Beatty after the armistice, and that are now rusting under the waters of Scapa Flow, came from the Krupp works.

With the death of Friedrich Alfred Krupp in 1902 came an innovation in the control of the famous business. He left no sons, and the stewardship of the immense establishment passed to his oldest daughter, Bertha, who overnight became the richest woman of Europe and possibly the wealthiest in the world. She was then a minor. What had been up to that time a private business was converted into a joint stock company. Since her mother and younger sister had been amply provided for, all the shares but four passed into the control of the fortunate young female, who was at once dubbed The Cannon Princess. Before the war her yearly income was estimated to be considerably more than \$5,000,000, which exceeded that of the Kaiser. The huge war profits of the Krupps gave her what was probably the biggest single income on the Continent, and it has not been much impaired since peace.

With this prelude we can enter the Krupp domain, whose 750 acres—two-thirds of which are under roof—sprawl all over Essen. The street-car lines run between some of the shops. In the center stands the administration building, with an imposing tower that commands the countryside. Here are located the offices. In the marble-lined hall, where stands a bronze

statue of Alfred Krupp, is an immense map of the works painted on wood. It shows the growth of the concern, and what is particularly important, the evolution of the business from war to peace work. It is made possible by the use of colors and is an admirable example of the way the Germans graphically visualize their industry.

The first shop that I visited was intimately associated with the vanished glory of Germany. Here was rolled the armor plate for the navy that was once the Kaiser's pride. It is a vast rolling mill with many open-hearth furnaces. Instead of armor plate it is producing locomotive parts. Directly alongside stands another immense structure which will always be linked with one of the spectacular German failures of the war. In it were made the famous long-range guns that began to shell Paris during the German offensive of March, 1918, and which will be known for all time as the Big Berthas. Needless to say, they were named in honor of the mistress of Krupp's.

They provided a lot of noise, as I can well attest, but they did little more, because the French capital remained calm and almost unscathed under the bombardment. The equipment that fashioned the Big Berthas is now dedicated to the repairing of locomotives.

Most of the old gun plants that I saw are given over to the making of railway equipment. The largest, covering twenty acres, which produced howitzers and field artillery, is now turning out an eighty-ton locomotive every day. It also makes from eight to ten freight cars of twenty tons each every twenty-four hours. Earlier in this article I pointed out that German industry was bearing down heavily on this type of product, and nowhere is it more manifest than at Essen.

The home demand alone is great, because the Germans had to surrender a large number of their locomotives and cars to France and Belgium.

I could devote a whole article to an explanation of the extraordinary transition that I observed in the Krupp works. There is only space left to indicate a few other striking changes. In the old gun-carriage plant, for example, the Krupps are now making five-ton motor trucks and a popular-priced motorcycle called a scooter. It weighs only ninety pounds and carries enough petrol for a forty-mile run. At the time of my visit it was being delivered to the buyer at 8300 marks, which in American money then amounted to about \$110. The Germans everywhere are turning out an immense amount of motor equipment, much of which will be used for export. In this same gun-carriage plant are being made fire engines, street-cleaning trucks and garbage wagons.

If you want to get a line on the growth of the German dye industry you have only to take a look at the Krupp shop that formerly made gun turrets for battleships. At the time of my visit it was almost exclusively devoted to the manufacture of immense tubes—they looked like locomotive boilers—for the well-known Badische Dye Works. This was before the terrible explosion at Oppau, which wiped out a great part of their plant. Not only Krupp's but many other factories will be taxed to renew the destroyed machinery.

### Munitions Still Made

During the war the Krupps produced an avalanche of shells. Ten structures were devoted to this purpose. To-day they are dedicated to manifold uses. The shell-turning branch will illustrate. It is making agricultural machinery. Here you find the Krupps getting ready for the economic invasion of Russia.

Typical of the evolution at Essen is the conversion of the shop that once made anti-aircraft guns into a factory for the production of cash registers, typewriters and adding machines.

Impressive as is this spectacle—and externally it would make the heart of a pacifist leap with joy—the Krupps have not abandoned the making of munitions. My guide was very careful not to lead me into half a dozen imposing structures that resounded with activity, and I am convinced that they constitute the munitions section.

One evidence that the Krupps still count on war as a first aid to future expansion is shown by the somewhat startling fact that since July 1, 1920, the United States Patent Office at Washington has issued to them exactly 201 patents pertaining to ordnance.

In calling the attention of Vice President Coolidge to these patents Secretary of War Weeks made the following statement in his letter:

It seems to me significant that out of twelve patents selected at random from the above-mentioned 201, eight pertain to railroad artillery and embody many of the principles of our own railroad artillery. In view of the circumstances, I feel constrained to bring the matter to your attention for such action as you shall deem desirable in the interests of the United States.

The secretary suggested that legislation be enacted to correct this evil. He made the excellent suggestion that the operation of all foreign patents be deferred for at least three years, so as "to forestall a condition arising similar to that relating to the dye industry at the beginning of the late war, wherein the Germans, through their patent activities in this country, had practically eliminated American manufacturers of dyestuffs because of the protection received by their American patents."

The managing director of the Krupp establishment is Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt. As such, he holds the premier executive industrial post of Germany. He is tall, lean, precise and looks more like a college professor than the steward of what is in many respects the most powerful organization of its kind in Europe. I lunched with him at the Essener Hof, and he told me about the organization of the business. Exclusive of Doctor Krupp von Bohlen, there are eleven directors at Essen. Unlike the members of an American board, each is head of a department and supreme in his field. This is true of most German corporations.

### Close Bargaining

Doctor Wiedfeldt was the hero of one of the most amusing episodes in German industry since the war. It happened in March, 1920, and was coincident with the Kapp fiasco, an abortive reactionary attempt to overthrow the republican government at Berlin. The communists, who were fairly well organized then, seized the moment to try to paralyze production with the calling of a general strike. An army of several thousand armed Bolsheviks marched on Essen, determined to put the Krupps out of business. The ringleader called on Wiedfeldt and demanded 100,000,000 marks, as the price of safety. He said, "We hear your firm is worth 1,000,000,000 marks, and you won't miss a tenth of that."

"But it is all in the form of credit," replied the director.

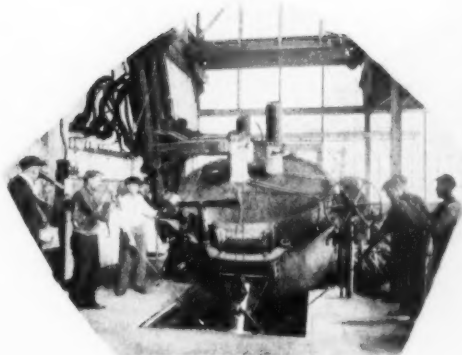
It was with great difficulty that the marauder was made to comprehend the difference between credit and cash. He finally accepted a gift of 5000 marks in real money and ten cases of wine for his associates. Wiedfeldt prolonged the parley until the arrival of a platoon of a new German constabulary who are called safety police. They dispersed the uplifters after shooting half a dozen of them.

Just about this time Krupp's brought about another picturesque innovation in industrial life. Following the general strike, most of the banks in Germany shut down as a precautionary measure and it was impossible to get considerable sums of cash. The Krupps needed a large amount to meet the pay rolls, so they took the law into their own hands and printed 20,000,000 marks on the ground. They have a completely equipped printing establishment—they engrave all their own securities—and the funds were available in exactly forty-eight hours. An arrangement was made with all the Essen shopkeepers to accept the emergency bills pending the reopening of the regular banking institutions, when they were exchanged. Of course, some of this homemade currency wandered far afield. It is a commentary on the legitimate circulation of the period that these Krupp notes ranked higher in Holland than the Reich mark. The Dutch apparently had more confidence in the Krupp industry than in the German Government.

Sum up German industry, and particularly that part which relates to iron and steel—other phases, including labor, will be dealt with in succeeding articles—and you find a marked revival despite the coal crisis and the fall of the mark. The metal output remains the prop of Teutonic prosperity, and it will be a tremendous factor in rehabilitating the export trade.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Marcossin dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to German Trade and Shipping.





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## DAY DUST

(Continued from Page 9)

carelessly in circular brown masses over her entire head. She let her hands gather running little harmonies from the keyboard; then, without prelude, she crashed out a careless chord and sang K-K-K-Katy. Such a singing! Genius and technic escaped on a frolic.

The young officer stretched himself out enjoyably; this was something like. Before the riot of ragtime the brooding heaviness of the room retreated into oblivion. Diane sang both verses and he whistled the chorus with her. Without waiting for comment she struck the first chords of another popular war song, but Monsieur Grenia's voice arrested her. Its peculiar carrying quality brought it to them as clearly and softly as if he stood beside the piano.

"Confounded old serpent!" Lane inwardly cursed.

"Father suggests you have another glass of cognac," Diane made pleasant translation; though she explained with a little smile as she poured the yellow liquor: "Father suffers when I sing this kind of music. I have other songs you may like."

She sang two little English songs; then abruptly closing the piano she blew out the candle and swung about on the bench, facing him.

"Thank you," he said, his young face very likable as he smiled his gratitude. "I tell you, it's been just wonderful to hear you sing after—after—well, we've been roughing it, you know. But don't you— isn't your voice unusual?"

She translated this quickly in a pleased manner, and her father grunted.

"Perhaps. Those who love me, say so. Your colonel"—she pronounced it *colonnell*—"is very handsome, is he not?"

"What?" He laughed outright. "Well, trust a French girl's mind never to be very far off from handsome men. But don't build any hopes on Colonel Rodgers. He's the absolutely invulnerable husband of the A. E. F."

She followed this difficult description with wrinkled brows, and nodded.

"Yes, I know it is so. I met him at a ball in Luxembourg City, but to-day when I passed him here on *Grande Rue* he did not know me. I am not beautiful, but people do not forget me—so I am anxious to know your colonel."

"It won't do you any good," he said shortly, wondering at such unartful frankness. "Can't you be satisfied to choose from a hundred or so eligibles?"

Her straight gaze rebuked him.

"I want not to choose him, but to know him, because he is so honorable a man. We hear always such things of the Americans."

He flushed.

"Oh, I see. Well, you'll probably know him, all right. It looks as if we're stuck here for the rest of our lives, unless the peace delegates get sick of Paris."

"You hate it here so much?"

"Oh, you know; I don't hate this very spot. Quite the contrary." He gestured extravagantly. "But—well, we didn't come over here to live, you know."

"Perhaps you, too, have a wife?" The real question lay under the words—she was asking brazenly if he were an eligible. It irritated him. He answered only her words.

"No, I haven't a wife, but I'll be A. W. O. L. *too* sweet when orders come to go home."

She laughed a little and repeated this to her father, who replied in soft concurring gutturals.

"Father says the hardest time for the Americans is yet to come—the waiting. He says it is too young a country to be patient."

Captain Lane would have argued this, but that he became suddenly aware of Monsieur Grenia standing silently by the table, and he surmised that this was an opportune moment for saying good night. This time it was Monsieur who offered his hand, and Lane was surprised at its almost clutching grip, while his daughter translated his stiffly polite good night. Diane went down to the gate with him and asked him to come again.

"I like you so greatly," she said, having locked him outside the gate.

"Thank you," he replied gravely. Her outspokenness afflicted him with overpowering stupidity. "Is—is it the custom here to say exactly what you think? Because if it is I might surprise you, too, now that you've got me safely locked out."

"Oh, no," she laughed. "Indeed, it is very far from the custom. I only say what I think because I am stupid, father says. He says only fools shout the truth when it is not necessary. But I cannot help it; he knows I cannot." She shivered in the bright, chilly moonlight. "My mother died because she told the truth."

Lane shivered, too, though he was not cold. There was something uncanny about her simplicity and about the peculiar application of her father's words. He had been trying to speak of Betty; but, after all, was it necessary to shout the truth? He was relieved that his visit was at an end, but yet he stood there by the gate, looking at her. She seemed so little, and she stood so still. Where were his words?

"Good night, Captain Lane. Dream well," she said.

He revived abruptly at the sound of her voice. "Good night, Miss Grenia. I've had an awfully nice evening. See you tomorrow."

That night when he wrote to Betty he described the regiment's new quarters at great length, inclosing several postcards of Anyange. And he wrote:

I've just made the acquaintance of the queerest girl I ever saw. Her father seems to be the big gun of the town. I went over to talk business with her father and she entertained me. You'd have laughed to have seen me. I never felt so green in my life. These girls over here size you up the way mother used to figure out those tissue-paper patterns, and then they decide whether to make you up into a slave, lover or husband. I think I was pretty high in the scale with this girl. I wish I could describe her to you. She wears about a hundred thousand keys, that jingle, and she can certainly sing. She can talk English too. Oh, Betty, will I ever, ever get home to you? Why don't you send me some more pictures? This ordinary little flirt of a girl made me mad—just to think I couldn't spend the evening with my own beautiful girl instead of wasting it on her. And oh, Lord—her father! —

He went to bed before he finished the letter, but he could not sleep. The words he had written about Diane kept repeating themselves in his mind and barred him from rest. Finally he got up, threw the scattered sheets of paper into the shallow fireplace and lit them. They burned smolderingly. And he got into bed and went to sleep. In the morning, dressing, he puzzled over what he had done.

"Now what made me do that?" he mumbled to himself, staring at the black burned sheets in the grate. "Confound that girl, anyhow!"

After breakfast the colonel returned him promptly to talk affairs with Monsieur Grenia, and undo the bargaining he had done the night before. Again the three of them sat at the round table, Diane mechanically translating, while her eyes frankly avowed her gladness of his presence. Again she went down with him to the gate.

"Do you still like me so greatly?" he asked unwillingly.

"More, I think. You seem so clean—so fresh in daylight."

"I'm fresh, all right. Here's proof. May I come and hear you sing this afternoon?"

"But surely. Brion will be here. You will like him."

"Oh, I say! I think he's been away from Cologne long enough."

He left her laughing, but even while he enjoyed her he thought that she laughed now merely to attract him—because he had complimented her when she had first laughed. He went to his billet and wrote to Betty—a long letter full of yearning, but he did not mention Diane. That afternoon found him at the Grenia *maison*, where he met Brion Winfield. He noticed that Diane had the same frank, free, often flattering manner toward this other man that she had extended to him, and he was rather relieved to feel that she was no doubt bound to this strange cousin whose only English attributes seemed to be an accent and an enviable war record. He felt at once that Brion Winfield did not like him.

He said as much to Diane a few days later, and she solemnly assented: "*Mais oui*. He thinks of course that I am—what do you say?—crazy about you."

They were standing together in the hall; he was on his way home.

"And are you?" he asked in a thick, low voice.

"You know well that I am," she whispered.

In the long silence of that first kiss Bruce Lane could not distinguish whether the white ecstasy which thrilled him was hatred or love. He put her out of his arms and went away silently—stupidly.

For the next few weeks this strange confusion bent his will to its bewilderment. He hated Diane bitterly; he held her contemptuously in his thoughts—when he was away from her. But, as with the letter, he could find no rest until he cleaned his mind of everything except a dull acceptance of her charm for him. The days held a strange, spiritual suffering, as if some dominant force in Diane's nature drew his soul to planes of her own knowledge, leaving his mind troubled and afraid while his heart revelled in ecstasy.

He was driven to compromise with his conscience by saying: "Why confide this unworthy thing to Betty? Or why share Betty with this girl who has had perhaps a hundred lovers and who will forget me when I am out of her sight?"

It seemed incredible that the other men should not notice this thing that was so great a matter to him. To them his association with Diane was no different from their own. Many of the officers had now met her and were loud in their hearty, careless approval of her. Major Holmes, a quiet older man and greatly trusted by the men, openly admitted in his quiet way a very sincere admiration for her. It was he on whom the friendly joking fell. It became an unending friendly topic at staff officers' mess as to which one of the men would be successful in eluding the taciturn chaperonage of Monsieur Grenia when calling on Diane.

Lane did not divulge his supremacy. The constant and obvious self-effacement of Diane's father during his calls had become vaguely disquieting. When, endowed with the colonel's limousine and congratulated by his brother officers, he escorted Diane to the Second Army Ball at Nancy, Monsieur Grenia dignifiedly placing himself outside with the chauffeur, Diane explained her father's action guilelessly:

"Father asks me to tell you that it is his pleasure to ride where he may better enjoy the roads; we have not traveled them since the commencement of the war. They are like new. Do you not think he is very kind—leaving us always together?"

"Yes; you have him well trained," he said meaningly.

"It is not I. He has never been so—so kind before." Even above the pleasure of her sweet young lips he resented her frank appropriation of him.

Out ahead of them stretched the straight road between two columns of naked trees, from whose branches an occasional rag of tattered camouflage still fluttered. Lane remembered this road in war days as a slowly crawling serpent of camions, cannon and great groaning trucks—when his only personal thought in life had centered in Betty's last letter hidden against his breast. Now the road was a long ribbon of emptiness unrolling its smooth length in the moonlit night, and any thought of Betty belonged not on it.

Diane, snuggling as naturally as a kitten beside him, talked on and on in her own fascinating fashion—little scraps of chatter touching many things, the romance of an old ruined chateau they passed, a concert in Vienna, how much she liked Corporal Patrick, the driver, and how funny she thought he was, were most American girls like the Y. M. C. A. women she had seen?

"Diane, what kind of perfume do you use?" he interrupted her. "I'd like to send some home." The mention of American girls had brought Betty to his mind.

"Oh, it is all my own," she said with a pleased little laugh. "Many people like it. I make it from the yellow water lilies that grow in our forest. I love water lilies. No one else has any like it. It is as much my own as—as the songs I make up for you."

"But they are mine," he argued.

"No, only their singing," she said; and after a small silence added: "If the perfume is for someone you very much love I will send them a phial."

Lane winced.

"No," he said shortly. "There are lots of other kinds that will do just as well. It's part of you and belongs here with you. Oh, Diane—what is it about you? I don't want to share you in any way—with anybody. I hope there's not a soul I know at this ball. I want you all to myself."

"There are to be many beautiful girls there—many who have never been allowed to go to other American balls. Brion telephoned me from Metz this morning. You will be glad to share me."

"That cousin of yours seems to keep in pretty close touch with you. Isn't he jealous?"

"*Mais oui*; since I am seventeen he has begged that we marry."

"Well, are you going to marry him?"

"You joke," she said slowly, her eyes mystified.

There were times like this when it seemed incredible that Diane's heart was one of coquetry. He decided simply and decisively that she must know about Betty. He took both her hands tightly and began to tell her.

"Diane, you know I've loved you since the minute I set eyes on you—I couldn't help it. But I could have—." He was stumbling, thinking ahead. She pulled her hand from his and put a soft little palm over his mouth.

"No, no, Bruce. Don't say it now," she whispered. "Wait until after the ball. I want not to have to talk to many people after you tell me. I want only a long, long silence, after, with only ourselves, perhaps in the forest."

After an instant's blank bewilderment he realized that she had thought he had been about to ask her to marry him. He leaned back, miserably undetermined, her warm fragrant hand still pressed against his lips.

"Do you not think it will be more beautiful to remember—if we wait?"

He stared at her glowing, girlish face, witchlike in its whimsical seriousness, and was glad to put off the difficulty of telling her until after she had had the pleasure of the ball. The evening held nothing for him except apprehension.

Brion Winfield was the first man he recognized in the ballroom. Winfield bowed stiffly and walked away. Looking about him Lane saw immediately that this was the most pretentious affair of its kind he had ever attended. It was the women who gave the place its atmosphere—they were different from those he had met at previous military functions, their gentler breeding evidenced by some intangible mystery of the way they wore their gowns, by their well-held heads and pretty laughter. Older women, black gowned and with remembering eyes, sat together at the far end of the room chatting with polite young officers, variously uniformed.

Seeing them Lane wondered about Diane's mother, who had died for telling the truth. He was thinking how queer it was that he had never asked Diane what she had meant about her mother, when she came out from the dressing rooms to join him. She struck him suddenly as being poorly gowned and ordinary—"dowdy," he thought. He was ashamed of her. He saw a number of friends there whom he had known in the fighting days, most of them promenading with radiant girls who quite outshone Diane. He wondered quickly and shamefully if he could avoid introducing Diane to them as the girl he had chosen to escort. When she reached his side and took his arm her unconscious air of appropriation irritated him almost to the point of jerking away from her.

"You should have come to meet me at the door," she apprised him. "It is the manner of gentlemen here." This gentle rebuke reversed his humiliation so sharply that he kept stupidly silent.

"Do not mind," she pardoned him; "you have played very little in society, I think. I will explain you things."

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed indignantly, standing away from her and furiously red. "If I'm so bad as all that I'll disappear. Your Brion can see that you are driven home."

In her astonishment she looked like a baby—all eyes.

"Br-uce, are you serious? Are you a little child? When people love they say their thoughts to each other. Then they are happy. People will think us quite fools, standing here." He felt the conquering tenderness of her gaze as tangibly as if she were embracing him and touching his angry eyes with her lips. He gave a boyish, shaken laugh.

"No, I guess I'm not serious." Then, uncontrollably, "Diane! Why in the name of heaven did you pick me out to love?"

Her answer, so simply and carelessly given, turned him cold.

"I did not choose you. God did. Surely you have realized that."

She was looking about the gay room with comprehending eyes, her hand again on his arm. Two substantial American girls, both "over twenty-five" and both in uniform, lent an air of stability to one laughing group. Diane stared an instant wistfully.

"Tell me, Bruce, will it be so very hard to be like American girls?"

A vision of Betty blurred his eyes. "Do you want to be like one?" he evaded.

"They are so fine," she said thoughtfully, watching the two women.

As always, her presence had quickly conquered any feeling except desire for her, and he was no longer ashamed of her, though in spite of himself he wished she looked more like the women whom his friends had with them. Diane had added no embellishing touches for the night's ball. Her hair was done just as usual—was even a little mussed. Her cheeks were free from rouge or powder, and she was as little dressed up in her straight pale green gown of chiffon as she was every day in her dark silk slips. It, too, was girdled, Egyptian fashion, by a queer metal belt that likened the key chain.

The music started. Diane listened, her head slightly turned, like a bird hearing a call from its mate. Then she said breathlessly: "Ah-h, the orchestra know music. We shall have joy."

A waltz, soft and languorous as flower fragrance, lifted subtly above the laughter and voices. Couples gathered on the floor. Diane was in his arms. His qualms that she might not dance well withered to discomfort at his own inaptitude. He was heavy, she was thistledown. Because of her rhythm he danced as he had never known it was possible to dance, his feet exploring new steps, breathless pauses, daring slides.

Orbit Diane whispered: "Do you not think dancing must be a part of love?"

To answer he bent his head until his lips touched her faintly fragrant hair, and as he straightened, his eyes were flung an instant's furious challenge from the gaze of the tall, Latin-faced Englishman, Brion Winfield.

The music had scarcely stopped when Winfield was at their side to claim Diane. The men exchanged a few meaningless remarks, Lane feeling chilled by the other's cold aversion. As they stood there together he was surprised at the number of people who came up to greet Diane. She had never spoken of her life outside Anyange, and he had somehow gathered the impression that her life had been similar to that of any young girl at home who lived in so small a town as Anyange.

A young British officer and a brightly kilted "lady from hell" rushed up in high good spirits at finding Diane the unforgettable again, exclaiming about house parties in London and their rare luck at seeing her once more. In the midst of their reminiscences they were elbowed aside by an effusive Italian and two laughing olive-skinned beauties. Others came. Lane felt acutely inconsequential before the indifference of these people to his presence, and he would have edged out of the circle but that Diane held him with her eyes, introducing him to each one and subtly covering his awkwardness with watchful little remarks. Their talk, to his confused ears, was like audible confetti—a colorful shower of many tongues—and he was hugely relieved when he was rescued by Lieutenant Bouchon, who had been liaison officer of his regiment.

Bouchon chatted about regimental skirmishes they had known together, and when the music for the next dance began Bouchon left him with a smiling "Ah, *Monsieur Capitain*, I envy you the interest of *Made-moiselle Grenia*. She is a rare flower—like no other."

All through the evening Lane appropriated Diane for every second dance, under envious eyes, from all sorts of groups and discussions. His annoyance at her manner of possessing him changed to a huge boyish pride of being her escort.

Then, when he went to claim a dance, she was gone. Bouchon met him in a doorway and told him that Diane was singing for some friends in the music room off the east balcony. He led him up another flight of stairs and through narrow dark passages. The instant he entered the room and saw Diane he knew that she had somehow learned of Betty. She stood between a tall cabinet and the piano, seeming to crouch

against the tapestried wall of the beautiful, softly lighted room. Her face was luminous with pallor above her pale green gown. If she saw him in the doorway she gave no sign; her eyes looked at nothing. Lane cast a furtive glance about him for her father, but Monsieur Grenia was not there. Brion Winfield's eyes caught his glance and fastened upon him fiercely. On all the faces of the queerly assorted assemblage was a certain fascination.

"She is an arteest—an arteest," whispered Lieutenant Bouchon reverently.

The Italian pianist tossed back his mane of hair and drew from the piano a long wailing chord. All normality left Lane. The Middle Western university functions, which chiefly constituted his social experience, had given him no receptiveness for an affair of this kind. He suffered while Diane sang, but from no tangible emotion. After that first strange chord the music went careering off into furious staccato harmonies, like darting insects in the sun; and Diane's song was the limpid sunshine where they played. It was triumphant gayety drawn by sheer courage from bewildered pain.

In the quivering silence that followed Lane escaped and waited for her in the corridor at the foot of the second stairs, smoking, trying not to think.

After a little time she came down, escorted by the pianist and the "lady from hell," her face pale but her lips smiling. Lane watched her tell them good-by, accepting the stoic's impressive farewell and the vivid Latin's effusive kissing of her hands. She did not glance at Lane. When she came from the dressing room, wrapped in her big coat, and hurrying, as if she were afraid of being detained, Lane went quickly to meet her.

"Oh, Diane, honey," he said in a sick, miserable voice.

Tears came into her eyes but she gave him a twisted little smile and tucked her hand closely in his arm. They did not speak to her father, who was already in the car, an inarticulate bundled object beside the sleepy chauffeur. It seemed to Lane that they rode through infinite distance before she spoke.

"Is it true, Bruce, that you have a sweetheart—to marry?"

"Yes," he said, adding after a hateful pause, "to marry." He heard the trembling intake of her breath. "That—that was what I started to tell you when we were coming."

A little whimpered cry touched the silence, but she thrust it back in her throat.

"You love her? I—I mean, now?"

"Yes," he said, helpless in his necessary brutality; "I've loved her ever since I was a kid. You—you love Winfield, don't you?" She leaned forward to see him better.

"Certainement," she said in a puzzled way, "but not—to marry him. Then all these days you have had no thought to marry me?"

"No, Diane, I haven't," he reiterated doggedly; and went on with rapid, blundering words: "There's no use going on and making it worse. Nothing could make me break my word to Betty. I'll admit that I forget everything on earth except you—when I'm with you. God knows why. I've fought against it, but I can't help it. But when I'm away from you I can think clear. I know when I get home where I belong that this will pass away."

"When you get home—where you belong," she repeated in a flat, unaccusing voice. "If I let you go my life will be nothing."

Fear leaped high in him at her unconscious surety of being able to hold him.

"It isn't a question of your letting me go! Nothing can hold me, Diane! I know what a rotter I've been about this, but I'll do right now if it kills me!" His emotion intensified; he was more and more aware of her power over him as he tried to fight it off. "There's no use, Diane, no use; I'll go back to Betty if I have to walk right through hell to do it. I tell you —"

He stopped, silenced by her gray little face and unflinching eyes.

"Perhaps you would not have had to walk in hell—if you had told me of your Betty."

Her voice was clean of reproach; it held merely the stolid acceptance of unexpected pain. He brought her close to him, and held her face to his and murmured broken, youthful confessions that struck her like sharp, glistening knives.

"Oh, I know it, Diane, I know it. But Betty is so fine, so big; this whole mess is

so unworthy of her. She—she seemed farther away from it all if you didn't know about her. Then I kept thinking maybe I'd be ordered home. I didn't really know how deep it was with you—until to-night. You've—you've had so many lovers."

"I think it is that you understand neither yourself nor me," she said in a dull, wondering voice. "I have had many lovers, but you alone have touched my heart."

He thought of her easily won, frankly given kisses. She must have felt his thought, for she uttered a short laugh that was the perfection of pain.

"Over here," she said, "our lips are our slaves, but our hearts are our masters. We give our lips lightly perhaps, but we do not give our hearts. We obey them—they stand between us and our souls. With you I obeyed my heart. I made no pretenses."

"Oh, but, Diane, I can't see why you love me! I'm not your sort. I don't know a thing about music; I don't know a thing about art; I never even heard of any of these world movements you all talked about to-night at white heat. I'm no musician, no reformer, no poet. Why do you love me?"

She turned away from him and stared out over the dawn-touched hills, that were pricked here and there with church spires of sleeping villages.

"Are you trying to make yourself strong, or do you truly think that you do not love me?" she said. He hesitated, and tried to answer honestly.

"It's just as I've told you. When I am with you—you're, you're all there is. I've never dreamed there could be anything like it. I've laughed at other men when they've talked about things—like this. But still, I don't believe I would have loved you if you hadn't—well, sort of reached out and taken me. Why did you?"

"If you do not know, how much less can I. I told you I thought it was God. All the men who have loved me before have filled me with unrest—have made me want to escape. But when your arms close around me I feel as contented as a water lily looks in its big green leaf—you remember those golden water lilies in the forest, all resting in their round leaves? No, you have never seen them. But that is how I feel. To you that seems very silly."

He had no words to answer, unskilled as he was in handling his emotions; he could only mutter, "Diane, honey; my little honey," in a broken, boyish way that made her lips quiver, though her eyes were burning dry. For a long time they were silent. Then he asked her who had told her about Betty.

"Lieutenant Bouchon; he asked only if I had seen pictures of your beautiful fiancée. Oh, father should have seen me then. He says always I have no pride, but I found me a very big pride then. Only yesterday your orderly said to me on the rue, 'See what I have for my old man.' And there were many letters—all in such big, pretty handwriting. I thought nothing then; to-night I knew in one second as we danced. So I said to lieutenant that I had not seen her picture but that her handwriting was beautiful too. Have you told her of me?"

"No. I almost did, once. I tore the letter up. I will have to stop seeing you, Diane. That's the only way."

She turned on him with her first touch of bitterness.

"Yes! Stop to-morrow if it is that you can. You well know you cannot stop—until I will it. Stop to-morrow—and short will be the time until my father kills you."

"Huh? What do you mean?" he said; but still he did not put her out of his arms.

"Just as I say. My father knows that I love you—that I have thought only to marry you. He feels even my thoughts. Unless I have time to make strong my pretense that I no longer love you—to pretend I am wearied of you—it is true he will kill you."

The car was heavy with the dullness of her surety. By the greatest effort Lane spoke quietly.

"Oh, Diane, don't be ridiculous. We've got enough to worry about without bothering over your father. I wish to the Lord, though, that he hadn't taken such a confounded fancy to me."

A hysterical laugh shattered through her lips; she spoke in quick breaths, her words failing to follow her fast thoughts, and stumbling.

"Oh, you are a fool! My father hates you; hates you as he hates death. He has feigned graciousness when he despised

you—because he knows I love you. He thought perhaps I would be safe with you. He loves Brion as his own son, more perhaps, but he feared me to marry, as my mother did, without love. I cannot help but be true—like my mother. When my mother found her true love she went to him. So—so my father killed her. He feared if he made me marry Brion it might be the same with me. That is why he determined you should marry me, when he saw I wanted you. Ah-h, you little know my father. Should he suspect he would live only to kill you."

Lane had learned not to be scornful of her simplicities. Through the frosty glass partition the slender back of Monsieur Grenia seemed suddenly Satanic in its outlines.

"My God, Diane, you mean to tell me he actually killed your mother, and nothing was done to him?"

"Hush! Have care!" Her features twisted nervously under his aghast scrutiny. "You know I tell not lies. *Naturellement* the world does not know he killed her."

He managed to bring out a fairly unconcerned "Well, I must say he always gives me a creepy feeling, but don't worry. The old United States Army isn't exactly furnishing targets for temperamental fathers to shoot at."

She clutched his hand in her cold fingers, her nails cutting into his flesh. "You are a fool to jest. I pray you, Bruce, if he hears of this before—I have time to deceive him, tell him you are giving her up for me. Promise it me. Promise!"

"No—I am not—afraid—of him—at all," he jerked out as if he were making rhythms.

"You will not promise because you think I try to hold you that way—to trap you? Are you then so great a fool? Look at me—look deep. You know well that I can keep you from your Betty if I will to do it." She shrank away from the feeling that filled his eyes at her passionate threat. "No, you need not fear. I shall not keep you against what you think is right. I can better lose you than my belief in you. It is only for you, not for me, that I ask you to say this false thing to my father if it should become necessary. You promise?"

"No," he said.

He held her close in his arms and tried in a blundering, confused way to explain to her why he could not promise. His love for her was a devouring enemy, but even in his torment he held his strange fidelity to Betty above its ravages.

All the way home spent itself so. When they reached Anyange, Diane's father unlocked the great gate and handed Diane inside before him. In the gray cold light of the dawn Lane saw that Diane was watching him narrowly, her eyes burning with apprehension. But Grenia gave his hand to Lane with unusual graciousness, pressing it, and speaking to his daughter over his shoulder. She translated instantly, her words clothed in tired, matter-of-fact courtesy: "Father says to express our pleasure for the evening, and our regret that at these charming affairs you cannot have with you your beautiful fiancée of whom Lieutenant Bouchon told him."

Lane laughed from sheer surprise.

"Tell him that my pleasure to-night in your company can accept no regret. Good night."

He heard her translating this as he closed the car door.

All the next day he felt a buoyancy of release. Diane's apprehensions about her father seemed absurd. He encouraged himself to feel that she had now done her utmost to hold him—and had failed. The clean, canny sunshine was a braving thing. The mail brought a sheaf of letters from Betty and each time that he reread them an added strength of decision armored him against the call to his heart which he knew would come with the evening loneliness.

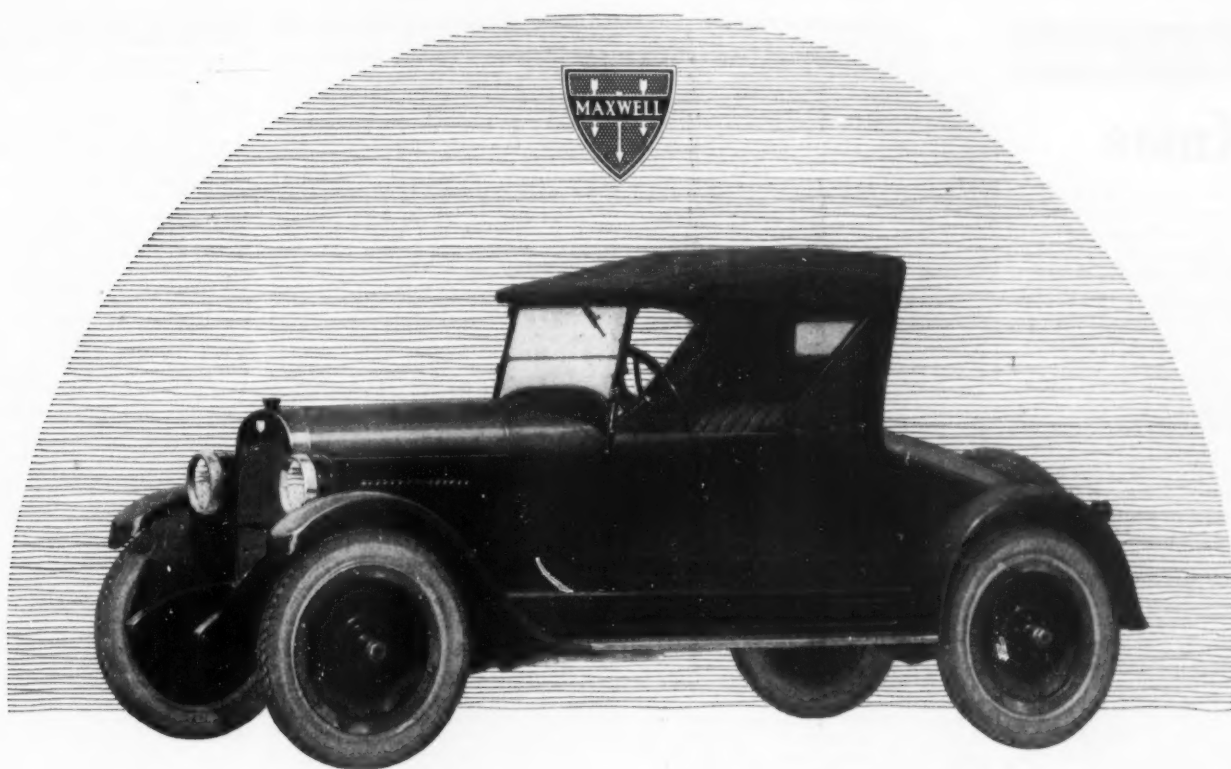
The call came. He wanted Diane. Why had she neither telephoned to headquarters nor walked on the rue all day? He told himself it was merely her cleverness—that she was a coquette, knowing her silence would chafe his eagerness to see her.

While he was still brave in his bitterness against her his orderly brought him a small sealed note:

Dear Bruce: I regret that I must ask that you and Major Holmes do not call this evening *parceque* (I can never remember your word for that) Brion and other friends of my father are here *inattendu* to talk affairs. DIANE.

(Continued on Page 44)





## New Series Maxwell

Eager to see the New Series of the good Maxwell, literally tens of thousands of people have crowded the Maxwell salesrooms during the last two months. No em-

phasis we might lay upon the unusual elements of value incorporated in these cars, can compare with the enthusiastic recognition they are receiving everywhere.

### *Elements of Unusual Value in The New Series Good Maxwell Roadster*

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## Jim Henry's Column

### Xmas

I always feel like protesting to someone whenever I see that vulgar caricature of the most beautiful word in human speech.

It is particularly offensive to me when used as the introduction of the thought that someone should present me, this Christmas, with a single action wheelbarrow, a new steam-heating outfit or a farm stump-puller.

Now, of course, I appreciate what a lovely thing it would be for the family to club together and give to Dad a nice big tube of Mennen Shaving Cream, prettily festooned with ribbon and a sprig of holly, inadvertently dropping his grandfather's shaving mug into the ash can.

It is even true that this introduction to the delights of Mennen shaves would more than repay him for two fur coats, a bicycle, a diamond brooch, a phonograph and a walking doll.

But, honestly, that isn't the way I want to land him. I want to do business with principals. I want him to buy his first tube of Mennen's himself—because I have succeeded at last in convincing him that Mennen's is a truly marvelous improvement over his old-timer's soap.

I want him to appreciate that his first Mennen shave is an important and solemn occasion—the obsequies of a bad habit and the initiation into a new and better way.

I want his mind to be all prepared for that wonderful bank of Mennen lather, moist as mist and firm as whipped cream—and for the sensation of razor play that is like a caress—and for the joyous feeling of a face that is smooth instead of skinned.

If you are approaching this state of conviction and anticipation, why not make yourself a present?

*and afterwards—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show*

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

I'll send a demonstrator tube for 10 cents.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 42)

He had forgotten that he and the doctor were calling that night, ostensibly to teach Monsieur the game of cribbage. He went across to Major Holmes' room, which overlooked the side garden of the Grenia house, to deliver Diane's message.

"Humph. That Grenia's certainly a weird old crab," said the doctor. "I felt just in the humor to hear Diane sing to-night."

"Well, I'm sort of glad not to go," Lane told him. "Sometimes I think she's just as queer as he is. If I see too much of her she gets on my nerves."

"That so?" said the major. "I think she's an unusually fine girl, though."

"Oh, yes"; Lane's voice intimated an extravagant disinterest. "But none of them compare with the girls at home." He felt moved to read parts of Betty's last letters to the older man and to show him some new pictures of her. While he was doing this they heard, faintly, a gay French song and the laughter of men and applause. Lane put Betty's letters away hastily.

"I was talking—or trying to—to Grenia on the street to-day. He tells me Diane is to marry this British officer who sticks around so much," Major Holmes said.

"They've been engaged since she was seventeen, I think she said," Lane answered without looking up. "I guess she can't be very crazy about him. I'd like to see anybody keep me engaged to Betty longer than a week after I get home." He wondered savagely why it was that he did not want Holmes to think that Diane loved Winfield, because this report of her engagement, instead of being unpleasant, was rather a welcome thing.

But that night his sleep was worse than wakefulness, bothered by strange unrememberable conflicts with Diane's father; and nine o'clock in the morning found him ringing at the Grenia garden gate. Monsieur himself came down to admit him, his smile seeming scarcely a part of himself, it was so warm and welcoming. Having graciously indicated that Lane find his own way upstairs he went down the *rue* toward the village. Diane was standing at the head of the dark stairs in the wide doorway.

"Well, I've seen your father and I remain alive," he greeted her.

"Yes," she said, smiling.

But when the door closed and he put his arms about her, he found that she was trembling violently. As always, her mood instantly invaded him. The question that he had not permitted himself to formulate even in his own mind burst from his lips.

"Diane! Why have you said that you're going to marry Winfield? That was a rotten thing to do!"

"Rotten?" she repeated, and looked up at him wonderingly. He flushed.

"I—I mean it's—well, you don't love him. Isn't it pretty rough on him?"

"Brion understands," she said, as if that explained the matter quite completely. "He can only obey his heart, even as I do. When people love greatly they feed to their hearts what little nourishment is granted to them." She turned from him, motioning him to a chair, and sitting on a low stool at his feet. "I thought—I prayed that I had deceived my father, but I like little that he leaves us like this, together. It is not natural—as things are."

Crimson crept into her usually pale cheeks as she told him in hurrying words what had happened. Her father had talked much that night, after Lane left them; talked much and said nothing. It was a bad sign—the worst. In the morning he had said: "You had not told me that the Captain had a fiancée."

"No," she had told him, pretending embarrassment. "I feared you would not let me go about with him. And I wanted much to know him."

Her father had grunted, and asked her if she thought he had compared favorably with her old friends at the ball the night before. It had given her a wonderful opportunity. She had told him frankly that at the ball she had realized how alien to every interest in her life this stranger was, and rising from the table she had said carelessly in the dull tone she had always used when speaking of Winfield: "I think that soon I will marry Brion. I find him less wearisome—as I know others."

"He comes to-day," her father had instantly retorted in quick excited words. "We arranged last night that this evening we would see each other. We will arrange the marriage."

And she had laughed, and said that now at least she would be free from the years of

indecision. She had not overdone it—and Brion had been wonderful.

"It would much surprise my father did he know how dearly I do love Brion. I wish he had been my brother," she ended her recital, quaintly wistful.

"Then I am not to see you any more?" Lane asked in a thick voice.

She could not see him alone, here at her father's house. Perhaps, if he wished, he could change his billet to Madame Jertzen's—an aunt of her mother's who had loved her mother, and who loved her. Madame Jertzen would take him; she needed money, for she had recently sent many marks to a sister in Berlin. She had a bathroom. Surely people would not think it strange if he moved where he could have a bathroom, for all Americans were so clean. And at Madame Jertzen's they could see each other. There was a long-unused passageway between the two old wine cellars; she could go to her aunt's without her father's knowledge.

"I think he will not doubt me," she finished, unashamed. "You see, it is my first deceit. I have all my years of truth with which to cover my falseness. And you do not need to move if you wish not to."

But he moved to Madame Jertzen's.

In the weeks that followed Lane and Diane were never seen together publicly. She went about occasionally with his friends to dances in Luxemburg City and to concerts. Sometimes he was in the party, but often he did not go. He wondered a little that he was never jealous of her. But gradually he was becoming conscious of a subtle isolation from the other officers—he was being separated from them by a wall of reserve which he helplessly built up in his own consciousness.

Major Holmes, he noticed, often glanced at him curiously, with not altogether friendly eyes, and once the doctor said to him, seeing Diane across the *rue*, "Something is killing that girl by inches."

"Too much dancing, I guess," he had made sickly answer.

After that he avoided the quiet, stern regimental surgeon. And he saw for the first time that Diane's face was changing—he did not know just how. And he asked her if she thought perhaps some doughboy had noticed her occasional—for diplomacy's sake—front-door visits to Madame Jertzen's, saying he believed the old doc had got wind of something, for "Doughboys scent secrets like bloodhounds," he told her.

"No," she assured him simply, "it was not Major Holmes' ears that told him; it was his heart. He is older in understanding and—he would have liked me well, also."

"My God! What a shame it is, Diane! And he's a prince of a fellow too," he had burst out.

"Our days are too few for regrets," she reminded him. "As for me—I do not mind if all the world knows I love you—except my father."

Gradually the days began to hold deeper forebodings for Lane. He felt that Diane was striving, in ways too subtle for his understanding, to change, not his resolve to return to Betty but to change his underlying conviction that in returning he was doing right.

This feeling, insistent as it was tangible, lay heavier and heavier on his mind. It began to trouble his sleep. Darkness bothered him; often he left his candle burning by his bed to sputter itself out after he had gone to sleep.

Many times, after he had told Diane good night, he would go out for long walks. He got the habit of walking out over the red cliffs to tire himself, through the pine-scented forest paths that ran the hills, and along the cavern craters of the old mines. His body would tire but his nerves would not let him rest. Once he met a doughboy who was returning from Lorraine, and he had cried out in actual terror so that the soldier shouted with drunken laughter. He had not known till then how constantly he carried the feeling he had used to have as a youngster—that always in the darkness there was a stealthy follower.

Then, one spring night, sooty with its damp darkness, the follower took life. A voice, so taut with hatred it was like a singing wire, electrified Lane's consciousness with words of such tenacity that they seemed to outline themselves in tiny sparks before his very vision.

"Play now with death—you common dog!" it said in sharp, clear English.

And flung by superhuman strength, he was hurled into the sucking black abyss that

stretched beneath him. Falling, through time fathomless, he saw only golden water lilies, great serene pools of them, contentedly embraced by their strong round leaves. As naturally as a bud unfolds, each golden flower became Diane's eager yearning face.

"Diane!" he shrieked out.

And Diane brought him quiet.

Weeks afterward, as he lay convalescing on his queer high bed at Madame Jertzen's, alone and listening, he could not shut out the sound of those cavern walls echoing his one wild cry, and the memory of it would make him weak and wet with sweat. For a long time he had lain in delirium, and during that time, they told him, he had cried for Betty, calling her name constantly, pleading for her. These two subconscious revelations of himself only obscured more deeply the path of right he was trying so desperately to follow. Surely there had been some guiding law behind it all, or his "accident" and its astounding failure could not have happened.

Apparently his "accident" had been one of the most simple of unfortunate things. He had, in the darkness, stepped too near the edge of the cliff and the earth had crumbled with him. His presence there was not remarkable; many of the men walked those paths in the long lonely home-sick evenings.

Lane often wondered how many times he had been followed by that still grim avenger, before he had happened to choose that propitious spot. It had been unquestionably the direction of destiny that led him to the cliff where one of the companies had been cutting pine boughs in the afternoon, to make a gala way of the road to Belgium for the divisional review. They had thrown the masses of boughs over into the rocky crater far below to be picked up by trucks in the morning.

So he had been saved. "A miracle," the villagers said, crossing themselves. But it was a painful miracle of ghastly cuts and broken bones. The old doc thought it better to leave him in the motherly care of Madame Jertzen than to pack him off to a hospital, and his sick room became the regimental gossip shop.

But for some part of each day Madame Jertzen authoritatively shut his door to visitors—and then Diane came to him.

The first day that she came after he had regained consciousness she took his face between her hands and leaned low over him, while he denied valiantly her passionate accusations against her father.

"A-ah, do not deny. I know. Even had you gone from here my father would have followed you. I could not make my pretense strong enough. My fear betrayed me. But God has saved you from death and—and from me too." She laughed gently.

"No longer will I try to make you think with me. All those days when you were so near to death—oh, sometimes I almost prayed that death would take you—then I could have you; but all those days you called for her—for Betty. So now, my Bruce, be content; you will get well soon and go to her."

In spite of the tears that filled his eyes and the weak misery that flooded his heart a great, cool, blessed relief entered the labyrinth of his mind. He wanted passionately to tell her of having called for her when death confronted him; he forced the words to his lips, but they died there, soundless.

Diane came often to him. "My father knows now that I come," she told him. "We do not speak of it. We speak of nothing—with this new knowledge between us."

If her visits were delayed Lane grew restless and full of fever, and bothered Madame Jertzen about her coming. Perhaps when she came she would tell him stories, fascinating old tales of little Luxemburg's long history; or of her student life in Paris and Berlin with her mother. Sometimes for a whole hour she would lie beside him silently, her cheek against his. And other times she sang him whimsical make-up songs about his funny bandaged head, his empty lonesome boots or, if her heart were brave enough, about their love.

One afternoon when he was well enough to sit up by the window she came back from the door as she was leaving, to say quickly "Bruce, do not, for my sake, keep Betty's pictures put away. Let Tante get them out again."

He took her hands and held them tightly. There was never any way to spare her.

"It is a very little thing to do, honey, for—for you see I do not need Betty's



pictures to remember her." Then she knew it was for Betty's sake the pictures were not out.

"How far you keep her from our touch," she said wonderingly, and left.

It was that same afternoon that Monsieur Grenia came. Madame Jertzen had appeared in the doorway, consternation in every wrinkle of her shriveled face, evidently having used heated argument to keep the visitor out. Plainly she also knew the secret of the "accident."

Looking up, startled, into the eyes of Diane's father, Lane was cleansed in one intense weakening moment of every hatred he had held against the man. It was not that Monsieur Grenia had changed. He gave the old woman a look of fury and slammed the door in her face. Then he came close to Lane's chair and stood quiet. Lane could not lift his head from very weakness. The knuckles of Grenia's closed hands were white.

Finally Lane said, lifting his eyes by a tremendous effort: "Spit it out! I know you can speak English—if you remember. Or have you come to finish your job?" They both smiled with queer tight lips.

"I am glad that you are to live, Captain Lane."

"Thanks," muttered Lane, his lips stretching to a real grin, and thinking to himself: "My God, but this is funny; nothing on earth could be funnier."

And then he heard himself shouting with great laughter. But it left him as suddenly stricken of mirth as it had found him. Grenia's hands slowly unclosed.

"When you have been long away I shall tell her; I shall tell her that in your soul you love her; that when death was upon you, your soul called for her," he said gently.

The blackness of night blinded Lane's eyes. He could not speak. His anguished, despairing cry echoed in his ears, and he saw again the pools of golden water lilies in their embracing leaves.

"I will go now," Grenia was saying. "Good-by." Still Lane could not speak, but before the door closed on the tall, spare figure he choked out, "Good-by, sir; good-by."

And Grenia, turning, left him his inscrutable smile to remember. He never came again.

It was the next week that the colonel received orders concerning Capt. Bruce Lane. If convalesced sufficiently he was to report to Coblenz for active duty in the First Division; if not, he was to report at Brest for sailing orders. And the latter meant home—home! His friends were sick with envy of his good fortune. Not one of them but would gladly have tumbled off a series of precipices for such reward.

Fate, it seemed, scorned any interest in his affairs. He could go or he could stay. His destiny rested in his own decision.

Diane was visiting relatives in Metz when the orders came, and Lane's first walk without crutches was to the telephone station.

She called several times in French, "Alo!" Then, in quick English: "Is it you, Bruce?"

"Yes, Diane. I'm—I'm ordered home."

Silence.

"When?"

"I leave Friday." It was then Tuesday.

"You will come through Metz?"

"Ye-es. But—but we've had so many happy times together in Luxemburg City that—I could go a day early."

"Thursday you wish I should come there?"

"Yes."

"I will come to the Hotel Duchess."

Good-by, Bruce. Are you quite well?"

"Yes. Feeling great. Good-by, honey."

It was the endearment she most loved—a word she had never known from other lips.

Thursday was a glad sunny day, and beautiful Luxemburg City seemed especially wonderful and picturesque to him.

In the morning they walked to places in the old Roman wall which she had taught him to love. Then he hired a dilapidated automobile for a fabulous sum, and they took their lunch out to the blossoming May hills.

The whole countryside was a flower garden. The hillsides looked like old-fashioned crazyquills, worked together by myriad green little fields.

All day long they were very brave and gay. As evening came on they found it harder to laugh, and were mostly silent while the chugging automobile struggled back to their hotel, where they were to have their last dinner together. Their courage ebbed

with the daylight, and night seemed unbearable. He wished he had planned to leave on the morning train. They went to their favorite corner table, where they could look out over the lighted cañons which were like starry inverted heavens; but they ordered little and ate nothing.

Diane drank her wine eagerly but it failed to tint the pallor of her cheeks. He did not touch his glass. He could not swallow, for his throat pained him as it had done when he was a little chap with his annual winter's week of croup. Diane talked and occasionally laughed—the sound of her laughter burning enduring memories in his brain. She seemed so very small in her crumpled white dress.

"We knew it would be hard," she said gently.

"Yes. How can you act like this, Diane?"

"I want you to remember that I was brave, too, when you left me."

His lips went whiter. Betty's bravery had not needed to touch such heights as this. He wished afterward that he had told her so, but even then he did not pierce his armored loyalty to Betty. It occurred to him that he had suffered far less when he had left Betty, thinking he was going forth to death, than now, when he was going back to life.

After dinner they drove down to the dingy old station. It was deserted except for one officer and a few scattered doughboys. An American limousine and a dusty British car were drawn up, side by side. A sleepy-eyed M. P. automatically directed them to the A. P. M.'s office as they passed him, staring at them in sleepy speculation. Lane's feet stumbled. Diane put her hand down into his, clasping his fingers tightly. He had not known how weak his illness had left him.

"Bruce, do not cry," he heard her say.

"Why, my God, I'm not crying," he said harshly, brushing away tears he did not know had come. She slipped something into his coat pocket.

"That is for—for Betty. Now I have given you everything you have asked of me."

Through the cañons sounded a faint whistle of the train.

"Oh, say farewell to me, Bruce. Oh, my beloved! Say me farewell. The train comes." Blindly he put out his arms and held her close and kissed her. Her body was cold, and trembled. Conflicting agonies seemed tearing his soul apart from his poor weak body whose frailty he so despised. In the mist of white pain that confused him the serene, undoubting face of Betty outlined itself faintly—and faded utterly away.

This love had conquered. It was invulnerable against every weapon his knowledge knew. And even while he realized that he had not the strength to leave her he hated her for having the strength to hold him.

He thrust her out of his arms so suddenly that she stumbled back from him.

"You've known all along I couldn't leave you!" he cried out passionately.

It was an accusation, and standing before her he watched his swift words strike her like sharp clean knives. He went on crying out bitter cruelties in his surrender. And all the time her gaze held his steadily, until his bitterness died away and he gathered her to him again, lifting her wholly into his arms, cradling her there, and bending his hot face down against her cold one.

Then he whispered beautiful things and watched to see them drive the pain out of her eyes, but she closed her eyes under his kisses, and his promises she seemed not to hear. He would never, never leave her; he would choose the orders to stay in Coblenz; he had been a weak fool to fight against a love that God had granted him; they would be married the next week; he would arrange it in Paris.

A peace exceeding earthly emotions flowed over him as he whispered to her. The train had come. He saw it and wondered vaguely why he was not getting on it. With the extremest effort he comprehended her voice as she struggled out of his arms. She had been repeating and repeating the same words:

"You cannot marry me. I married Brion yesterday." That was what she had been repeating: "I married Brion yesterday."

Brion? Yes, Brion; Brion Winsfield. The man's vivid face, with its smoldering, far-seeing eyes, floated detached before Lane's vision. A little frenzied burst of laughter



**SIDNEY THATCHER**  
chief of the London  
Bureau of the Public  
Ledger Foreign News  
Service

## "Peace on Earth" is largely in the keeping of England and America

The journalists who supply the people of the two greatest nations with news about one another bear a heavy responsibility. Distorted news breeds misunderstanding. Exact news builds good will.

Sidney Thatcher has "been through the mill" of newspaper work on two continents. Born in Ohio, he was a reporter on several American papers and then had ten years with the Associated Press in this country and in London. He has learned to get news and get it right.

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At hotel newsstands

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trembled across Diane's lips as he stared down at her. Why should she laugh, when the dullness of death looked out of her eyes?

He took her shoulders and shook her. "No! No! Why did you do it? Why?" "I feared, I feared"—her voice struck faint and thin against his ears like the far, sweet echo of little bells—"I feared I should lose my strength—that I would keep you—at the last."

He became slowly conscious that she was leading him toward the train, talking swiftly in a low, broken voice.

"When you were *malade* and—and cried for her I knew that I must never keep you. There is understanding between you that I do not share. And Brion knows. His love for me is like my love for you. It will not be with me as with my mother, for you are my love. And never can I go to you. If there is heaven I will wait for you."

He had put forth the only idea his mind could grasp, put it forth like a schoolboy angered by some petty jealousy.

"Then—then that was his car outside, waiting."

"Yes," she said.

He kissed her and stumbled up into the train. Something about his right hand bothered him as he clenched it tightly in his pocket. It was wet and dripping. He brought it close under his face, painfully

unclenching its tight clasp from thin, crushed glass, and an overpowering fragrance lifted its smothering sweetness. He had broken the phial of perfume she had sent to someone he very much loved. So he last saw her, the secret of her golden forest flowers who knew content in their green leaves, strong in his nostrils. She stood there, motionless, watching him, the long silken scarf fallen from her shoulders into a white pool at her feet.

## MEN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 17)

"And you feel kind of strong—soft spots eradicated?"

"Naturally."

"I'm a hell of a tonic," said Ezra P. Hipps, and closed the door behind him.

Auriole stood where he had left her. Presently she raised her hands and they were clenched so tightly that the knuckles were white as ivory.

"How utterly, utterly awful!" she said to herself. "How unspeakable!"

She picked up her bag and the other odds and ends a woman will carry, and passed out of the house with flaming cheeks.

The chauffeur of the little two-seater car that stood by the gates asked where he should drive.

"I don't care," she replied. "Anywhere you like. Get on a hill—some place where I can breathe."

The little car wound through the green lanes and presently mounted a pine-fringed slope. Off on the horizon hung the smoke of London with the pleasant countryside in between.

Auriole touched the chauffeur on the arm and he stopped. Alighting from the car she scrambled over uneven ground and presently threw herself down under the shade of a tree. Somewhere overhead a lark was singing and the air vibrated to the drone of insects. The day was blue, peaceful, sweet. A thin breeze rustled the foliage, and golden sun spots dappled the brown carpet of pine needles upon which she lay. A single cloud traveled in the sky and its shadow fell across the house and grounds in which Richard Frencham Altar was imprisoned, and hovered there. Auriole clenched her hands tightly and bit her lip. Somewhere behind those shuttered windows on the second floor the inquisition was going forward. Three men to one. The relentless interrogation. The same question repeated in a hundred ways, and the same unshakable refusal to give an answer. It was fitting indeed that Nature should cast a shadow over such doings as these.

"And I'm part of it," said Auriole.

Her thoughts flew back to her first meeting with Barracough, during the war. She was nursing then at a hospital in Eastbourne. He had had a bullet through the foot and was sent to the sea to recuperate. Strange how instantly they had liked each other. His good nature, pluck, generosity were splendid assets in a friendship which went floundering loveward after the fashion of those crazy days. There was the fortnight they spent together in town—perfectly respectable if a little unorthodox. He had money to burn, and she helped him to burn it. He had never asked more of her than companionship. Of course they kissed each other—everyone did during the war—that was understood; and he bought her presents too—ripping presents; and took her everywhere—theaters, undreamed-of restaurants, dances. A glorious time they had. He had denied her nothing except the offer of his name.

After all, there was no particular reason why he should have asked her to marry him—their was a mere partnership of gaiety, added to which she knew well enough that it would not have been practicable. They were of a different mold. His blood was of the counties and hers—Lord knows where she came from. "The people" is the best covering phrase to employ. Her presentability was a matter of wits and a climber's instinct. She had been a manikin in a Bond Street shop before the war. But was it fair, was it just to engender a love of luxury, to introduce her to all that her nature, vulgarized by unfamiliarity, coveted most? If he had proposed, likely enough she would have been generous and refused him.

But he didn't propose; he took it for granted that they were no more to each other than the moment dictated. There was a kind of long-headed caution in his

diffidence with regard to the future. He was exigent, too, in his demands, and would not tolerate her being pleasant to anyone else. It was her nature to be pleasant to all men, and restraints were odious and insulting. That was how the row came about. It took place on the night before his return to France. It was her fault, no doubt, because really he had been a ripping friend, and loyal and trustworthy, but the little climber felt that for once she had failed to climb. She was left, so to speak, in mid-air, inoculated with the germs of all manner of new ambitions no longer realizable. Wherefore she forgot her affection for him and forgot all the lessons of politeness so studiously acquired in the years of climbing, and let him have her opinions hot and strong as a simple, uncultivated child of the people.

The expression on Anthony Barracough's face read plainly enough relief at his escape. He packed his valise and departed, wondering greatly at the intricacy and unreasonableness of women. It did not occur to him that he was greatly to blame for having given her such a good time. Such a consideration was as remote as the thought of congratulating himself on his generosity. He was only awfully sorry she should have turned out as she did, and rather perplexed at the apparent want of reason. And Auriole, with the disposition to like him better than any man of her acquaintance, suffered an entire reversal of feeling and went headlong to the other extreme in a spirit of unbecoming revengefulness.

And in the valley below, under the shadow of a cloud, this man was being tortured.

"I never meant that!" Auriole cried. "I never meant that—did I—did I? I just wanted to pay him back. I just wanted —" She bit her lower lip and choked. "What a fool I am!" she gasped. "Haven't I won a millionaire out of it? What's it matter if he does suffer a bit? He wouldn't be the only one. A millionaire," she repeated, "a millionaire—the wife of a railroad king. That's worth something, surely."

A couple of unruly tears trickled out of her eyes and fell on her lap. It is really too absurd that even the thought of a million pounds cannot prevent a girl from crying.

### XVIII

IT WAS mentioned earlier in this narrative that Richard Frencham Altar had a sense of humor, but never before in his hitherto easy-going life had he so earnestly needed it. A sense of humor in a queer abstract way provides a quality of companionship; it gives a man the power to be a pal to himself, to talk to himself aloud, to laugh at adversity, to spot the comic side in the most pathetic predicament. Each day provided something new in the matter of discomfort or alarm. The calls he was obliged to make upon his resources of humor were therefore severe and exacting. Over and over again he had need to remind himself that there was something classically funny in three financial giants demanding from him information of which he was entirely ignorant and, technically speaking, putting him on the rack in order to get it. The fun was grim, but it existed. No one ever thought of mentioning what it was they wanted to find out—doubtless assuming that to do so was waste of time. For his own satisfaction Richard would dearly have loved to ask point-blank what it was all about, but to indulge curiosity to that extent would be to imperil the safety of the cause he represented.

To keep a record of days he made a scratch on the wall paper each morning with his finger nail. There were seventeen scratches in all, and he was as proud of them as an old campaigner of his medals, for they stood for seventeen successful

engagements. Whoever it was who had charge of arranging his persecution lacked nothing in the way of imagination. Methods of destroying his repose and a course of rigorous fasting were prominent features, but these were varied with details of a terrifying and sometimes abominable kind. On one occasion thirty or forty rats were introduced into his apartment, where they fought and squeaked and scurried all night long. But Richard's experiences in France had robbed him of any particular fear of rats. If anything, he welcomed their appearance and devoted the short periods when the light was on to shooting at them with a catapult fashioned from the elastic of a sock suspender and a piece of angle iron detached from the under side of a broken armchair. For ammunition he used a few bits of anthracite coal which he found in the sitting-room grate. Altogether he accounted for seventeen before the servants arrived and deprived him of his weapon. The remainder of the rats were corralled and carried away rejoicing.

This little entertainment took place during the first week of his imprisonment and served the unhappy purpose of convincing his captors that Richard's nerves were not susceptible to frivolous attacks. Thereafter they concentrated on sterner measures. Food was reduced to a minimum and frequently doped with chemicals that caused him acute internal suffering. When the pain was at its height either Van Diest, Laurence or Hipps would pay him a visit, and over and over again the question would be asked.

Times out of number sheer desperation and want of sleep almost induced him to give away the secret, but something inside his nature—some fourth-dimensional endurance over which he appeared to have the most astounding control—checked the impulse. Often he wondered at himself and questioned how he contrived to face the pressure put upon him, but the only motive he could trace beyond the stalwart desire of every decent man to take his gruel without squealing was an ambition to be able to meet Auriole Craven's eyes squarely when she came to see him, and to say, "I'm afraid your friends haven't got my strength just yet." She would shake her head at that and reply cynically, "It's only a matter of time, Anthony." But at the back of her eyes was a light that seemed to read, "Well done, you."

He was in a sad enough plight on the morning of the seventeenth day when the door opened and Van Diest, followed by Laurence, entered the room.

Van Diest was chanting a German hymn, a habit greatly affected by him in moments of perplexity. With thumbs tucked in his waistcoat and fingers drumming upon the resonant rotundity of his waistline he marched slowly up and down, moaning the guttural words in a melancholy and tuneless voice. Richard had learned to hate that song as cordially as its performer.

"Take it down another street," he implored.

Van Diest stopped singing long enough to shake his head, and Laurence, who had seated himself with crossed legs on one of the hard upright chairs, said "Barracough" with a note of pseudo-friendly warning.

"Why not have a shot at Avalon?" Richard suggested sleepily. "Suit you, that would, and make a nice change for me." His throat was burning, and talking was painful.

"H'm! A change," said Van Diest. "I was thinking you would want a change very soon. It is tired you look this morning."

"That's queer, for I had a splendid night." Richard's hollow, dark-rimmed eyes gave a lie to his words.

"H'm! Laurence, they use the siren—yes?"

Laurence nodded.

"Had it going every ten minutes. Didn't give him much of a chance last night."

"So! But to these young boys sleep comes very easily. I think—think it was a good idea to take away his bed—yes."

Richard rolled his eyes threateningly toward the speaker and checked a sudden torrent of abuse that sprang to his lips.

"It is bad for these boys to have too much comforts—s'very bad; with the sleep-fogged brain a man loses so much the intelligence. You will arrange—yes?"

"Of course I will if he insists," said Laurence.

"Oh, you swine!" said Richard, staggering to his feet. "You rotten, blasted swine! Aren't you satisfied with what you've done? Isn't it enough that you make the nights into a hell for me—a screaming hell? Sleep? How can I sleep? How can I sleep when —"

A violent paroxysm of coughing seized and shook him this way and that.

"Tut, tut, tut! You had a very bad cold there," said Van Diest sweetly. "You must eat one of these lozenges."

Richard struck the box out of the hand that proffered it, and fell heaped up into a chair beside the table.

"No pleasure to us you stay awake, eh, Laurence, eh?"

"Course not. Now don't look at me like that, old fella. I was thundering decent to you when first you arrived. Barring smoke, literature and alcohol it was a home from home. It's your own pigeon things have got a bit tight. Doesn't pay striking out against the odds."

"You little rat!" said Richard, turning a bit in his chair. "I'd like —" and he closed his fist.

"Silly talk, old chap; waste of time."

"I could waste a lot of time that way."

Laurence humped his shoulders.

"What are you to do with a fella like this?"

Van Diest drew up a chair and smiled over the rims of his glasses.

"Of course we let you go to sleep if you want sensible. Consider now the small shareholders that look to us for their little incomes. All these widows from the war. You speak, and you was a rich man all at once. Very soon forget the discomforts of these three weeks. 'Sno goot—no goot to make a fuss."

"I have nothing to say."

"Ach!" said Van Diest and rose. "I'm afraid, Laurence, we must take away this bed."

But Richard raised no further protest and somewhere below stairs a gong rumbled for lunch. It was part of the program to emphasize the arrival of meals, and in spite of himself he could not resist starting hungrily. Such signs and tokens were watched for.

Laurence laid a hand on his shoulder and whispered, "There's a fourth place laid, old friend."

"Why not join us to the lunch?" said Van Diest coaxingly. "Just a word spoken and—oh, it's good, the lunch!"

"Thanks, but I'm rather particular whom I eat with," said Richard, and moved unsteadily toward the fireplace.

"It's rather a special menu," Laurence remarked. "There's a lobster Americaine—that was in Hipps' honor. But perhaps you don't care for shellfish, Barracough?"

"No, no, thank you. Prefer a Spartan diet. Glass of water and a piece of bread."

"Bread? Yes. I hope the baker remembered to call. Be awkward if—well, come along, chief, no good letting things get cold."

They passed out of the room and the bolt slammed home.

With a crazy impulse Richard staggered across the floor, seized the door handle and shook it violently. One of those violent paroxysms of hunger suddenly possessed

(Continued on Page 48)





## "Aren't We Getting to Use a Lot of That?"

"THIS order for 25,000 order blanks in triplicate is all right, Mr. Gray, but I notice you say 'Use Hammermill Bond.' Aren't we getting to use Hammermill for pretty near all our office stationery?"

"Yes," says the purchasing agent, "we are. In fact, my idea is to standardize all our office printing on that paper."

"Why?"

"Because it saves time wasted in looking over a lot of paper samples every time we order a job of printing—and we're better off, because we know just what we're getting."

"We use Hammermill for our letterheads and our form letters. They come out of the envelope as crackly and snappy as they went in. We like to use different colors for our different forms—and Hammermill gives us twelve colors besides white to choose from."

"What about price?"

"We can't do any better. It wouldn't be sensible for us to standardize our printing on anything except an established, watermarked paper—and Hammermill Bond is the lowest-priced standard bond paper we can buy."

Are you saving time and money by using Hammermill Bond for your office stationery?

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

*Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public*

# HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper



WRITE us and we will send you a portfolio containing forms of special value to you and your business, and showing Hammermill's wide variety of color and finish.

## One Man's First Pipeful

The following letter tells a good-luck story:

L. C. LAY  
Waco, Texas  
1115 South 4th Street

November 26, 1920.

Larus & Brother Company  
Richmond, Virginia  
Gentlemen:

When I smoked my first pipeful of Edgeworth some six months ago, I was something like the old maid who was carried to the park and kissed for the first time. As the story goes she remarked: "Do it again, for there is something I like about it." And so was my experience with Edgeworth.

I am a commercial artist, and draw "Phoolish Phellows" for my daily nourishment. When drawing pictures I have always smoked constantly. And I have found in Edgeworth a little keener satisfaction, a little more abiding contentment, than I had known before I discovered this remarkable tobacco.

That was some six months ago, and there is still that ever-present s-o-m-e-t-h-i-n-g I l-i-k-e a-b-o-u-t-i-t that won't wear off.

Yours very truly,  
(Signed) L. C. Lay

To prepare a tobacco that many pipe-smokers will welcome as a discovery six months after they have lighted up the first pipeful, is something well worth doing.



Perhaps more than once a pipe-smoker chances up next to a smoking tobacco that seems a lot better than the sort he has been smoking.

But a few days or a few weeks or a few months later, it doesn't seem to smoke quite so good.

Now, a good smoking tobacco has got to seem like a discovery not only at the

first pull at the pipe, but on through the years.

That means that it has got to suit exactly the needs of many pipe-smokers who would throw it aside if it didn't.

Edgeworth seems to keep on being regarded as a discovery by smokers months and years after they begin smoking it.

It might seem like a discovery to you. We don't insist that it will. Pipe-smokers differ too widely in their individual tastes.

But we would like to have you put it to the test.

Simply write on a post-card your name and address, then that of the dealer filling your smoking needs, and we will send you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed, then sliced. Rub one thin, moist slice for a moment between the hands. That's an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is just that—ready to pour straight into your pipe. It packs rather well. Now see how freely and evenly it burns.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in economical in-between quantities for smokers desiring more than a small package, yet not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 46)

him which while they endure are acute agony. The longing for food gripped at his vitals like an eagle's claw and drove reasoned action from his head. He knew well enough that there was no escape to be made through the shuttered windows, but ignoring the knowledge he leaped toward them and seized the iron cross bar. As he lifted it from its slot the alarm bell above the frame rang out a fiery summons.

He fell back a pace, beating the air impotently and whining. The door opened and Blayne and Parker, the two men-servants, entered. Parker placed a tray on the table, then returned to stand in the open doorway. Blayne, ignoring Richard's presence, replaced the shutter bar in its old position and the bell stopped ringing.

Then he turned and said: "I shouldn't advise you to try the window, sir. There's a strong electric current passes through the catch."

"Thank you," said Richard, and slouched despondently toward the table, where his glance fell upon the tray. Whatever victuals had been provided were concealed beneath a small silver dish cover, but there were a napkin, a knife and fork and a cruet. On the whole it looked rather promising. Then suddenly he noticed that the glass beside the plate contained barely an inch of water.

"I say," he exclaimed, "look! Can't I have a jug of water? There isn't—"

"Not to-day, sir," said Blayne.

The very courtesy of the man was an incentive to fury.

"Yes, but —"

"Not to-day, sir."

Parker in the doorway grinned. "Don't smirk at me, blast you!" said Richard.

Blayne nodded toward the bedroom and changed places with his companion. When Parker came out he was carrying a great pile of bedclothes.

"Here, what are you doing? Put 'em down. D'you hear me?"

"My orders were to take them away, sir."

As Laurence had said, it was useless to fight against present odds. Richard shut his teeth tight.

"Obey your orders," he said, but as the door was closing the craving for drink mastered his pride. "For God's sake," he cried—"for God's sake give me some more water! I'll give you twenty for a jug of water. Honest I will. Twenty —"

Blayne laid a finger to his lips and went out. The gesture might have meant anything. With trembling hand Richard seized the glass of water and drained it at a gulp. There was miserably little, it barely cooled the heat of his throat. Whimpering, he set the glass down and lifted the cover from the plate. Underneath was a cube of bread about the size of a lump of sugar. With a savage cry he picked it up and flung it across the room, but a moment later was on all fours gathering up the broken bits and pieces and eating them wolfishly.

Blayne found him searching pathetically for the last crumb when he came stealthily into the room and put a tin mug on the table.

"I'll collect that twenty later," he said, and vanished.

Almost like a miser Richard took the mug in his hands and purred over it possessively. With a sigh of absolute content he raised it to his lips. Then a scream broke from him—harsh, strident, savage. There were no soft spots in the walls of Hugo Van Diest's fortress. The water was salt.

XIX

MRS. BARRACLOUGH was one of those old ladies who are constantly being surprised. She courted surprise. She never forestalled a climax, and of the hundreds of sensational novels which she so greedily devoured never once was she guilty of taking a premature peep at the last chapter to insure herself that right would triumph. "I shall find out all about it in good time," was the motto she affected. This being so, she made no effort to secure Isabel's confidence, but simply waited for Isabel to speak. The same reticence possessed her in the matter of the four mysterious serving girls. She hadn't the smallest idea why Anthony had suddenly transformed himself into a domestic agency, although at the back of her head she guessed at a deep, underlying motive. It gratified her beyond measure to be surrounded by unfathomed waters, and frequently as a corollary to her prayers she would thank God for the

little excitements and mysteries He sent as a flavor to her declining years.

After the uncontrollable rush of tears on her arrival Isabel pulled herself together and made a show of gayety and preserved it nobly for nearly three weeks. Anthony had gone, and gloomy forebodings were of no service. Accordingly she helped Mrs. Barracough in the garden and made the very best friends of the four girls. Perhaps she was the least bit resentful on finding out that they knew almost as much of Anthony's plans as she herself.

"But did he tell you?" she asked in surprise.

"It's like this," said Flora, who generally spoke for the company. "Jane and myself were with him in the secret service during the last year of the war."

"He got us the job," Jane interpolated. She was a big, bonny girl with broad shoulders, steady blue eyes and a complexion that would have advertised any health resort. "Cook kicks herself that she wasn't in that show."

It was at this point Mrs. Barracough came into the room.

"Kicks herself! What a very unbecoming expression!"

"Sorry, madam," said Jane, and she and Flora sniggered uncontrollably.

"You girls perplex me greatly," said Mrs. Barracough. "You do not laugh in the least like ordinary servants."

"How do ordinary servants laugh?" Jane asked.

"Generally speaking, in a high note that echoes distressingly throughout the house, whereas you laugh like young ladies."

"Oh, you old darling!" exclaimed Flora with sudden impulsiveness. "I suppose if a decent education and upbringing count for anything, that's just what we are."

Mrs. Barracough sat down rather abruptly on a small upright sofa in the center of the room.

"Then for goodness' sake tell me what you are doing in my kitchen!"

There was no escaping the explanation, especially when Isabel insisted, "Come on, Flora, out with it."

"It's this way, madam. Lots of us went broke after the war; lots of us who'd only fifty quid a year to live on."

"Quid?" said Mrs. Barracough. "Isn't that something to do with sailors and tobacco?"

"Pounds, then. We ran across Mr. Anthony out in France."

"Picked him out of a ditch near Arras, with a bullet through his foot," Jane contributed.

"And after that got most awfully friendly and kept knocking up against each other."

Mrs. Barracough shook her head.

"It must have been very painful for him with a bullet through his foot."

"When he heard we'd gone broke he said—just like him: 'My mother's a sport; go and look after her.'"

"So I'm a sport," said Mrs. Barracough with a smile. "But even so, why should I want looking after?"

"That's what puzzles me," said Isabel. Jane and Flora exchanged glances.

"I don't know whether we ought to," said Jane.

"He's my fiancé," said Isabel, "and you're jolly well not going to keep me in the dark."

"And quite incidentally," Mrs. Barracough remarked, "he's my son."

"Oh, very well," said Flora. "It seems he was all over some great big scheme, and there was a chance anyone connected with him might be got at."

"Got at!" Mrs. Barracough's dark eyes opened a little wider.

"Um! A tough crowd was up against him, you see."

"I see." The old lady nodded gravely, but there was a sparkle of excitement in her expression. "So you and Jane and Cynthia and Agnes are here to protect me against the assaults of—of a tough crowd?"

"We're here if we're wanted," said Jane robustly.

"And somehow," said Flora, "I think we shall be wanted."

Mrs. Barracough's hands went out and she drew the two girls a little closer toward her.

"My dears," she said, "I don't know why, but lately I've had a pringly sort of feeling—as if something were going to happen. It's a sense of adventure perhaps. I used to be a very wild girl myself."

"But you mustn't worry," said Isabel. "It's sure to turn out all right, you know."

"I'm not worrying. I'm only hoping that if anything does happen I shall be in it."

"But look here," exclaimed Flora; "that's the very thing he wants to prevent!"

"Yes, yes, but I know my Anthony, bless him. It would be so beautiful to help him again after all these years." She smiled retrospectively. "When he was a little boy he was always coming into conflict with his father. Poor Mr. Barracough, he was a very austere man and Anthony's scrapes inspired from him the severest judgments. Tony had a little signal—he was much too proud to speak—he used to take out his pocket handkerchief and quite carelessly tie a knot in the center. Whenever he did that I used to come to his aid. Dear Tony, I was always the one to rescue him from difficulty."

"He gets his pluck from you," said Flora. "His father was a brave man, too, until he had a little misfortune with a mule which rather upset his balance."

"Generally does," Isabel laughed.

"Mental balance," Mrs. Barracough corrected. "For the last few years of his life he thought he was Archbishop of Canterbury, and if dead people think, I'm sure he believes he is buried in Westminster Abbey. There, run along, my dears, and leave me to collect my thoughts."

But she kissed Flora and Jane before letting them go. Isabel stayed in the room.

"So my boy is in danger," said Mrs. Barracough with the least touch of tragedy in her voice. Isabel came forward and put an arm round her neck. "You knew, my dear?"

Isabel nodded. "They oughtn't to have told you."

Mrs. Barracough snorted defiantly. "Stuff and nonsense! Think I hadn't guessed? After all, a proper man ought to be in danger. Besides," she added, "he's a good enough reason, hasn't he?"

"What reason?"

"Doesn't he want to marry you?"

"I know," said Isabel forlornly, "but that would have happened in any case."

"Don't you be too sure, my dear. Now I'm going to let you into my confidence—mind I'm only putting two and two together, but I'm pretty sure I've got the total right. Did you know that Tony had put every penny he possessed into this enterprise?" Isabel started.

"No. What makes you believe that?"

"Because all I've got is in it too; and he would never ask me to do what he feared to do himself."

"Then you know all about it?"

"Hardly anything."

"But he oughtn't —"

"I think the risks and dangers came afterward."

"Even so," said Isabel, "it's just for money. That's what I hate so."

"Isn't it just for you?" said Mrs. Barracough gently. "Just because if he failed he wouldn't be able to make you his wife?"

"He never told me."

"Of course he didn't. How could he?"

"Are you sure of all this?"

"Practically certain. You see his Uncle Arthur is executor of Tony's affairs. Executors are not supposed to speak, but Uncle Arthur was an exception who proves the rule."

"For me," said Isabel slowly. "For our marriage—for us. Oh, I'm so glad it wasn't for cash!" A cloud came over her brow. "But it makes it frightfully difficult for me supposing I had to —"

"What?"

"I mustn't say—even to you."

Mrs. Barracough didn't press for an answer. She was pleased there was a little bit of mystery left over.

Isabel kissed the old lady very tenderly and walked out into the rose garden by herself. There was a glow on her cheeks almost as pink as the roses themselves. It was a sweet relief that Anthony had gone into these dangers more for her sake than any other reason and that their happiness and future rested on his success. In her twenty-one years of life she had come too much into contact with men whose ruling passion was the dollar to the exclusion of all else.

At the back of her head the fear had haunted her that Anthony had been bitten by the money bug—the hateful contagion that straightened and thinned the lips, chilled the emotions and case-hardened the kindest natures. But now that fear was gone, to be replaced with glad assurance.

On a semicircular stone bench that backed the roadside hedge Isabel sat and



hugged her knees, and here a few moments later she was joined by Flora.

"He's a topper, your man," said Flora. "A downright first-rater."

Isabel grinned an acknowledgment. "Did he have any trouble in getting away?"

"Awful, I believe, but—but they had a plan which he said would make it easy."

On the road side of the hedge, barely three feet away, a clergyman, who apparently was seeking protection from the sun, moved sharply and cocked an ear.

"What plan?"

"He didn't tell me that, and anyhow I shouldn't be allowed to repeat it."

The listening clergyman looked a shade disappointed.

"Do you know what he was going after?"

"Yes, I know."

"Wouldn't care to tell anyone, I s'pose. I'm as safe as a house."

"I'm certain you are, only —"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter so long as he got away all right. He did get away all right, didn't he?"

"Yes, I—I think so; he must have or his servant, Doran, would have told me."

Harrison Smith, on the far side of the hedge, pushed back his clerical hat and frowned deeply.

"And you had no message?"

Isabel shook her head.

"None. So I just tell myself everything is all right."

"Oh, I'm sure it is—certain," said Flora ecstatically. "It's bound to be. Mr. Anthony'd never let himself be beaten by any crowd." She paused. "If only one could be in it—but nothing ever happens down here. Are you staying much longer?"

"Going back to-morrow or the next day. I must be in town on the night of the eighteenth."

"That the day he's expected?"

"Yes, at eleven o'clock."

"Wish I could be there to give him a cheer when he comes in."

Isabel slipped an arm through Flora's.

"It's great of you to be so keen," she said.

"Think so?" Flora replied. "Jolly sporting of you not to mind. We've got a bit of a pash on Mr. Anthony, you know."

"I thought you had," said Isabel sympathetically.

"Kind of hero worship, it is. Nothing to bother about 'cause as matter of fact we're all engaged—'cept cook, who hates men. But even cook can't help admiring him. Be a sport and let us know if he gets through all right. You could phone."

"I will."

"Any notion which port he'll arrive at?"

"Couldn't say. I've a sort of idea that it might be one of the little Cornish fishing villages."

"What makes you think so?"

"No particular reason, only —"

"Yes, go on—be a pal."

"You won't repeat it?"

"No fear."

"There was a West Country guidebook on his table one day and I happened to glance at it."

"Um."

"Ever heard of Polperro?"

"Yes."

"On one of the maps Polperro had a pencil line ringed round it and a couple of very small dots marked in certain places."

"That might have been years old."

"It wasn't. I had lent him a blue pencil a few days before—rather a funny color, it was. He'd used that pencil."

"You're a bit of a Sherlock."

"I oughtn't to have said anything about it."

"It's safe enough with me," said Flora. "You can bet your boots I shan't blab a word of it."

A silvery-toned bell sounded from the house.

"There's tea," said Isabel.

The two girls rose and moved away arm in arm.

Mr. Harrison Smith pulled out his watch and looked at the dial.

"With luck I can catch it," said he.

And through the drawing-room window Mrs. Barracough saw the unusual spectacle of a clergyman running like fury in the direction of the railway station.

As she remarked a few moments later, "This is indeed an age of speed. Even the delivery of the Gospel is conducted by express service."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## A MIDSUMMER KNIGHT'S DREAM

(Continued from Page 19)

And it may be said for Crosby Nugent that he, too, realized that things could not go on as they were; that he stood ready, in that height of his infatuation, to break with Rosamond and to ask Janet to marry him. Like the Kid the year before, he was carried away by a new type of girl. His imagination was excited. And Janet was a blood-stirring little figure, with her apparently reckless horsemanship and that sort of cool defiance with which she now faced the world.

Any pretext answered with him for a ride with her, and this day he was going gold hunting. He had all the Easterner's conviction that the mountains of the West were full of hidden wealth, which it required the higher intelligence of the East to discover, and they started for that final ride armed with pan and hammer, saddlebags and luncheon.

Just what happened cannot be known precisely. Apparently they lunched together in amity, and he took up his gold hunting again. They were about ten miles back in the mountains, and had sat down on the edge of a cliff to look over their specimens. The surmise must be that her closeness and their isolation went to his head, and that he commenced to make passionate love to her. All that is absolutely certain is that she undoubtedly pushed him over the edge!

He fell only about twenty feet, and landed on a ledge, but the shock made him furious, and he lost what remained of his temper when he found he could neither get up nor down. He must have said some bitter things then, for it appears that Janet must have sat for a couple of hours or so at the top of the cliff, refusing either to help him or to go and bring help.

Sometime in that two-hours they both came to their senses. They were absurd, and they knew it. For him the romance of the West had died with the same thud

with which he landed, and the nonsense had gone out of Janet when he disappeared over the cliff face.

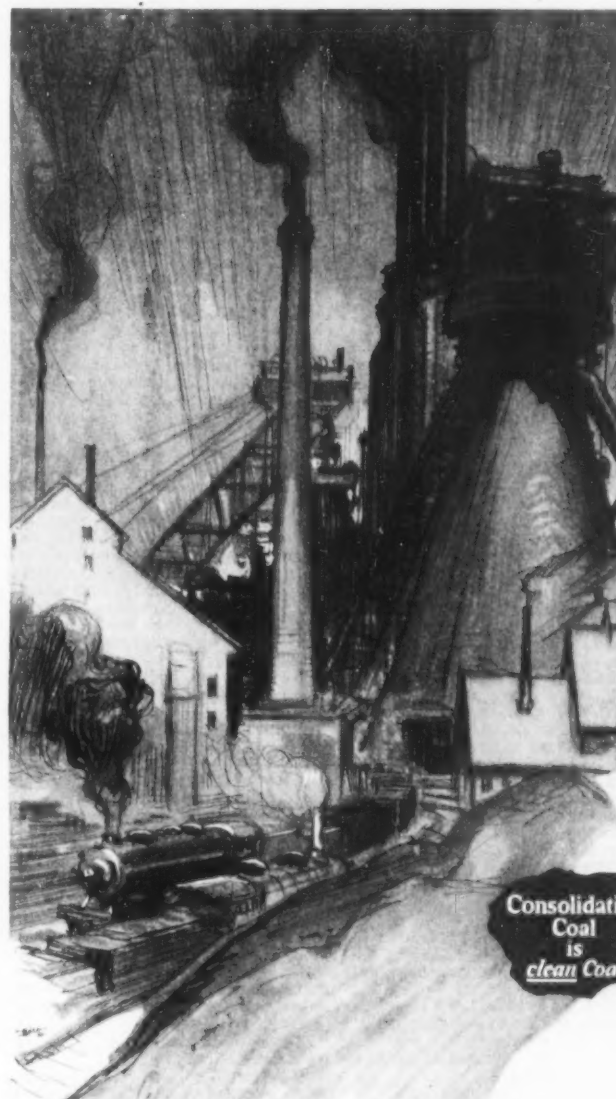
The last hour of the two Janet spent in wondering how she was to get help to him without the Kid getting the story, and it is certain that Nugent's chief thought was to keep Rosamond from knowing about his predicament. Janet had made him ridiculous before her, and his infatuation for her had smashed to pieces along with his pride.

It appears then that when the evening shadows began to fill the cañon below with purple, and the Bishop's Rock high above was a massive rosy jewel set in gold, Janet went to the cliff edge and called down to him coldly that she was going for a rope; and that Nugent merely nodded, and went on grimly picking splinters out of his hands with the point of his scarfpin.

Janet was frantically determined by that time to effect the rescue herself, and to keep the story from spreading over the ranch. She rode slowly, to arrive as late as possible, and her plan was to reach unperceived the barn where Midge's stage props were kept, to get her ropes and effect the rescue herself.

She would have succeeded, probably, but for one thing. The Kid was corral dog that night. Checking up at nine o'clock, he had found their two horses missing, and set himself doggedly to wait for them. Riders came in, unsaddled and turned their horses loose, to run on an easy lope to the pasture and the herd. The racks in the saddle house filled up, with the exception of two spaces, and filled with rage, despair and solid fear, the Kid stood with folded arms, staring at the mountains.

From the bunk-house windows came the sound of Slim's voice, crying, "Hit me! Harder!" followed, not by the sound of blows, but of chips on a wooden table. Their hard day over, the wranglers were



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playing blackjack. Far away, in the Old Man's office, shone the green shade of his office lamp as he pored over his accounts. The stable cat rubbed against the Kid's ankles, caught against his spurs and spat angrily.

At ten o'clock he saw the wavering light of an electric flash coming toward the corral. It was Rosamond. She went first to the saddle house, and then came back to him, turning the light on him as she did so. "They aren't back, are they?" she asked. "No."

She collapsed on a bench and sat there, twisting her hands together.

"I don't think they're coming, Kid."

"They'll come, all right."

"He's wild about her. He doesn't take any trouble to hide it."

The Kid drew a long breath.

"Well, it takes two to make that kind of a bargain," he said, and relapsed into sullen silence. After a time, however, he roused and said, "I'm going to leave here. Guess I'll hit the trail for New Mexico—and herd sheep," he added bitterly. He was, as a cow and horse man, committing himself to the lowest of degradations, but Rosamond had not even heard him.

"You know why it started, don't you?"

"No, and I don't care."

"She's paying me back for last summer, Kid. Oh, I know the ranch blames him, but any man's a fool in the hands of any girl if she wants him to be. It was you."

The Kid was dull with misery, and it was a moment or two before he grasped what she had said. But it brought him no cheer, even then. "I don't care why she did it. You and I are just out of luck—that's all."

"Aren't you going to put up a fight?"

"No, ma'am," said the Kid. "If she wants him she can have him. And I wish her luck," he added bitterly.

"Don't be silly!" Rosamond snapped. "You and I have made a mess of things, and we've got to straighten them out—if we get the chance." Suddenly she began to cry against the Kid's shoulder.

"I'm awfully fond of him, Kid," she wailed. "I've got my clothes and everything. And he's fond of me too. It's—it's the altitude or something. When you're not used to it it makes you different."

"You tell 'em," gloomily assented the Kid, and patted her shoulder. After a time he drew himself away and gave her a final brotherly pat.

"Now look here," he said. "You go back to your cabin and crawl into bed, and I'll get a horse and wander up the way they went. Chances are their horses got away and they're walking in."

Then suddenly he caught her arm.

"Listen!" he said.

A horse was coming in from the cañon trail. Under the cottonwoods a hundred yards away it stopped, and a moment later the Kid had caught Rosamond and pushed her into the shadow of the barn. Someone was coming from the cottonwoods on foot, a shadowy figure which proceeded to do a number of curious things.

First it went to one of the bunk-house windows and looked in. After that it struck a bee line for the barn, and the Kid put an arm across Rosamond's chest and held her back against the wall. The figure entered the barn, groped there for a time very stealthily, and then emerged and started back toward the cottonwoods.

"Janet!" said the Kid sternly.

The figure started and dropped what it carried. The Kid picked it up and planted himself in front of the figure.

"Now," he said, "perhaps you'll explain what you want with a rope this hour of the night."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"I've got the rope."

"There are other ropes. I dare say that will occur to you in time."

"Is anybody hurt?"

"No."

"Where's Nugent?"

"That's my affair."

"Not by a darned sight!" said the Kid furiously. "It's my business too. I've sat back and let you two carry on your fool game about as long as I intend to, and I'm through. I'm going to go and kill him. Where is he?"

"I pushed him over a cliff, and he can't get back."

"Why did you push him over a cliff?" demanded the Kid, standing very tall and with his fists clenched.

"He tried to kiss me."

Certainly Rosamond tasted the ashes of life at that moment. But certainly, too,

the tight band which had been around something in the Kid's left chest for some months gave with a snap, allowing his heart to race madly.

"Janet!" he said softly. "Janet, I—"

"Will you give me my rope, please?"

"What for? Let him stay where he is. He can die and rot there for all I care."

But here Rosamond gave a little wail, and Janet saw her. She stiffened at once, and threw up her head.

"He's in the Blue Cañon," she said. "You and Miss Carter can go and find him."

But when she started toward her cottage the Kid caught her by the arm.

"Not a bit of it!" he said more cheerfully than he had spoken for months. "You did this, and you're going to see it through. If you don't I'll get the boys, and there'll be a mouthful of talk going on around this place to-morrow. Think it over! There's been a good little bit of talk already."

"Oh, of course, if that's a threat—"

"Sure it's a threat, and I'm a bully! I've been so damned sick of sitting down and taking my medicine like a gentleman that I'm through being a gentleman, that's all. How about it?"

Five minutes later a curious party of three rode out of the ranch toward the cañon and headed into the mountains. Of the three, one was softly whistling, one was angrily erect and silent, and one was dabbing at her eyes with a moist handkerchief. They followed the trail in darkness, knowing only of its climbs and steep descents by the inclination of their saddles, until at last they emerged into the upper meadows and starlight.

And there the Kid halted his horse and waited for Janet, to say, out of a clear sky and very virtuously: "There's no excuse for a girl leading a man on, and then pushing him over a cliff because he tries to kiss her."

"No," she retorted. "I didn't hear of anyone going over a cliff last year."

The Kid could think of no appropriate reply. He rode on, no longer whistling. But in spite of this rebuff his spirits were rising. It seemed quite clear to him that if a girl really loved a man she wouldn't push him over a cliff. Therefore she didn't love Nugent. Therefore it was distinctly possible that she might love somebody else. This feeling grew on him, and some time later he made a further overture:

"I made you a present last winter, but when you came back I threw it in the creek."

"I can't imagine why," was Janet's cold comment.

Thus repulsed, the Kid lapsed into an unhappy silence; but a little farther on he turned his head and spoke back over his shoulder: "It was only something I made out of cow horns. It wouldn't appeal to you these days, anyhow."

Janet made no comment, and thus thrown back on himself the Kid's resentment against Nugent had time to take form and to develop into cold anger. By the time they had reached the place of that gentleman's temporary incarceration all the bitterness of the summer, against Janet, Rosamond and himself, had crystallized into hatred of Crosby Nugent. That Janet remained cruel and aloof; that Rosamond clung to their heels; that even if she could have cared for him he had nothing to offer Janet but sixty dollars a month, a saddle and himself; that men had looked for the gold in the mountains for forty years and never found it; that he hadn't eaten any supper—Nugent, when they reached him, was to bear the brunt not only of the thing he knew but of a dozen he had never heard of.

At the edge of the cliff, having tied their horses, the Kid borrowed Rosamond's flashlight and bent over the edge. Some twenty feet below, sitting sulkily on a rock, below which again the cliff fell a sheer fifty feet, was Nugent. He looked up as the light appeared.

"Who's there?" he called.

"Are you hurt?"

"Scratched. I can't get up this infernal wall."

"Well, there's no hurry, anyhow," said the Kid. "There are some of us here who don't care if you never come back."

"Go away and let me talk to somebody with sense," Nugent shouted. "I don't feel funny, if you do."

"Sorry, old man," said the Kid. "Only Miss Carter and Miss Allenby are here, and neither of them wants to talk to you. But you're mistaken. I wasn't being funny."

For the first time it struck Nugent that the atmosphere above was, to put it mildly, hostile. He lost his head and his temper.

"All right. Be as serious as you damned please," he called angrily, "but get me out. If you haven't got a rope I'd advise getting one pretty fast."

The Kid was beginning to enjoy himself. "What's the hurry?" he inquired.

Nugent's position was distinctly inferior but he did the best he could. When he realized that no immediate rescue was being staged, braced against the boulder and facing up, he made an address to the jury above that for length, breadth and strength of language made the Kid hold his ears. When Nugent finally relapsed into breathless silence the Kid sat on the edge of the cliff and swung his legs over.

"Evidently the shock has set him to raving," he observed. "The question is, is he worth saving, or shall I drop a rock on him?"

Nugent's reply to that was a request to the Kid to go to perdition, an undiplomatic but excusable speech, which resulted in the Kid's dropping his contemptuous attitude and reminding him sternly that there were ladies present.

"Now I'll tell you how the situation lies," he said in a conversational tone, his long legs dangling over the lip of the cañon. "You've been a nuisance on the ranch all summer. You've about ridden your horses to death, and that's a ranch crime. And you've swanked about until we've had to grab a close hold on ourselves to keep you out of the horse trough. And you're where you are because you don't know any more about ladies than you do about horses, and that's plenty." The Kid paused, but Nugent remained sulkily silent.

"As the prisoner," said the Kid, "you've got a right to plead."

The prisoner immediately again consigned the Kid to perdition, and that gentleman smiled.

"I'll reverse that sentence," he said. Then he dropped his bantering manner and bent over the edge.

"It's like this, Nugent. The ranch isn't going to hold you and me after to-night. And I warn you that after the way you've talked I aim to put you in the horse trough before I go to bed. But you're not getting out of there unless you agree to leave the ranch to-morrow, and that's flat."

"Rosamond!" bellowed Mr. Nugent. "What is it?"

"Let that maniac talk his fool head off if he wants to, or roll rocks down here, as he threatens. You ride down to the ranch and send an outfit up here. I'm not going to stay here all night."

The Kid was not only beginning to enjoy himself enormously but to grow a trifle drunk with power.

"Rosamond," he said, "for the sake of our old love, stay where you are."

There was a shocked silence from below, and then the Kid's voice again as he bent over.

"Now, Mr. Nugent," he said, "let's be calm about this. I'm ready to make terms if you are. I've got a rope here, and I'll snake you out of that place with no more trouble if you think you can make the noon train to-morrow."

It was now himself that Mr. Nugent would see consigned to perdition before he made any such concession.

"Janet!" he called.

"Miss Janet," corrected the Kid softly. "Anyhow, I wouldn't bring her into this. She's a trifle hasty at times. Put down that rock, Janet!" he called, and Janet, aloof and disapproving, drew herself angrily erect. The action sobered the Kid at once. He bent toward her and lowered his voice.

"Don't be angry with me, honey," he said. "I've suffered so darned much."

In the darkness Janet moved closer to the Kid, and for the first time in months her voice to him was the voice of the old Janet, sweet and grave and very, very kind.

"So have I, Kid," she said.

He caught her hand and kissed it. Below, Mr. Nugent sat on his rock and considered the situation. He was cold and tired, he was angry, he was afraid to face Rosamond; but most of all he was puzzled.

"I don't get it," he said at last in a milder tone. "Where do you come in on this, anyhow?"

"Janet," said the Kid, swiftly and in a whisper, "where do I come in on this, anyhow?"

"Tell him you're engaged to me," said Janet.

The Old Man had not been able to sleep that night, and so he got up and, rather sketchily clad, wandered about the place. The cottages were dark, the lawn deserted, but from the bunk-house windows came the glow of lamplight, and Slim's plaintive cry, "Hit me again! Harder!"

The Old Man, smiling and clutching his dressing gown about him, stole past and went toward the corral. He went into the barn and moved among the night horses, speaking to them softly.

Suddenly, outside, he heard the sound of horses moving quietly, the rub of saddle leather, the faint clank of metal on metal. The Old Man listened, and then stepped back deeper into the shadows.

There were, he could see, several horses, and the business of unsaddling went on in a silence that was highly mysterious. One after another the freed horses made off for the pasture; one after the other their silent ex-riders carried away saddle, bridle and saddle blanket to the shed. Then, still without speech, the party seemed to divide, and two figures moved off into the darkness and two remained. The two which had gone were feminine, so far as the Old Man could determine in that place of breeched females. The two which remained were undeniably male.

"Now that the women are gone," said one voice, "we'll have this out, my friend."

"Suits me," said the Kid's soft drawl. "And I've warned you, Mr. Nugent, what I aim to do. I'm going to wash some of your sins away in that horse trough."

"Try it!"

"I intend to. It may cost me my job, for the Old Man's orders are pretty strict. He says, 'Keep your hands off the dudes. You might hurt 'em.'"

"Don't worry about hurting me," said Nugent. "I've stood a lot of insolence from you to-night, and before I leave here there's going to be one sick cowboy."

Very, very stealthily the Old Man moved toward the barn door, and there peered out. Nugent was taking off his coat and the Kid was kicking out of his chaps. When he was free of them he threw them aside and faced Nugent with a smile.

"Better take off your pants too," he suggested. "The water might spoil 'em."

Nugent's answer was a furious rush.

The ranch slept. Out in the pastures which spread over the foothills, wire to wire a mile or two, the horses rested or grazed. A coyote barked from a high red butte. In a cottage down the road Rosamond lay, face down on her bed, and in her own little room Janet was standing before a warped and bleached bit of flotsam from the creek, a strange affair of dingy cow horns on a cracked wooden base, on which she smiled tenderly. And in the barn doorway stood the Old Man, snorting like a war horse with what might or might not have been anger, while before him went on a silent and mighty battle.

Inch by inch Nugent gave way. Inch by inch the Kid fought him back. The dust rose and circled about them. The stable cat brought a mouse and laid it at the Old Man's feet, but he did not see it. The cat, waiting for approval, heard nothing but a low rumble in the Old Man's throat, which sounded like but may not have been "Good Kid! Good boy!" And every inch of Nugent's retirement led straight to the horse trough.

Some two minutes later the Kid, holding furiously to a writhing, splashing figure in the horse trough, felt a hand on his shoulder and looked around. One of his eyes was almost closed, but out of the other he saw trouble, and let go his hold to stand stiffly erect.

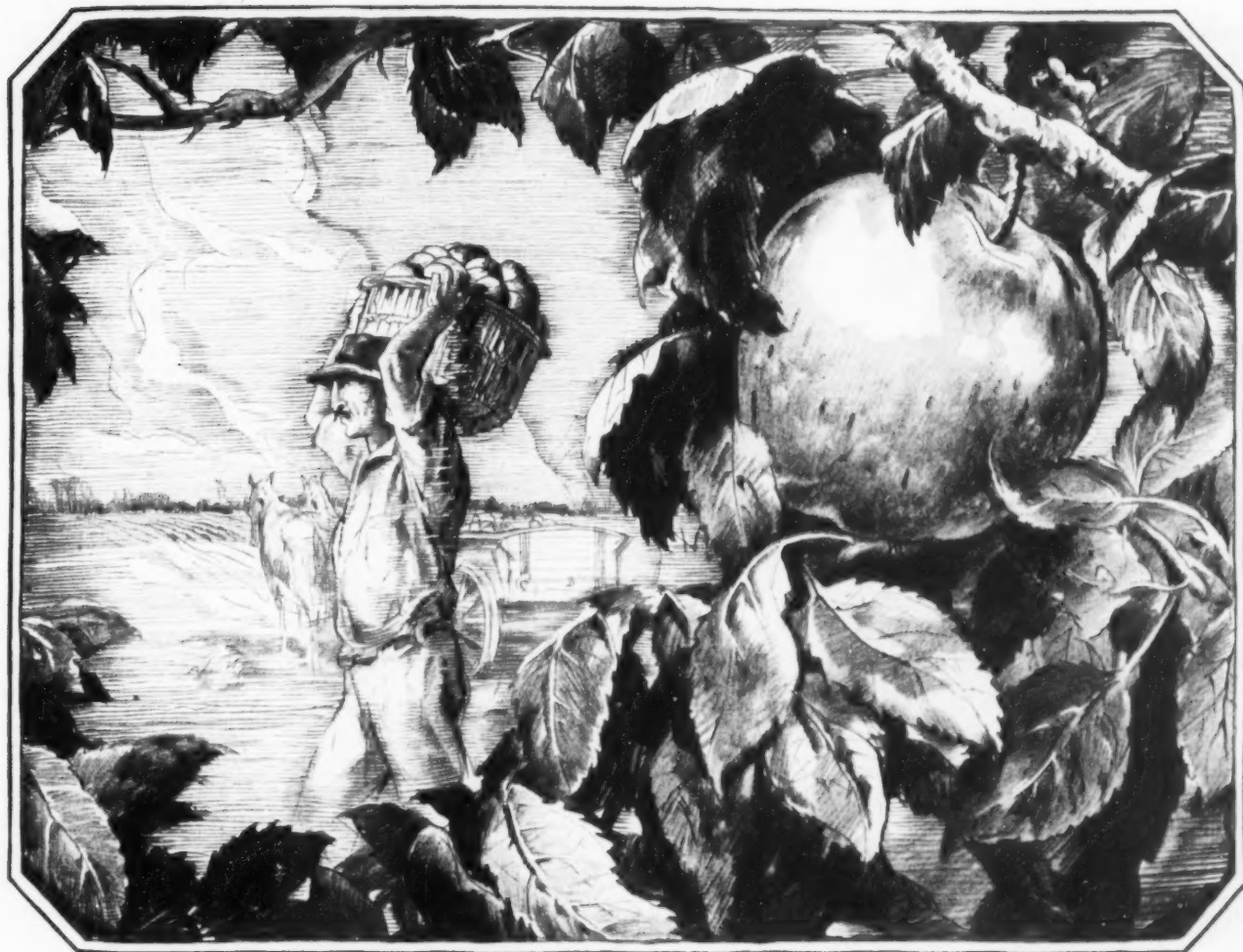
"You don't need to drown a sheep, boy, to kill the vermin on him," said the Old Man. Then, drawing his dressing gown around him, the Old Man went back to bed.

Some time later the Kid swaggered into the bunk house with the fillet of one of the cook's best tenderloin steaks over an eye. In answer to tender inquiry he stated that he had bumped into a tree, after which he proceeded to undress and to crawl into bed.

The game went on. The Kid lay still, every inch a man and a good many inches aching. He was very happy, too happy to sleep. The noise went on about him, but he was alone in a great silence, with Janet.

After a time he reached under his pillow and got his mouth organ, and, lying there, softly and plaintively he made music to the song that was in his soul.





## The apple that never was picked

NOW that the winds of winter have bared the trees and their limbs make silhouettes against the sky, if you walk into the country you may see it—the apple that never was picked. Withered and shrunken, its bloom departed, it hangs upon a barren branch—a derelict of nature.

In the autumn the tree was heavy with fruit. The schoolboy took his toll, picking the apples that were nearest, or climbing the sturdy trunk to capture the prize that looked the biggest and the best. Then the farmer came with his pickers, his baskets, his ladders, and limb by limb the tree was stripped.

Yet deep in the foliage there remained one apple. The sun had reached in and colored it a bright and beautiful red. It was cool and plump and rich with juice—an apple to desire. But none desired it because none saw it. Hanging upon an obscure branch, draped in foliage, it was hidden from the view of pilferers and pickers alike—and they passed it by.

The apple that never was picked is a cousin of the product that is not known. If you go into a store at

inventory time, you will find this product there on the shelves, its brightness dulled by the dust of the months, its freshness faded by long waiting for a buyer. Since its coming the shelves of the merchant have emptied and filled and emptied and filled again, but the product that is not known still lingers and languishes—a derelict of trade.

Nature willed that the apple that never was picked should grow upon an obscure limb behind a screen of foliage. It had no voice to call out that it was there. It had no words to proclaim its ripe sweetness.

Consider now the product. It could have spoken its name in the very ears of the people as they sat in their homes. It could have made that name instantly familiar to the shopper who scans the windows of merchants. It could have told in stirring words the story of its goodness. It could have created *desire and the will to buy*.

For there is a voice that speaks the merits of worthy products to the minds of the people—a voice that is heard 'round the world—the voice of advertising.

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*Farming is fast becoming modernized in standards and requirements—but the farmer remains a close reckoner of market values. He has faith in The Country Gentleman as a reliable business guide. Its growth in ten years from 25,000 to over 800,000 circulation is the proof. This confidence of the farmer is an incalculable asset to advertisers and, as Mr. Johnson points out, a direct aid to the merchants handling their goods.*

# The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
The Saturday Evening Post The Ladies' Home Journal The Country Gentleman

## "WORTH 10,000!"

(Continued from Page 13)

and he followed her movements, as reflected in print, with care and fidelity; it was as though he had a deep personal interest in her. For a matter of fact, he did; he had a very personal interest in her. He had been doing this for months; in his trade, as in many others, patience was not only a virtue but a necessity. For example, he knew that her determined and persistent but somewhat crudely engineered campaigning to establish herself in what New York calls—with a big S—Society was the subject in some quarters of a somewhat thinly veiled derision; he knew that her husband was rather an elemental, not to say a primitive creature, but genuine and aboveboard and generous, as elemental beings are likely to be. Marr figured him to be of the jealous type. He hoped he was; it might simplify matters tremendously.

On a certain summer morning a paragraph appeared in at least three daily papers to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Justus Propbridge had gone down to Gulf Stream City, on the Maryland coast; they would be at the Churchill-Fontenay there for a week or ten days. It was at his breakfast that Marr read this information. At noon, having in the meantime done a considerable amount of telephoning, he was on his way to the seaside too. Mentally he was shaking hands with himself in a warmly congratulatory way. Gulf Stream City was a place seemingly designed, both by Nature and by man, for the serving of his purposes.

Residing there were persons of his own kidney and persuasion, on whom he might count for at least one detail of invaluable cooperation. For a certain act of his piece, a short but highly important one, he must have a borrowed stage setting and a supernumerary actor or so.

Immediately upon his arrival he sought out certain dependable individuals and put them through a rough rehearsal. This he did before he claimed the room he had engaged by wire at the Hotel Crofter. The Hotel Crofter snuggled its lesser bulk under an imposing flank of the supposedly exclusive and admittedly expensive Churchill-Fontenay. From its verandas one might command a view of the main entrance of the greater hotel.

It was on a Tuesday that the Propbridges reached Gulf Stream City. It was on Wednesday afternoon that the husband received a telegram, signed with the name of a business associate, calling him to Toledo for a conference—so the wire stated—upon an urgent complication newly arisen. Mr. Propbridge, as all the world knew, was one of the heaviest stockholders and a member of the board of the Sonnesbein-Propbridge Tire Company, which, as the world likewise knew, had had tremendous dealings in contracts with the Government and now was having trouble closing up the loose ends of its wartime activities.

He packed a bag and caught a night train West. On the following morning, which would be Thursday, Mrs. Propbridge took a stroll on Gulf Stream City's famous boardwalk. It was rather a lonely stroll. She had no particular objective. It was too early in the day for a full display of vivid costumes among the bathers on the beach. She encountered no one she knew.

Really, for a resort so extensively advertised, Gulf Stream City was not a particularly exciting place. For lack of anything better to do she had halted to view the contents of a shop window when an exclamation of happy surprise from someone immediately behind her caused Mrs. Propbridge to turn around.

Immediately it was her turn to register astonishment. A tall, well-dressed, gray-haired man, a stranger to her, was taking possession of her right hand and shaking it warmly.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Watrous," he was saying, "how do you do? Well, this is an unexpected pleasure! When did you come down from Wilmington? And who is with you? And how long are you going to stay? General Dunlap and his daughter Claire—you know, the second daughter—and Mrs. Gordon-Tracy and Freddy Urb will be here in a little while. They'll be delighted to see you! Why we'll have a reunion! Well, well, well!"

He had said all this with scarcely a pause for breath and without giving her an opportunity to speak, as though surprise

made him disregarding of labial punctuation of his sentences. Indeed, Mrs. Propbridge did not succeed in getting her hand free from his grasp until he had uttered the final "well."

"You have the advantage of me," she said. "I do not know you. I am sure I never saw you before."

At this his sudden shift from cordiality to a look half incredulous, half embarrassed was almost comic.

"What?" he demanded, falling back a pace. "Surely this is Mrs. Beeman Watrous of Wilmington? I can't be mistaken!"

"But you are mistaken," she insisted; "very much mistaken. My name is not Watrous; my name is Propbridge."

"Madam," he cried, "I beg ten thousand pardons! Really, though, this is one of the most remarkable things I ever saw in my life—one of the most remarkable cases of resemblance, I mean. I am sure anyone would be deceived by it; that is my apology. In my own behalf, madam, I must tell you that you are an exact counterpart of someone I know—of Mrs. Beeman Watrous, a very good friend of mine. Pardon me once more, but may I ask if you are related to Mrs. Beeman Watrous? Her cousin perhaps? It isn't humanly possible that two persons should look so much alike and not be related?"

"I don't think I ever heard of the lady," stated Mrs. Propbridge somewhat coldly.

"Again, madam, please excuse me," he said. "I am very, very sorry to have annoyed you." He bowed his bowed head and turned away. Then quickly he swung on his heel and returned to her, his hat again in his left hand.

"Madam," he said, "I am fearful that you are suspecting me of being one of the objectionable breed of he-flirts who infest this place. At the risk of being tiresome I must repeat once more that your wonderful resemblance to another person led me into this awkward error. My name, madam, is Murrill—Valentine C. Murrill—and I am sure that if you only had the time and the patience to bear with me I could find someone here—some acquaintance of yours perhaps—who would vouch for me and make it plain to you that I am not addicted to the habit of forcing myself upon strangers on the pretext that I have met them somewhere."

His manner was disarming. It was more than that; it was outright engaging. He was carefully groomed, smartly turned out; he had the manner and voice of a well-bred person. To Mrs. Propbridge he seemed a candid, courteous soul unduly distressed over a small matter.

"Please don't concern yourself about it," she said. "I didn't suspect you of being a professional masquerade; I was only rather startled, that's all."

"Thank you for telling me so," he said. "You take a load off my mind, I assure you. Pardon me again, please—but did I understand you to say a moment ago that your name was Propbridge?"

"Yes."

"It isn't a very common name. Surely you are not the Mrs. Propbridge?"

Without being in the least presuming he somehow had managed to convey a subtle tribute.

"I am Mrs. Justus Propbridge, if that is what you mean," she said.

"Well, then," he said in tones of relief, "that simplifies matters. Is your husband about, madam? If he is I will do myself the honor of introducing myself to him and repeating to him the explanation I have just made to you. You see, I am by way of being one of the small fish who circulate on the outer edge of the big sea where the large financial whales swim, and it is possible that he may have heard my name and may know who I am."

"My husband isn't here," she explained. "He was called away last night on business."

"Again my misfortune," he said.

They were in motion now; he had fallen into step alongside her as she moved on back up the boardwalk. Plainly her amazing resemblance to someone else was once more the uppermost subject in his mind. He went back to it.

"I've heard before now of dual personalities," he said, "but this is my first actual experience with a case of it. When I first saw you standing there with your back to



me and even when you turned round facing me after I spoke to you, I was ready to swear that you were Mrs. Beeman Watrous. Look, manner, size, voice, hair, eyes—all identical. I know her very well too. I've been a guest at one or two of her house parties. It's curious that you never heard of her, Mrs. Propbridge; she's the widow of one of the Wilmington Watrouses—the firearms people, you know—guns, rifles, all that sort of thing—and he left her more millions than she knows what to do with."

Now Mrs. Propbridge had never heard of any Wilmington Watrous, but plainly, here in the East they were persons of consequence—persons who would be worth knowing.

She nodded as though to indicate that now she did faintly recall who it was this kindly stranger had meant.

He went on. It was evident that he was inclined to be talkative. The impression was conveyed to her that here was a well-meaning but rather shallow-minded gentleman who was reasonably fond of the sound of his own voice. Yet about him was nothing to suggest overeffusiveness or familiarity.

"I've a sort of favor to ask of you," he said. "I've some friends who're motoring over to-day from Philadelphia. I had to run on down ahead of them to see a man on business. They're to join me in about an hour from now"—he consulted his watch—"and we're all driving back together to-night. General Dunlap and Mrs. Claire Denton, his daughter—she's the amateur tennis champion, you know—and Mrs. Gordon-Tracy, of Newport, and Freddy Urb, the writer—they're all in the party. And the favor I'm asking is that I may have the pleasure of presenting them to you—that is, of course, unless you already know them—so that I may enjoy the looks on their faces when they find out that you are not Mrs. Beeman Watrous. I know they'll behave as I did. They won't believe it at first. May I?"

What could Mrs. Propbridge do except consent? Indeed, inwardly she rejoiced at the prospect. She did not know personally the four named by this Mr. Murrill, but she knew mighty well who they were. What person familiar with the Social Register could fail to know who they were? Another thing had impressed her: The stranger had mentioned these notables with no especial emphasis on the names; but instead, quite casually and in a manner which carried with it the impression that such noted folk as Mrs. Denton and her distinguished father, and Freddy Urb the court jester of the innermost holies of palms of Newport and Bar Harbor and Palm Beach, and Mrs. Gordon-Tracy, the famous beauty, were of the sort with whom customarily he associated. Plainly here was a gentleman who not only belonged to the who's-who but had a very clear perception of the what-was-what. So fluttered little Mrs. Propbridge promptly said yes—said it with a gratified sensation in her heart.

"That's fine of you!" said Murrill, visibly elated. It would appear that small favors were to him great pleasures. "That's splendid! Up until now the joke of this thing has been on me. I want to transfer it to them. I'm to meet them up here in the lounge of the Churchill-Fontenay."

"That's where I am stopping," said Mrs. Propbridge.

"Is it? Better and better! We might stroll along that way if you don't mind. By Jove, I've an idea! Suppose when they arrived they found us chatting together like old friends—suppose as they came up they were to overhear me calling you Mrs. Beeman Watrous. That would make the shock all the greater for them when they found out you really weren't Mrs. Watrous at all, but somebody they'd never seen before! Are you game for it? . . . Capital! Only, if we mean to do that we'll have to kill the time, some way, for forty or fifty minutes or so. Do you mind letting me bore you for a little while? I know it's unconventional—but I like to do the unconventional things when they don't make one conspicuous."

Mrs. Propbridge did not in the least mind. So they killed the time and it died a very agreeable death, barring one small incident. On Mr. Murrill's invitation they took a short turn in a double-seated roller chair, Mr. Murrill chatting briskly all the while and savoring his conversation with offhand reference to this well-known personage and that. At his suggestion they quit the wheel chair at a point well down

the boardwalk to drink orangeades in a small glass-fronted café which faced the sea. He had heard somewhere, he said, that they made famous orangeades in this shop. They might try for themselves and find out.

The experiment was not entirely a success. To begin with, a waiter person—Mr. Murrill referred to him as a waiter person—sat them down near the front at a small, round table whose enamel top was decorated with two slopped glasses and a bottle one-third filled with wine gone stale. At least the stuff looked and smelled like wine—like a poor quality of champagne.

"Ugh!" said Mr. Murrill, tasting the air. "Somebody evidently couldn't wait until lunch time before he started his tipping. And I didn't suspect either that this place might be a bootlegging place in disguise. Well, since prohibition came in it's hard to find a resort shop anywhere where you can't buy bad liquor—if only you go about it the right way."

When the waiter person brought their order he bade him remove the bottle and the slopped glasses, and the waiter person obliged, but so sulkily and with such slowness of movement that Mr. Murrill was moved to speak to him rather sharply. Even so, the sullen functionary took his time about the thing. Nor did the orangeades prove particularly appetizing. Mr. Murrill barely tasted his.

"Shall we clear out?" he asked, making a fastidious little grimace.

At the door, on the way out, he made excuses. "Sorry I suggested coming into this place," he said, sinking his voice. "Either it is a shop which has gone off badly or its merits have been overadvertised by its loving friends. To me the whole atmosphere of the establishment seemed rather dubious, eh, what? Well, what shall we do next? I see a few bathers down below. Shall we go down on the beach and find a place to sit and watch them for a bit?"

They went; and he found a bench in a quiet place under the shorings of the boardwalk close up alongside one of the lesser bathing pavilions, and they sat there, and he talked and she listened. The man had an endless fund of gossip about amusing and noted people; most of them, it would seem, were his intimates. Telling one or two incidents in which these distinguished friends had figured he felt it expedient to sink his voice to a discreet undertone. There was plainly apparent a delicacy of feeling in this; one did not shout out the names of such persons for any curious passer-by to hear. It developed that there was an especially close bond between him and the members of General Dunlap's family, an attachment partly based upon old acquaintance and partly upon the fact that the Dunlaps thought he once upon a time had saved the life of the general's youngest daughter, Millicent.

"Really, though, it was nothing," he said deprecatingly, as befitted a modest and a mannerly man. "The thing came about like this: It was once when we were all out West together. We were spending a week at the Grand Cañon. One morning we took the Rim Drive over to Mohave Point. No doubt you know the spot? I was standing with Millicent on the outer edge of the cliff and we were looking down together into that tremendous void when all of a sudden she fainted dead away. Her heart isn't very strong—she isn't athletic as Claire, her older sister, and the other Dunlap girls are—and I suppose the altitude got her. Luckily I was as close to her as I am to you now, and I saw her totter and I threw out my arms—pardon me—like this." He illustrated with movements of his arms. "And luckily I managed to catch her about the waist as she fell forward. I held on and dragged her back out of danger. Otherwise she would have dropped for no telling how many hundreds of feet. Of course it was only a chance that I happened to be touching elbows with the child, and naturally I only did what anyone would have done in the same circumstances, but the whole family were tremendously grateful and made a great pother over it. By the way, speaking of rescues, have you heard about the thing that happened to the two Van Norden girls at Bailey's Beach last week? I must tell you about that."

Presently they both were surprised to find that forty-five minutes had passed. Mr. Murrill said they had better be getting along; he made so bold as to venture the

suggestion that possibly Mrs. Propbridge might want to go to her rooms before the automobile party arrived, to change her frock or something. Not that he personally thought she should change it. If he might be pardoned for saying so, he thought it a most becoming frock; but women were curious about such things, now honestly weren't they? And Mrs. Propbridge was constrained to confess that about such things women were curious. She had a conviction that if all things moved smoothly she presently would be urged to waive formality and join the party at luncheon. Mr. Murrill had not exactly put the idea into words yet but she sensed that the thought of offering the invitation was in his mind. In any event the impending meeting called for efforts on her part to appear at her best.

"I believe I will run up to our rooms for a few minutes before your friends arrive," she said as they arose from the bench. "I want to freshen up a bit."

"Quite so," he assented.

He left her at the doors of the Churchill-Fontenay, saying he would idle about and watch for the others in case they should arrive ahead of time.

Ten minutes later, while she was still trying to make a choice between three frocks, her telephone rang. She answered the ring; it was Mr. Murrill who was at the other end of the line. He was distressed to have to tell her that word had just reached him that on the way down from Philadelphia General Dunlap had been taken suddenly ill—an attack of acute indigestion, perhaps, or possibly a touch of the sun—and the motor trip had been halted at a small town on the mainland fifteen miles back of Gulf Stream City. He was starting immediately for the town in a car with a physician. He trusted the general's indisposition was not really serious but of course the party would be called off, and the invalid would return to Philadelphia as soon as he felt well enough to move. He was awfully sorry—Mr. Murrill was—terribly put out, and all that sort of thing; hoped that another opportunity might be vouchsafed him of meeting Mrs. Propbridge; he had enjoyed tremendously meeting her under these unconventional circumstances; and now he must go.

It was not to be denied that young Mrs. Propbridge felt distinctly disappointed. The start of the little adventure had had promise in it. She had forecast all manner of agreeable contingencies as the probable outcome.

For some reason, though, or perhaps for no definite reason at all, she said nothing to her husband, on his return from Toledo, of her encounter with the agreeable Mr. Murrill. Anyway, he arrived in no very affable state of mind. As a matter of fact he was most terrifically out of temper. Somebody or other—presumably some one of a practical joker, he figured, or possibly a person with a grudge against him who had curious methods of taking vengeance—had lured him into taking a hot, dusty, tiresome and entirely useless trip. There was no business conference on out at Toledo; no need for his presence there. If he could lay hands on the idiot who had sent him that forged telegram—well, the angered Mr. Propbridge indicated with a gesture of a large and knobby fist what he would do to the aforesaid idiot.

The next time Mr. Propbridge was halted to the broiling Corn Belt he made very sure that the warrant was genuine. One of these wild-goose chases a summer was quite enough for a man with a size-nineteen collar and a forty-six-inch waistband.

The next time befell some ten days after the Propbridges returned from the shore to their thirty-thousand-dollars-a-year apartment on Upper Park Avenue. The very fact that they did live in an apartment and that they did spend a good part of their time there would stamp them for what they were—persons not yet to be included among the really fashionable group. The really fashionable maintained large homes in which they occupied when they came to town to have dental work done or to launch a debutante daughter into society; the rest of the year they usually were elsewhere. It was the thing.

Business of importance sent Mr. Propbridge to Detroit, and then on to Chicago and Des Moines. On a certain afternoon he caught the Wolverine Limited. Almost before his train had passed One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Mrs. Propbridge had a caller. She was informed that a member of the staff of that live page, People You Know, desired to see her for a



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few minutes. Persons of social consequence or persons who craved to be of social consequence did not often deny themselves to representatives of People You Know. Mrs. Propbridge told the switchboard girl downstairs to tell the hallman to invite the gentleman to come up.

He proved to be a somewhat older man than she had expected to see. He was well-dressed enough, but about him was something hard and forbidding, almost formidable in fact. Yet there was a soothing, conciliatory tone in his voice when he spoke.

"Mrs. Propbridge," he began, "my name is Townsend. I am one of the editors of People You Know. I might have sent one of our reporters to see you but in a matter so important—and so delicate as this one is—I felt it would be better if I came personally to have a little talk with you and get your side of the affair for publication."

"My side of what affair?" she asked, puzzled.

He lifted one lip in a cornerwise smile. "Let me give you a little advice, Mrs. Propbridge," he said. "I've had a lot of experience in such matters as these. The interested parties will be better off if they're perfectly frank in talking to the press. Then all misunderstandings are avoided and everybody gets a fair deal in print. Don't you agree with me that I am right?"

"You may be right," she said, "but I haven't the least idea what you are talking about."

"I mean your trouble with your husband—if you force me to speak plainly, I'd like to have your statement, that's all."

"But I haven't had any trouble with my husband!" she said. Her amazement made her voice shrill. "My husband and I are living together in perfect happiness. You've made a mistake."

"No chance," he said, and suddenly his manner changed from the sympathetic to the accusing. "Mrs. Propbridge, we have exclusive advance information from reliable sources—a straight tip—that the proof against you is about to be turned over to your husband and we've every reason to believe that when he gets it in his hands he's going to sue you for divorce, naming as correspondent a certain middle-aged man. Do you mean to tell me you don't know anything about that?"

"Of course I mean to! Why, you're crazy! You're —"

"Wait just one minute, please," he interrupted the distressed lady. "Wait until I get through telling you how much I know already; then you'll see that denials won't help you any. As a matter of fact we're ready now to go ahead and spring the story in next week's issue, but I thought it was only fair to come to you and give you a chance to make your defense in print—if you care to make one."

"I still tell you that you've made a terrible mistake," she declared. Her anger began to stir within her, as indignation succeeded to astonishment. "How dare you come here accusing me of doing anything wrong!"

"I'm accusing you of nothing. I'm only going by the plain evidence. I might be lying to you. Other people might lie to you. But, madam, photographs don't lie. That's why they're the best possible evidence in a divorce court. And I've seen the evidence. I've got it in my pocket right now."

"Evidence against me? Photographs of me?"

"Sure. Photographs of you and the gray-haired party." He reached in a breast pocket and brought out a thin sheaf of unmounted photographs and handed them to her. "Mrs. Propbridge, just take a look at these and then tell me if you blame me for assuming that there's bound to be trouble when your husband sees them?"

She looked, and her twirling brain told her it was all a nightmare, but her eyes told her it was not. Here were five photographs, enlarged snapshots apparently: One, a profile view, showing her standing on a boardwalk, her hand held in the hand of the man she had known as Valentine C. Murrill; one, a quartering view, revealing them riding together in a wheel chair, their heads close together, she smiling and he apparently whispering something of a pleasing and confidential nature to her, the posture of both almost intimate; one, a side view, showing the pair of them emerging from an open-fronted café—she recognized the façade of the place where they

had found the orangeades so disappointing—and in this picture Mr. Murrill had been caught by the camera as he was saying something of seeming mutual interest, for she was glancing up sideways at him and he had lowered his head until his lips almost touched her ear; one, showing them sitting at a small round table with a wine bottle and glasses in front of them and behind them a background suggesting the interior of a rather shabby drinking place, a distinct impression of sordidness somehow conveyed; and one, a rear view, showing them upon a bench alongside a seemingly deserted wooden structure of some sort, and in this one the man had been snapped in the very act of putting his arms about her and drawing her toward him.

That was all—merely five oblong slips of chemically printed paper, and yet on the face of them they told a damning and a condemning story.

She stared at them, she who was absolutely innocent of thought or intent of wrong-doing, and could feel the fabric of her domestic life trembling before it came crashing down.

"Oh, but this is too horrible for words!" the distressed lady cried out. "How could anybody have been so cruel, so malicious, as to follow us and waylay us and catch us in these positions? It's monstrous!"

"Somebody did catch you, then, in compromising attitudes—you admit that?"

"You twist my words to give them a false meaning!" she exclaimed. "You are trying to trap me into saying something that would put me in a wrong light. I can explain—why, the whole thing is so simple when you understand."

"Suppose you do explain, then. Get me right, Mrs. Propbridge—I'm all for you in this affair. I want to give you the best of it from every standpoint."

So she explained, her words pouring forth in a torrent. She told him in such detail as she recalled the entire history of her meeting with the vanished Mr. Murrill—how a doctored telegram sent her husband away and left her alone, how Murrill had accosted her, and why, and what followed—all of it she told him, withholding nothing.

He waited until she was through. Then he sped a bolt, watching her closely, for upon the way she took it much, from his viewpoint, depended.

"Well," he said, "if that's the way this thing happened and if you've told your husband about it"—he dragged his words just a trifle—"why should you be so worried, even if these pictures should reach him?"

Her look told him the shot had struck home. Inwardly he rejoiced, knowing, before she answered, what her answer would be.

"But I didn't tell him," she confessed, stricken with a new cause for concern.

"I—I forgot to tell him."

"Oh, you forgot to tell him?" he repeated. Now suddenly he became a cross-examiner, snapping his questions at her, catching her up sharply in her replies. "And you say you never saw this Mr. Murrill—as you call him—before in all your life?"

"No."

"And you've never seen the mysterious stranger since?"

"There was nothing mysterious about him, I tell you. He was merely interesting."

"Anyhow, you've never seen him since?"

"No."

"Nor had any word from him other than that telephone talk you say you had with him?"

"No."

"Did you ever make any inquiries with a view to finding out whether there was such a person as this Mrs. Beeman Watrous?"

"No; why should I?"

"That's a question for you to decide. Did you think to look in the papers to see whether General Dunlap had really been taken ill on a motor trip?"

"No."

"Yet he's a well-known person. Surely you expected the papers would mention his illness?"

"It never occurred to me to look. I tell you there was nothing wrong about it. Why do you try to trip me up so?"

"Excuse me, I'm only trying to help you out of what looks like a pretty bad mess. But I've got to get the straight of it. Let me run over the points in your story: No sooner do you land in Gulf Stream City than your husband gets a faked-up telegram and goes away? And you are left all

alone? And you go for a walk all by yourself? And a man you never laid eyes on before comes up to you and tells you that you look a lot like a friend of his, a certain very rich widow, Mrs. Watrous—somebody, though, that I for one never heard of, and I know the Social Register from cover to cover, and know something about Wilmington too. And on the strength of your imaginary resemblance to an imaginary somebody he introduces himself to you? And then you let him walk with you? And you let him whisper pleasant things in your ear? Two of those pictures that you've got in your hand prove that. And you let him take you into one of the most notorious blind tigers on the beach? And you sit there with him in this dump—this place with a shady reputation —"

"I've explained to you how that happened. We didn't stay there. We came right out."

"Let me go on, please. And you let him buy you wine there?"

"I've told you about that part, too—how the bottle and the glasses were already on the table when we sat down."

"I'm merely going by what the photograph tells, Mrs. Propbridge. I'm merely saying to you what a smart divorce lawyer would say to you if ever he got you on the witness stand; only he'd be trying to convict you by your own words and I'm trying to give you every chance to clear yourself. And then after that you go and sit with him—this perfect stranger—in a lonely place alongside a deserted bath house and nobody else in sight?"

"There were people bathing right in front of us all the time."

"Were there? Well, take a look at Photograph Number Five and see if it shows any bathers in sight. And he slips his arm around you and draws you to him?"

"I explained to you how that happened," protested the badgered, desperate woman. "No matter what the circumstances seem to be I did nothing wrong. I tell you."

"All right, just as you say. Remember, I'm taking your side of it; I'm trying to be your friend. But here's the important thing for you to consider: With those pictures laid before them would any jury on earth believe your side of it? Would they believe you had no hand in sending your husband that faked-up telegram? Would they believe it wasn't a trick to get him away so you could keep an appointment with this man? Would any judge believe you? Would your friends believe you? Or would they all say that they never heard such a transparent cock-and-bull story in their lives?"

"Oh, oh!" she cried chokingly, and put her face in her hands. Then she threw up her head and stared at him out of her miserable eyes. "Where did those pictures come from? You say you believe in me, that you are willing to help me. Then tell me where they came from and who took them? And how did you manage to get hold of them?"

His baitings had carried her exactly to the desired place—the turning point, they call it in the vernacular of the confidence sharp. The rest should be easy.

"Mrs. Propbridge," he said, "you've been pretty frank with me. I'll be equally frank with you. Those pictures were brought to our office by the man who took them. I have his name and address, but am not at liberty to tell them to anyone. I don't know what his motives were in taking them; we did not ask him that either. We can't afford to question the motives of people who bring us these exclusive tips. We pay a fancy price for them and that lets us out. Besides, these photographs seemed to speak for themselves. So we paid him the price he asked for the use of them. Destroying these copies wouldn't help you any. That man still has the plates; he could print them over again. The only hope you've got is to get hold of those plates. And I'm afraid he'll ask a big price for them."

"How big a price?"

"That I couldn't say without seeing him. Knowing the sort of person he is, my guess is that he'd expect you to hand him over a good-sized chunk of money to begin with—as a proof of your intentions to do business with him. You'd have to pay him in cash; he'd be too wise to take a check. And then he might want so much apiece for each plate or he might insist on your paying him a lump sum for the whole lot. You see, what he evidently expects to

do is to sell them to your husband, and he'd expect you at least to meet the price your husband would have to pay. Any way you look at it he's got you at his mercy—and, as I see it, you'll probably have to come to his terms if you want to keep this thing a secret."

"Where is this man? You keep saying you want to serve me—can't you bring him to me?"

"I'm afraid he wouldn't come. If he's engaged in a shady business—if he's cooked up a deliberate scheme to trap you—he won't come near you. That's my guess. But if you are willing to trust me to act as your representative maybe the whole thing might be arranged and no one except us ever be the wiser for it."

Mrs. Propbridge being an average woman did what the average woman, thus cruelly circumstanced and sorely frightened and half frantic and lacking advice from honest folk, would do. She paid and she paid and she kept on paying. First off, it appeared the paper had to be recompensed for its initial outlay and for various vaguely explained incidental expenses which it had incurred in connection with the affair. Then, through Townsend the unknown principal demanded that a large sum should be handed over as an evidence of good faith on her part before he even would consider further negotiations. This, though, turned out to be only the beginning of the extortion processes.

When, on this pretext and that, she had been mulcted of nearly fourteen thousand dollars, when her personal bank account had been exhausted, when most of her jewelry was secretly in pawn, when still she had not yet been given the telltale plates, but daily was being tortured by threats of exposure unless she surrendered yet more money, poor badgered beleaguered little Mrs. Propbridge, being an honest and a straightforward woman, took the course she should have taken at the outset. She went to her husband and she told him the truth. And he believed her.

He did not stop with believing her; he bestirred himself. He had money, he had the strength and the authority which money gives. He had something else—he had that powerful, intangible thing which among police officials and in the inner politics of city governments is variously known as a pull and a drag. Straightway he invoked it.

Of a sudden Chappy Marr was aware that he had made a grievous mistake. He had calculated to garner for himself a fat roll of the Propbridge currency; had counted upon enjoying a continuing source of income for so long as the wife continued to hand over hush money. Deduct the cuts which went to Zach Traynor, alias Townsend, for playing the part of the magazine editor, and to Cheesy Mike Zauggbaum, that camera wizard of newspaper staff work turned crook's helper—Zauggbaum it was who had turned the trick of the photographs—and still the major share of the spoils due him ought, first and last, to run into five gratifying figures. On this he confidently had figured. He had not reckoned into the equation the possibility of invoking against him the Propbridge pull backed by the full force of this double-fisted, vengeful millionaire's rage. Indeed he never supposed that there might be any such pull. And here, practically without warning, he found his influence arrayed against an infinitely stronger influence, so that his counted for considerably less than nothing at all.

Still, there was a warning. He got away to Toronto, Traynor made Chicago and went into temporary seclusion there. Cheesy Zauggbaum lacked the luck of these two. As soon as Mrs. Propbridge had described the ingratiating Mr. Murrill and the obliging Mr. Townsend to M. J. Brock, head of the Brock private-detective agency, that astute but commonplace-appearing gentleman knew whom she meant. Knowing so much, it was not hard for him to add one to one and get three. He deduced who the third member of the triumvirate must be. Mr. Brock owed his preeminence in his trade to one outstanding faculty—he was an honest man who could think like a thief. Three hours after he concluded his first interview with the lady one of his operatives walked up behind Cheesy and tapped him on the shoulder and inquired of him whether he would go along nice and quiet for a talk with the boss or was inclined to make a fuss about it. In either event, so Cheesy was assured, he could have

(Continued on Page 56)



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The home pictured above is Long-Bell Plan No. 19. Ask your retail lumberman to show you floor plans of this home. If he hasn't them he can obtain them for you.

## The Event of a Life Time

THE building of a home is one of the big events in the life of any family. For the average man it happens but once, and, for that reason, home builders are very careful of location and plans.

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The production of good lumber—carefully manufactured and accurately graded—is the greatest service The Long-Bell Company knows how to render those who use its products. Back of these products is more than 40 years of experience and a constantly growing desire to give certain added values. To assist both retail lumber dealers and their customers in identifying products backed by this kind of service our lumber bears the trade-marked brand:

**Long-Bell**  
THE MARK ON QUALITY  
**Lumber**

### ASK YOUR LUMBERMAN

An incidental service provided by The Long-Bell Lumber Company is the distribution of home plans through retail lumber dealers. Four Long-Bell homes, showing the range of type and size, are pictured on this page with instructions how to obtain them.

**The Long-Bell Lumber Company**

R. A. LONG BLDG. Lumbermen Since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.

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## Do you know how checks are "raised"?

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34 East Huron Street, Chicago

Please send my copy of "The Double-Line Menace." I am attaching this to our business letterhead.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Position \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from Page 54)

his wish gratified. And Cheesy, who had the heart of a rabbit—a rabbit feeding on other folks' cabbage, but a timorous, nibbling bunny for all that—Cheesy, he went.

In Toronto Marr peaked and pined. He probably was safe enough for so long as he bided there; there had been no newspaper publicity, and he felt reasonably sure that openly, at least, the aid of regular police departments would not be set in motion against him; so he put the thoughts of arrest and extradition and such like unpleasant contingencies out of his mind. But li'l' old N'York was his proper abiding place. The smell of its streets had a lure for him which no other city's streets had. His crowd was there—the folk who spoke his tongue and played his game. And there the gudgeons on which his sort fed schooled the thickest and carried the most savory fat on their bones as they skittered over the asphaltum shoals of the Main Stem.

For a month, emulating Uncle Remus' Brer Fox, he lay low, resisting the gnawing discontent that kept screening delectable visions of Broadway and the Upper Forties and Seventh Avenue before his homesick eyes. It was a real nostalgia from which he suffered. He endured it, though, with what patience he might lest a worse thing befall. And at the end of that month he went back to the big town; an overpowering temptation was the reason for his going. There had arisen a chance for a large turnover and a quick get-away again, with an attractively large sum to stay him and comfort him after he resumed his enforced exile. An emissary from the Gulwing mob ran up to Toronto and dangled the lure before his eyes.

Harbored in New York at the present moment was a beautiful prospect—a supremely credulous cattleman from the Far West, who had been playing the curb market. A crooks' tipster who was a clerk in a bucket shop downtown had for a price passed the word to the Gulwings, and the Gulwings—Sig and Alf—were intentful to strip the speculative Westerner before the curb took from him the delectable core of his bank roll. But the Gulwing organization, complete as it is in most essential details, lacked in its personnel for the moment a person of address to undertake the steering and the convincing—to worm a way into the good graces of the prospective quarry; to find out approximately about how much in dollars and cents he might reasonably be expected to yield, and then to stand by in the pose of a pretended fellow investor and fellow loser, while the cleaning up of the plunger was done by the competent but crude-mannered Messrs. Sigmund and Alfred Gulwing and their associates. For the important rôle of the convincer Marr was suited above all others. It was represented to him that he could slip back to town and, all the while keeping well under cover, rib up the customer to go, as the trade term has it, and then withdraw again to the Dominion. A price was fixed, based on a sliding scale, and Marr returned to New York.

Three days from the day he reached town the Westerner, whose name was Hartridge, lunched with him as his guest at the Roychester, a small, discreetly run hotel in Forty-sixth Street. After luncheon they sat down in the lobby for a smoke. For good and sufficient reasons Marr preferred a quiet spot and as secluded a one as the lobby of the hotel might offer. He found it where a small red-leather sofa built for two stood in a sort of recess formed on one side by a jog in the wall and on the other side by the switchboard and the two booths which constituted the Roychester's public telephone equipment. To call the guest rooms one made use of an instrument on the clerk's desk, farther over to the left.

To this retreat Marr guided the big Oregonian. From it he had a fairly complete view of the lobby. This was essential since presently, if things went well or if they did not go well, he must privily give a designated signal for the benefit of a Gulwing underling, a lesser member of the mob, who was already on hand, standing off and on in the office. Sitting there he was well protected from the view of persons passing through, bound to or from the grill room, the desk or the elevators. This also was as it should be. Better still, he was practically out of sight of those who might approach the telephone operator to enlist her services in securing outside calls. The outjutting furniture of her desk and

the flanks of the nearest pay booth hid him from them; only the top of the young woman's head was visible as she sat ten feet away, facing her perforated board.

The voices of her patrons came to him, and her voice as she repeated the numbers after them: "Greenwich 978, please."

"Larchmont 54 party J."

"Worth 9009, please, miss."

"Vanderbilt 100."

And so on and so forth, in a steady patter, like raindrops falling; but though he could hear he could not be seen. Altogether, the spot was, for his own purposes, admirably arranged.

So they sat and smoked, and pretty soon, the occasion and the conditions and the time being ripe, Marr outlined to his new friend Hartridge, on pledge of secrecy, a wonderfully safe and wonderfully simple plan for taking its ill-gotten money away from a Tenderloin pool room. Swiftly he sketched in the details; the opportunity, he divulged in strict confidence, had just come to him. He confessed to having taken a great liking to Hartridge during their short acquaintance; Hartridge had impressed him as one who might be counted upon to know a good thing when he saw it, and so, inspired by these convictions, he was going to give Hartridge a chance to join him in the plunge and share with him the juicy proceeds. Besides, the more money risked the greater the killing. He himself had certain funds in hand, but more funds were needed if a real fortune was to be realized.

There was need, though, for prompt decision on the part of all concerned, because that very afternoon—in fact, within that same hour—there in the Roychester he was to meet, by appointment, the convincing manager of an uptown branch office of the telegraph company, who would cooperate in the undertaking and upon whose good offices in withholding flashed race results at Belmont Park until his fellow conspirators, acting on the information, could get their bets down upon the winners, depended the success of the venture. Only, strictly speaking, it would not be a venture at all, but a moral certainty, a cinch, the surest of all sure things. Guaranties against mischance entailing loss would be provided; he could promise his friend Hartridge that; and the telegraph manager, when he came shortly, would add further proof.

The question then was: Would Hartridge join him as a partner? And if so, about how much, in round figures, would Hartridge be willing to put up? He must know this in advance because he was prepared to match Hartridge's investment dollar for dollar.

And at that Hartridge, to Marr's most sincere discomfiture, shook his head.

"I'll tell you how it is with me," said Hartridge. "These broker fellows downtown have been touchin' me up purty hard. I guess this here New York game ain't exactly my game. I'm aimin' to close up what little deals I've still got on here and beat it back to God's country while I've still got a shirt on my back. I'm much obliged to you, Markham, for wantin' to take me into your scheme. It sounds good the way you tell it, but it seems like ever' thing round this burg sounds good till you test it out—and so I guess you better count me out and find yourself a partner somewhere else."

There was definiteness in his refusal; the shake of his head emphasized it too. Marr's rôle should have been the persuasive, the insistent, the argumentative, the cajoling; but Marr was distinctly out of temper.

Here he had ventured into danger to play for a fat purse and all he would get for his trouble and his pains and the risk he had run would be just those things—pains and trouble and risk—these, and nothing more nourishing.

"Oh, very well then, Hartridge," he said angrily, "if you haven't any confidence in me—if you can't see that this is a play that naturally can't go wrong—why, we'll let it drop."

"Oh, I've got confidence in you —" began Hartridge, but Marr, no patience left in him, cut him short.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" he snapped. "Forget it! Let's talk about the weather."

He lifted his straw hat as though to ease its pressure upon his head and then settled it well down over his eyes. This was the sign to the Gulwings' messenger, watching him covertly from behind a newspaper over on the far side of the lobby, that the

plant had failed. The signal he had so confidently expected to give—a trick of relighting his cigar and flipping the match into the air—would have conveyed to the watcher the information that all augured well. The latter's job then would have been to get up from his chair and step outside and bear the word to Sig Gulwing, who, letter-perfect in the part of the conspiring telegraph manager, would promptly enter and present himself to Marr, and by Marr be introduced to the Westerner. The hat-shifting device had been devised in the remote contingency of failure on Marr's part to win over the chosen victim. Plainly the collapse of the plot had been totally unexpected by the messenger. Over his paper he stared at Marr until Marr repeated the gesture. Then, fully convinced now that there had been no mistake, the messenger arose and headed for the door, the whole thing—signaling, duplicated signaling and all—having taken very much less time for its action than has here been required to describe it.

The signal bearer had taken perhaps five steps when Hartridge spoke words which instantly filled Marr with regret that he had been so impetuously prompt to take a no for a no.

"Say, hold your hosses, Markham," said Hartridge contritely. "Don't be in such a hurry! Come to think about it, I might go so far as to risk altogether as much, say, as eight or ten thousand dollars in this scheme of yours—I don't want to be a piker."

In the hundredth part of a second Marr's mind reacted; his brain was galvanized into speedy action. Ten thousand wasn't so very much—not nearly so much as he had counted on—still, ten thousand dollars was ten thousand dollars; besides, if the Gulwings did their work cannily the ten thousand ought to be merely a starter, an initiation fee, really, for the victim. Once he was ensnared, trust Sig and Alf to trim him down to his underwear; the machinery of the wire-tapping game was geared for just that.

He must stop the departing messenger then, must make him understand that the wrong sign had been given and that the fish was nibbling the bait. Yet the messenger's back was to them; ten steps, fifteen steps more, and he would be out of the door.

For Marr suddenly to hail a man he was supposed not to know might be fatal; almost surely at this critical moment it would stir up suspicion in Hartridge's mind. Yet some way, somehow, at once, he must stop the word bearer. But how? That was it—how?

Ah, he had it! In the fraction of a moment he had it. It came to him now, fully formed, the shape of it conjured up out of that jumble of words which had been flowing to him from the telephone desk all the while he had been sitting there and which had registered subconsciously in his quick brain. The pause, naturally spaced, which fell between Hartridge's "bout-faced concession and Marr's reply, was not unduly lengthened, yet in that flash of time Marr had analyzed the puzzle of the situation and had found the answer to it.

"Bully, Hartridge!" he exclaimed. "You'll never regret it. Our man ought to be here any minute now. . . . By Jove! That reminds me—I meant to telephone for some tickets for to-night's Follies—you're going with me as my guest. Just a moment!"

He got on his feet and as he came out of the corner and still was eight feet distant from the telephone girl, he called out loudly, as a man might call whose hurried anxiety to get an important number made him careless of the pitch of his voice: "Worth 10,000! Worth 10,000!"

He feared to look toward the door—yet. For the moment he must seem concerned only with the hasty business of telephoning.

Annoyed by his shouting the girl raised her head and stared at him as he came toward her.

"What's the excitement?" she demanded.

With enhanced vehemence he answered, putting on the key words all the emphasis he dared employ:

"I should think anybody in hearing could understand what I said and what I meant—Worth 10,000!"

He was alongside her now; he could risk a glance toward the door. He looked, and his heart rejoiced inside of him, for the messenger had swung about, as had half



a dozen others, all arrested by the harshness of his words—and the messenger was staring at him. Marr gave the correct signal—with quick well-simulated nervousness drew a loose match from his waistcoat pocket, struck it, applied it to his cigar, then flipped the still burning match halfway across the floor. No need for him again to look—he knew the artifice had succeeded.

"Here's your number," said the affronted young woman. With a vicious little slam she stuck a metal plug into its proper hole.

Marr had not the least idea what concern or what individual owned Worth 10,000 for a telephone number. Nor did it concern him now. Even so, he must of course carry out the pretense which so well had served him in the emergency. He entered the booth, leaving the door open for Hartridge's benefit.

"Hello, hello!" he called into the transmitter. "This is V. C. Markham speaking. I want to speak to"—he uttered the first name which popped into his mind—"to George Spillane. Want to order some tickets for a show to-night." He paused a moment for the sake of the verities; then, paying no heed to the confused rejoinder coming to him from the other end of the wire, and improvising to round out his play, went on: "What's that? . . . Not there? Oh, very well. I'll call him later. . . . No, never mind, Spillane's the man I want. I'll call again."

He hung up the receiver. Out of the tail of his eye as he hung it up he saw Sig Gulwing just entering the hotel, in proper disguise for the character of the district telegraph manager with a grudge against pool rooms and a plan for making enough at one coup to enable him to quit his present job; the job was mythical, and the grudge, too—bits merely of the fraudulent drama now about to be played—but surely Gulwing was most solid and dependable and plausible looking. His make-up was perfect. To get here so soon after receiving the cue he must have been waiting just outside the entrance. Gulwing was smart but he was not so smart as Marr—thus Marr to himself. In high good humor, he dropped a dollar bill at the girl's elbow.

"Pay for the call out of that, miss, and keep the change," he said genially. "Sorry I was so boisterous just now."

Thirty minutes later, still radiating gratification, Marr stood at the cigar stand making a discriminating choice of the best in the humidor of imported goods. Gulwing and Hartridge were over there on the sofa, cheek by jowl, and all was going well.

Half aloud, to himself, he said, smiling in prime content: "Well, I guess I'm bad!"

"I guess you are!" said a voice right in his ear; "and you're due to be worse, Chappy, old boy—much worse!"

The smile slipped. He turned his head and looked into the complacent, chubby face and the pleased eyes of M. J. Brock, head of Brock's Detective Agency—the man of all men in this world he wished least to see. For once, anyhow, in his life Marr was shaken, and showed it.

"That's all right, Chappy," said Brock soothingly, rocking his short plump figure on his heels; "there won't be any rough stuff. I've got a cop off the corner who's waiting outside if I should need him—in case of a jam—but I guess we won't need him, will we? You'll go along with me nice and friendly in a taxicab, won't you?" He flitted his thumb over his shoulder. "And you needn't bother about Gulwing either. I've seen him—saw him as soon as I came in. I guess he'll be seeing me in a minute, too, and then he'll suddenly remember where he left his umbrella and take it on the hop."

Marr said not a word. Brock rattled on in high spirits.

"Never mind worrying about old pal Gulwing—I don't want him now. You're the one you'd better be worrying about; because that's going to be a mighty long taxi ride that you're going to take with me, Chappy—fifteen minutes to get there, say, and anywhere from five to ten years to get back—or I miss my guess. . . . Yes, Chappy, you're nailed with the goods this time. Propbridge is going through; his wife too. They'll go to court; they'll press the case. And Cheesy Zauggbaum has come clean. Oh, I guess it's curtains for you all right, all right."

"You don't exactly hate yourself, do you?" gibed Marr. "Sort of pleased with yourself?"

"Not so much pleased with myself as disappointed in you, Chappy," countered

the exultant Brock. "I figured you were different from the rest, maybe; but it turns out you're like all the other crooks—you will do your thinking in a groove." He shook his head in mock sorrow. "Chappy, tell me—not that it makes any difference particularly, but just to satisfy my curiosity—curiosity being my business, as you might say—what number was it you called up from here about thirty minutes back? Come on. The young lady over yonder will tell me if you don't. Was it Worth 10,000?"

"Yes," said Marr, "it was."

"I thought so," said Brock. "I guessed as much. But say, Chappy, that's the trunk number of the Herald. Before this you never were the one to try to break into the newspapers on your own hook. What did you want with that number?"

"That's my business," said Marr.

"Have it your way," assented Brock with ironic mildness. "Now, Chappy, follow me a minute and you'll see how you dished your own beans: You call up Worth 10,000—that's a private matter, as you say. But the central gets the call twisted and gives you another number—that's a mistake. And the number she happens to give you is the number of my new branch office down in the financial district—that's an accident. And the fellow who answers the call at my shop happens to be Costigan, my chief assistant, who's been working on the Propbridge case for five weeks now—and that's a coincidence. He doesn't recognize your voice over the wire—that would be luck. But when, like a saphead, you pull your new moniker, but with the same old initials hitched to it, and when on top of that you ask for George Spillane, which is Cheesy by his most popular alias—when you do these things, Chappy, it's your own fault."

"Because Costigan is on then, bigger than a house. You've tipped him your hand, see? And with our connections it's easy—and quick—for Costigan to trace the call to this hotel. And inside of two minutes after that he has me on the wire at my uptown office over here in West Fortieth. And here I am; as a matter of fact, I've been here all of fifteen minutes."

"It all proves one thing to me, Chappy. You're wiser than the run of 'em, but you've got your weak spot, and now I know what it is: You think in a groove. Chappy, and this time, by looking at the far end of the groove you can see little old Warble-Twice-on-the-Hudson looming up. And you won't have to look very hard to see it either. . . . Well, I see Gulwing has taken a tumble to himself and has gone on a run to look for his umbrella. Suppose we start on our little taxi ride, old groove thinker?"

### The Importance of Tripping Over a Mat

(Continued from Page 10)

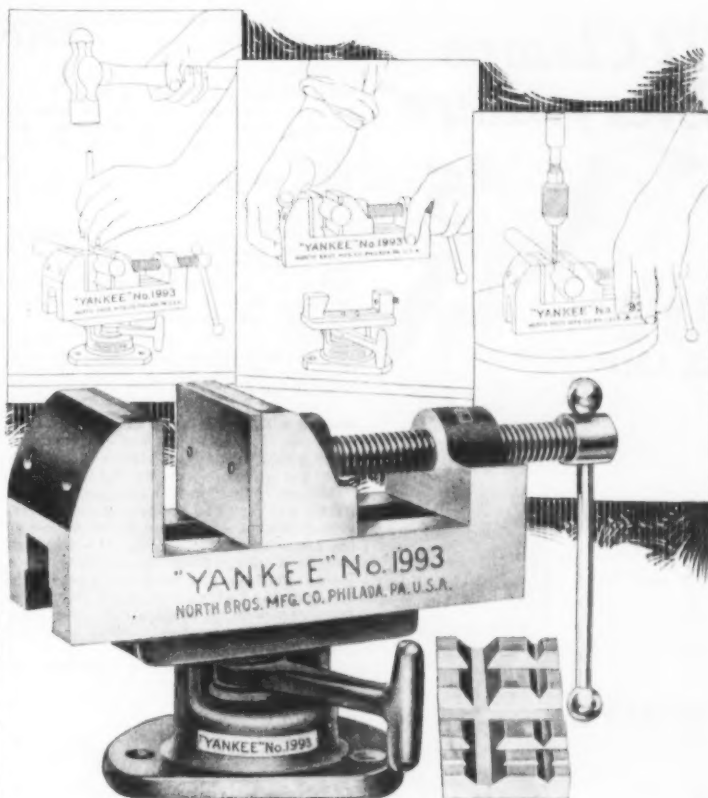
And if Frau Schmidt had replied:

Dear Mrs. Parker: Regarding the matter in the way you have so capably expressed it, it appears to me that the position is not only wrong, it's criminal, it's ridiculous! Indeed, it's—funny! I am, dear Mrs. Parker,

Your good friend, ELSA SCHMIDT.

Now if these two letters could have been published throughout the earth instead of columns of threats and abuse and rumors and statistics—if they could have been allowed to sink in—the wag would eventually have triumphed. There would have been cartoons of Frau Schmidt seeing her good boy off to the horological institute. There would have been snapshots of Mrs. Parker handing her son a cup of tea, and an enlarged photograph of a pair of boots he had just made for the vicar. There would probably have been a comic song in the music halls, "Oh, Fanny Parker, what a ma you are!" The town of Chelmsford would have been invaded by cinema operators. French caricaturists would certainly have drawn unflattering portraits of Frau Schmidt and American newspapers would have made puns; but it would eventually have dawned upon everyone that Frau Schmidt was right. The idea of an international war was—funny.

The Kaiser would have tripped over a mat, and had such a tumble that the world would have laughed for years. It would be laughing now, laughing and holding its sides, instead of weeping over the rack of a tragedy from which it can never hope to recover.



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TRADE MARK



## THE CROWNING GLORY

(Continued from Page 11)

Nero also had a collection of wigs for that purpose. Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius, had several hundred wigs, the historian remarking casually, "as was the custom."

As a rule, though, wigs were worn for adornment. The wig as an aid to health is decidedly modern.

I have a very dear friend, a theatrical producer, who often dines with me at a club in New York. He is almost totally bald, a bare fringe of hair remaining below his ears in the back. One day I met him on the street. He was snuffing with a cold.

"Billy," I said to him, "I am not trying to boost my business, you know; but why don't you wear a wig? It would be a big help to you."

"Not for me," he replied. "I've gone around with this head a long time, and it suits me. If I put on a wig everybody in town would be giving me the laugh. Folks have got used to seeing me bald."

Naturally I dropped the suggestion. My friend was just like the rest of them—too vain to wear a wig; afraid of the glances of his acquaintances. To him the wig was merely a contraption to improve one's looks. Personally, I have never been able to understand why a man should have any more objection to wearing false hair than spectacles or false teeth. But they are that way.

Three months after I had made this suggestion to Billy he came into our store one day. He had been ill for a month, and looked it.

"I guess you win," he said. "The doctor has ordered me to wear a wig and has sent me to you. He says it is the only way to prevent a recurrence of the pneumonia that nearly got me."

"Isn't it natural," I said to him, "that a man should protect his bare scalp as well as his bare feet?"

He mumbled some objection, but carried out the doctor's orders.

In a few weeks the fellows around the club got so accustomed to Billy and his wig that they forgot he wore one—could not remember him with his head shining like a billiard ball.

If you would appreciate what bald-headed men suffer through their stubborn feeling against wigs, just have your hair clipped short some time and sit near an open door or ride in an open car.

### When Women Get Bald

Oddly enough, women have no such prejudice against false hair. I am of the opinion, after all, that women are not nearly so vain as men when it comes right down to cases. Of course, this may not be a lack of vanity, but merely vanity in a different form. For centuries women have worn wigs for adornment, as I have said. No woman ever objected to wearing a switch to make up for lost hair. If the hair is entirely gone they eagerly accept the complete wig. False hair always has been one of women's chief tricks to make themselves attractive. Hair is their crowning glory, and they have sense enough not to let that glory be dimmed.

The women of years gone by had a much more practical idea about hair than their sisters of to-day have. If they wanted hair of a different color they did not dye it. They simply wore a complete wig of the shade desired. If they tired of that, still another wig was secured. All this time their natural hair was just as good as ever.

In this day, in an effort to have their hair colored and at the same time appear natural, women use chemical dyes. The roots of the hair have a way of coming out in time to expose the fraud. That calls for another dye or an inglorious-looking head of hair. Eventually this continuous dyeing will ruin the hair completely, and a wig becomes necessary after all. It would be much better for looks and for the hair in the long run to get a wig in the first place. In our place we dye hair, of course; but I always hate to do it. The women of old had the right idea.

The average person would be surprised to know the number of women of to-day who wear wigs for baldness. Often the question is asked, Why do men get bald, and not women? The answer is that when a woman gets bald nobody knows it but the wigmaker. Women are not foolish enough to go around with shining pates.

It is true that the percentage of baldness among men is greater than among women. That I attribute to close-fitting, air-tight hats worn by men, and also to the fact that women, appreciating the beauty and charm of hair, take better care of it.

My business and that of my employees is to make wigs or employ false hair in any form that is attractive—and salable. At the same time it is the pride of every man or woman in my establishment to restore real hair. That is looked upon as a greater achievement.

It is hardly possible to start hair growing afresh on a bald head and turn out a full covering, but it is quite possible to save hair that is beginning to fall out. At times we have got such good results as to make the wearing of a wig unnecessary.

If your hair shows signs of falling out I would advise you to go immediately to some reputable hairdresser and see if it cannot be saved. It is well worth trying. Do not rely entirely on hair tonics. Ordinary hair tonics are largely alcoholic, and will do away with dandruff temporarily simply because the alcohol absorbs and evaporates all greasy substances. But it will come back. I am not altogether sure that dandruff is the main destroyer of hair, anyway. Often I have seen wonderful heads of hair full of dandruff. It is much better, and just as cheap in the long run, to consult someone who has made a thorough study of the diseases of the hair.

### No Substitute for Hair

There are certain diseases of the hair, of course, which can never be cured. Many men are attacked with a certain germ that gets at the base of the hair and finally destroys every hair root in the body. Every hair falls out and nothing can restore it. I know a lot of men who have not so much as an eyelash left. There is no hope for those cases. The only relief is a wig for the head and woolen clothes for the body. An odd feature to that disease is that it in no way affects the body otherwise. I used to think this ailment peculiar to hard students, such as judges and lawyers, because so many of them are affected. That is not true, however. Among my customers, totally bereft of hair, are actors, race-track men, statesmen, and even men who live in the woods. I even have a major-league umpire on the list.

Few men ever change their wigmakers once they are fitted satisfactorily. We keep their measurements on file just as an optician does a man's glasses. It is not unusual to get an order for a new wig from some customer traveling in distant parts of the world.

Wigs are expensive because they are made of real hair. A full wig of good quality—one to wear in everyday life—costs anywhere from fifty to one hundred twenty-five dollars. Since the days of the Egyptians no one has been able to discover a substitute for human hair. Some cheap wigs for stage purposes are made of carefully woven jute, but that will not do for everyday use. Even the well-made dolls must have human hair. A child of ten years can tell the difference instantly.

Some men are very particular about knowing from where we get the hair used in their wigs. All of them, as a rule, object to Chinese hair.

I have one customer, a New York society man, totally bald. I have made his wigs for years. He always insists on knowing whose hair he is wearing. I try not to fool him, though sometimes that is impossible. In many cases I do not know.

Not long ago he came in for his new wig. It fitted perfectly and he expressed pleasure at the gloss of the hair.

"It seems a little fine and silky," he said, "but I guess I can't kick. Where did it come from?"

"I guess you can't kick," I said, laughing. "Anyway you'd better not let anybody hear you kicking. That is your wife's hair."

A month before my hairdresser had bobbed the wife's hair and I made a point of saving it for this purpose.

For years we got most of our hair from the European peasants. They make a business of selling their hair. We also get a lot from the institutions of religious orders which require the women to wear short hair.

Shortly after China became a republic and the Chinese cut off their queues our market was flooded with Chinese hair at a cheap price. It is not very good hair to use, though, because it is so stiff and coarse.

I didn't know until then that the Chinese did not wear queues as a matter of choice. It seems that when the Manchus conquered China centuries ago, and the old dynasty was set up, the Chinese were required to wear queues as a symbol of subjugation. The moment a republic was established and the dynasty ended the Chinese had their queues cut. They did it in a sort of public ceremony, hundreds gathering at a time. The discarded queues were piled up and shipped to America and Europe in bales.

We get a lot of our finest hair nowadays through the fad of women having their hair bobbed. Unless they demand their shorn locks the barbers buy them and in turn sell them to hair dealers. A fine head of hair often has brought twenty dollars or more. Usually, though, it is much less.

Of course our main commercial asset is the theater. Nine-tenths of my business is in making contracts to furnish wigs for entire productions. The most interesting feature—the spice of our trade—is the private cases.

Unwittingly, perhaps, I have aided in the commission of crime by the fitting of wigs and beards, but I believe I have more than made up for it by the assistance I have given frequently in the exposure of criminals.

The meanest purpose for disguise I have ever known was that of the spiritualistic fakers. I was a party to this for some time before I realized what was going on with my aid—to what baseness and heartlessness the human mind can descend for the sake of making a little money.

### Mysterious Orders

A clerical looking man came into my office one day in Chicago—I first started business in Chicago—and showed me a photograph of an elderly man who apparently had silver-gray hair and wore the old-fashioned sideburns, as we called them.

"Can you make a man up to look like that?" he said.

I assured him that it could be done easily. "Will it be necessary for the man to come here and be fitted?"

"Not at all," I told him. "This is unusually simple. Just get me the measurements of his head according to this chart"—I showed him one of our regular measuring charts—"and mail it."

As the outfit was to be used but once, I assumed that it was for an amateur theatrical performance and gave him a special rate. He wanted the cheapest of material.

The man paid in advance and gave me an address in one of the Middle Western towns. I was to mail the wig and sideburns as soon as he sent the measurements. He also left a bank reference in case he should send more orders.

"An easier and quicker way," I suggested to him, "would be to send them by express, C. O. D."

I was fishing for more business, but he seemed extraordinarily pleased at the suggestion. He assured me that I might expect several orders from him in the next month or so. My natural assumption was that he was giving amateur theatrical performances.

The measurements came back promptly and I forwarded the outfit. True to his promise, the man sent me several more orders within the next month or so. Always he would send a photograph, sometimes of a man and sometimes of a woman. On it he would mark "blond" or "brunet," knowing the necessity of making the hair blend with the eyes and complexion.

Though this priestly gentleman's business was appreciated, it struck me as odd that he should cover so many towns and small cities in the Middle West. Always the wigs were ordered sent by express to no particular street address, the customer evidently calling for them in person.

One night about this time, in a club in Chicago, a stranger to me sat at our table. The topic of discussion was spiritualism. We were told by this man that it was quite possible for a good medium to get in actual touch with the departed spirits. Moreover he assured us that some extraordinary



mediums could bring back the spirit in its earthly form and give comfort to the relatives.

We were inclined to scoff at the idea. Under the influence of two or three drinks the stranger—a nonresident member of the club, it seemed—challenged us to go with him to a séance that very night at a small hall in the outskirts of Chicago. Being young, and also under the enlivening influence of a drink or two ourselves, we accepted the invitation. When we got there the hall was filled with silent people, most of whom had suffered recent bereavement, as could be seen from their mourning dress. The place had been so partially darkened as to appear sepulchral and spooky.

Near me sat a woman, evidently a widow past middle age. At a moment when everything was depressingly silent and tense the deep, mournful voice of the medium, now under the spell, asked if a Mrs. Elkman, or something like that, was in the audience. The widow on my right trembled perceptibly. She answered affirmatively in a shaky, frightened voice.

"It's Jim," canted the medium, "and he would speak with her. He will appear in his earthly form."

In a moment there appeared out of the darkness at the back of the rostrum—a sort of stage—the face of a man wearing a gray beard, his hair almost white. His skin was sallow and pasty, unearthly.

I was startled at first, but looked again. Then I burst out laughing. For that breach I got a kick in the shins.

"Have you paid off the note at the First National Bank?" asked the spirit in a terrible, mournful voice.

The little woman whimpered that it was not yet due.

"Ah, then you know it is there," said the voice. "That you must watch. Much of your happiness —"

Again I laughed aloud. I simply could not help it. The beard and wig on that spirit had been made by me and had been expressed to my priestly looking customer a week before.

I started over to speak to the poor, deluded woman, but before I could do so my friends grabbed me and, with the assistance of the club stranger, yanked me out of the hall.

"The biggest bunk in the world," I said to them. "I made that wig and beard myself. That crowd of burglars ought to be arrested."

They persuaded me to do nothing that night, lest I be arrested for interfering with a meeting.

When morning came the spiritualistic medium and his assistants had departed, as had the club stranger. He, it developed, was the press agent for the concern.

#### How the Swindlers Worked

For two years that swindler had been using me to carry out his imposition on poor bereaved people. That idea of playing on the sorrow of relatives is what burned me up. I knew, of course, that the man could send his orders to other wigmakers, but personally I would have nothing more to do with it.

This gang of spiritualistic swindlers worked in a most systematic way. They had an advance man and woman on the road, experts in getting into the good graces of small-town people and in bestowing sympathy. If they read of the death of a wealthy or prominent man they would go to that town and stop at the hotel, often at a boarding house. By casual inquiry they would learn of the habits of the deceased man and work around until they got an introduction to the widow or other relatives. Eventually they would call at the home on some pretense of business and talk sympathetically to the bereaved. Their main object was to get a photograph. Often they ingratiated themselves so well as to be permitted to take a camera snapshot of an enlarged portrait, if that were necessary. Anyway, they got a photograph.

In the meantime they would pick up a few incidents in the life of the departed—something that could be used to sound familiar to the bereaved; some simple remark or question that the medium could use later to inspire awe and conviction in the minds of his victims.

While one expert worked on the wealthy family, the other would locate photographs and facts about the recently deceased of less prominence. The conversation would gradually lead to spiritualism. The bereaved would grasp at this straw half the

time, a former faker told me. If the person was wealthy and shrank from publicity the victim was told that arrangements could be made for a private séance in the home. This would be expensive, of course; but in a case like that, the victim was told, money should not figure. Every influence would be brought upon a great medium that the come-on man knew to bring him to this town and to a private séance.

The trick was really turned when the photograph was secured. This photograph would be mailed to me by special delivery, with instructions to express the wig at the earliest possible moment. The information as to past incidents and personal mannerisms they would save for the arch faker, the great medium. When I learned these things I began to understand why the orders came from so many towns.

Upon arrival the great medium would study the photograph, which I always returned with the wig, and proceed to make himself up. He always painted his face so as to give it an unearthly pallor. The slightest resemblance to the deceased, under the circumstances, would answer the purpose.

Often these swindlers would stay in a town a week or ten days, causing the people to gossip and gasp in wonder. Half of them believed implicitly in the genuineness of the séance.

If the bereft was wealthy and gullible the crooks would work on that person until they had milked every nickel possible, giving one séance after another in private. I know of one widow who was swindled out of five thousand dollars. I have heard of wealthy families in the big cities being swindled for four times that.

You may rest assured that I make no more wigs for spiritualistic fakers. Just the same, they still get them.

#### Her Wig Was Her Fortune

Most of us in our boyhood days have been thrilled by the weird detective stories where the donning of disguises and the dramatic unmasking play such prominent parts. On the stage this tearing off of the trick beard and suddenly exclaiming "Old Hawkshaw, the detective!" has come to be burlesque comedy.

At the same time, detectives do wear disguises, and they are made by expert wigmakers. We have to make them so as to defy detection. Also, among our best customers are the process servers, men who serve legal papers on defendants in civil-court proceedings. They are required to present the summons to the man personally. Sometimes that is very difficult.

Less than a month ago a process server came to me to be disguised. He had located the man he sought, but this man knew him personally and was sure to evade him. The process server planned to serve his man while sitting at a table in a restaurant. I fixed him up with a stubby gray beard, and it worked.

Six years ago the mother of two daughters, both moving-picture actresses, came to me for advice. Both her daughters were brunettes. One had not been very successful.

"A thing I can't understand," she said, "is that though Mary is every bit as clever as her sister, really a better-trained artist, she has trouble in getting jobs. Her sister will soon be starred. Mary is more vivacious and has more personality, but somehow she seems unable to get it on the screen. I thought, maybe, it might be the hair."

After some discussion I asked that she bring Mary to see me. I saw at once that the girl had all the characteristics of a blond ingénue. Her black hair, though, seemed to smother the charms that should have been accentuated. I must remind you that I have been studying stage people and making the proper wigs for them for a quarter of a century. My observation was not that of a person who had taken a casual look and a big guess. I felt sure that the mother was right—that it was the hair.

We decided to make her a blonde. The wig was constructed with great care and fitted perfectly over her black hair.

The demand for Mary's services began to grow immediately, once she had played a small character part as a blonde. The missing personality came out plainly on the screen. To-day that girl makes forty thousand dollars a year, easily distancing her brunet sister. Her face is so familiar to movie patrons that a statement that she was not a natural blonde would be met with derision. Mary's personality has been

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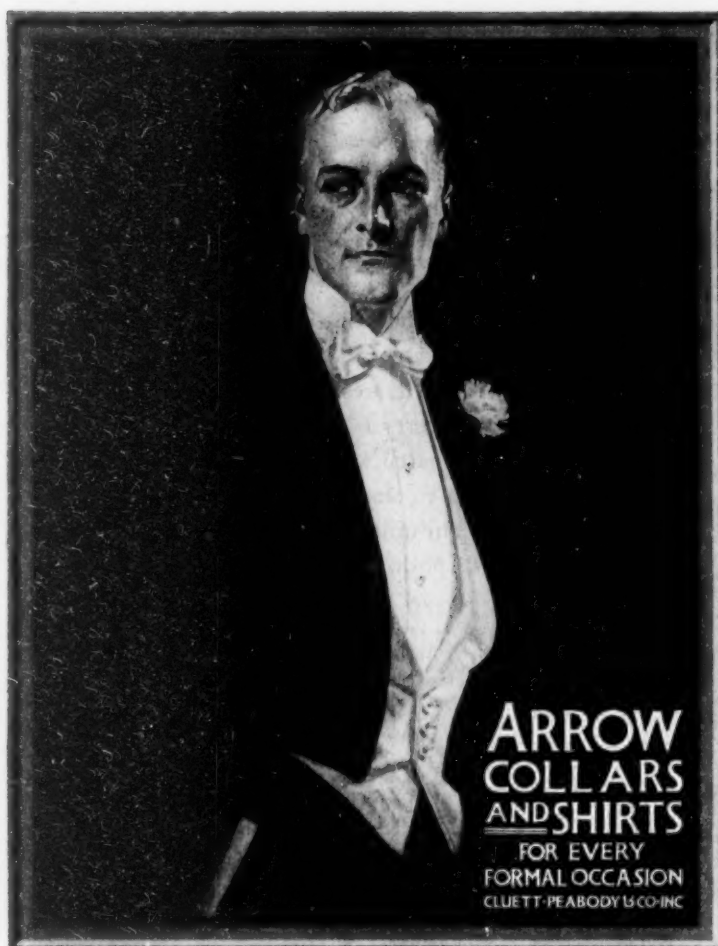
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so linked with her blond hair that she always wears the wig, even on the streets. Her stage name, by the way, is not Mary.

A number of prominent actresses had to become blondes on the screen. On the other hand there are blondes who for facial reasons have to be made brunettes in the pictures. Though the screen shows only black and white, it is very easy for anyone to tell the difference between a blonde and a brunette. It is also noticeable if a girl should appear as a blonde when something in her face indicates that she should have been a brunette. I do not pretend to understand the psychology of it, or whatever may be the name of the science, but there is an unmistakable difference in the characteristics and mannerisms of blondes and brunettes—even in men. You may not be able to define it, but it's there. Study it sometime and you will understand what I mean.

We have to watch that peculiarity very closely in making wigs for men who wear them in everyday walks of life. The surest way to avoid a conflict—that indefinable thing that offends the eye—is to use the iron-gray wig. It suits either.

When a customer comes to a professional wigmaker we naturally assume that his purpose is legitimate. He might be a detective, an actor or anybody. It is not for us to say. Often, though, it is for us to learn.

Some years ago a man with the ruddy complexion and clear eye of one who lives out-of-doors came in to get a wig and beard of the finest quality. He insisted that they should match perfectly and be fastened securely. It was easy to match the outer edge of his natural hair, and we made a wig for him that could not be detected. Beards, perhaps you know, are usually one or two shades lighter than the hair. A man with dark brown hair often will have a sandy-colored mustache. We have to be extremely careful about that. The average eye is unerring in detecting something that does not seem natural.

As we were finishing the job this man turned and asked me for the address of a first-class clothing store. I told him of a store on Broadway where he could get everything from socks to underclothes or an overcoat, and gave him my card. His question showed that he was not familiar with New York, a thing that caused me to note the incident.

### Fatal Stupidity

He went to the store I had recommended and was outfitted to the smallest detail, discarding all his old clothing. This was reported to me, because he had mentioned my name, the salesman sending me a letter of thanks.

Two days later I picked up a morning paper and saw the picture of a bandit—a man who had made a sensational hold-up of a train out West. Later I saw this photograph posted at one of the railroad stations with a reward of one thousand dollars for his capture. I studied the photograph carefully and recognized it as that of the man who had come to me for a wig and beard. It occurred to me that I was very likely the only man in New York, excepting my assistants, who had seen the bandit as he was when the photograph was taken.

I called up the detective bureau, and one of their crack men came around. I told him of the wig and beard and of the purchase of clothing. The detective had no difficulty in finding out the kind of suit he had bought, the man having made the fatal mistake of using my card. A few days later the bandit was picked up in the Grand Central Station.

All criminals, as a rule, have spells of stupidity. If that bandit, for instance, had worn the beard when he held up the train and discarded it afterward the chances are he could have ridden right in the train with the people he had robbed, without detection.

This thing of penetrating disguises, the marvelous stunts of the men with camera eyes are mostly imaginary. There really are men with camerallike eyes who never forget a face, but when a criminal is well made up he has a different face, you see. Not many people will recognize an old face through a new beard. In fact, not one person in ten can recognize a man on the street from his photograph, even if he is not made up.

A year or so before the big war a well-known New York banker was sought in a big lawsuit. Hundreds of process servers were on his trail trying to serve a summons

on him, but none did. At times this man was reported to have been in various states and in foreign countries.

As a matter of fact, the banker was right in New York all the time, and was making trips to Boston and Philadelphia every day or so. I went to his home every morning and made him up. When the time was right—at least, when he decided it was right—this banker sent out for the process servers and accepted the summons to court.

It may have occurred to you that there is danger of a wig or beard coming off, or you may have inquired how that can be prevented. As a matter of fact, there is little danger of that. There are several ways of securing wigs to the scalp. The ones for everyday use are usually made with a sort of weblike cloth base. This is somewhat elastic. It fits the head so snugly that it takes quite a tug to yank it off. I am referring to those of men. Women's wigs are somewhat elastic around the edges, the crown being loose, so as to fit over the more abundant hair. They can be held on by hairpins—many ways in fact. Women have no trouble on that score.

### Problems Arising From Crime

Beards cannot have much of a base or it will be detected. For perfect disguise the hair is sometimes glued directly to the skin by a special mucilaginous preparation. It all depends on the kind of beard. It is much simpler, for instance, to attach a big bushy beard than one of the closely cropped Vandikes. Of course, the old trick of hanging the beard by a wire hook around the ears is pure burlesque comedy stuff.

Being considered an expert on hair, I have been called into consultation frequently by the district attorneys and detective bureaus during the investigation of murder cases. It is rare, though, that I have appeared in court before a jury as a witness. What little help I have been able to give is mostly in preparation of the cases.

Often you have read in the newspapers of tufts of hair being found around the scene of a murder, and of a question being raised as to whether this is human or animal hair. There should be no question about that. It is not difficult to determine. If animal hair could not be detected as a substitute for human hair we could use it successfully in wigs. But we can't. The difference is quite obvious.

In one celebrated case the victim of the murderer had been found with a few locks of hair clutched in his stiffened fingers. The man suspected of the crime, and under arrest, had light blond hair, while that in the fingers of the dead man appeared to be gray. The detectives could not decide. They had called me to determine for them whether these locks of hair could have come from the suspect's head, or if it was possible to have temporarily dyed them that slightly different shade. The assumption was, of course, that these locks had been snatched from the head of the murderer by the dying victim.

But a glance was required for me to answer their questions. My decision, it developed, brought out a phase of the case that they had not considered. A very obvious thing had been overlooked.

"Certainly," I said, examining the locks, "this hair could have been dyed. In fact, I am convinced that this was dyed, but it was never pulled from a human scalp. It is false hair."

Strangely enough, that had not occurred to the investigators. The ends of the hair showed me quite plainly that they had not been pulled out by the roots.

"This hair came from a wig," I said. Later it came out that the murderer had worn a wig and that the man under arrest had not committed the crime, though he had knowledge of it.

To show you that there is always variety to keep a wigmaker's life from growing dull, I must tell you of a little incident that followed immediately after this sordid murder business. I had just got back to my office when a handsome woman of forty dropped in. She brought with her a small rosewood box.

"I have here the curls that were cut from my husband's head when he was a boy," she said, and opening the box she poured out a double handful of beautiful golden locks.

"I want you to make these into a wig for a doll," she said, "so that I can give it to my ten-year-old daughter for a birthday present. The curls were cut from her father's head when he was ten."



## INSECT-BORNE DISEASES

(Continued from Page 15)

glands in the groin. If the hands were bitten or scratched the same catch-basin process occurred in the glands of the armpit.

There is also a terribly fatal—nearly 100 per cent—form of the disease known as pneumonic plague, in which the germs attack the lungs and are spread by coughing and sneezing. Now when a rare case of plague breaks through our quarantine barrier we wage a war of extermination against the rats of the seaport and put down a barrage of insect powder, and seldom does the blight spread to a dozen cases.

It had been noted since the fifteenth century that all the rats suddenly disappeared from a doomed town or village just before the plague struck. This was put down to the demonic intelligence of the sinister little brutes, and may possibly have given rise to the picturesque superstition about rats leaving a sinking ship. What had really happened was that the beasts caught the disease first, brought by visitors of their own species, and ran down into their holes and died; and then the fleas left their fur and got busy house hunting or man hunting.

Some day perhaps we'll acquire sense enough to clean up and exterminate once and for all that filthy and destructive non-paying guest of ours, the rat, and get rid of the last possible menace of the plague. Incidentally we should save ourselves about a half billion a year in the process, for each one of us humans has his familiar spirit in the shape of one of these gray devils in fur, whose board in grain, flour, apples, cabbages, chickens and the like costs about five dollars a year. One of the grave difficulties in fighting the plague in the Orient is that the natives refuse to kill rats for fear they might be sheltering the spirits of deceased ancestors and kinsfolk!

## The Conquest of Yellow Jack

Next in the list of insect-borne ghosts which have been pretty completely laid to rest is yellow fever, or yellow jack. This disease was one of the contributions to human unhappiness made by the New World. It raged for centuries in the West Indies and the Caribbean, incidentally defeating, in Santo Domingo, Napoleon's attempt to win back Louisiana, surging up into our Southern States every three to five years. So that in the first century and a half of our history it is estimated to have cost us at least one hundred and fifty thousand lives. One surge in 1793 reached as far north as Philadelphia, and swept away over four thousand lives, more than one-tenth of her population.

In 1898, just after the Spanish-American War, the matchless heroism and martyrdom of Walter Reed, Carroll and Lazear proved that its only means of spread was by the bite of a single species of mosquito, *Stegomyia*. As a result, in the twenty-three years since, we have seen only two notable invasions by yellow jack, both of which were fought to a finish before they got past New Orleans, with a total loss of a few hundred lives instead of the twenty-five thousand which would have been our death toll in twenty years at the former rate.

One spark of infection shot across the border from Mexico into Brownsville, Texas, in 1903, but was stamped out before it had reached 10 per cent of the population, and spread no farther, though just across the line in Matamoros it had attacked 50 per cent of the population, with a high death rate—a fair sample of fatalism versus fighting.

Now one sanitary expedition after another, aided by the local health authorities, has cleared up and destroyed the pest holes and breeding places of the *Stegomyia* all over Central and South America, until a few months ago its last harbor and haven of refuge in Guayaquil was stormed and captured, while at the same time Noguchi discovered the germ of the disease and a helpful serum for its cure, and we can begin to plan the inscription on the tombstone of yellow fever.

One of the chief reasons for the swiftness and brilliant completeness of our victory has been that the *Stegomyia* mosquito clings so closely to human habitations and homesteads that, like the rat and the fly, it is really one of our domestic animals. Not only does it build under our eaves like the swallows, but it breeds under our very noses and becomes a parlor boarder. Some of the

intimacies which it strikes up are really extraordinary. In the first successfully fought epidemic in New Orleans the authorities were greatly puzzled by the steady persistence of yellow-fever mosquitoes in certain big old-fashioned houses in the lower part of the city. All the tanks and reservoirs of water, the cisterns, barrels and pools had been emptied, oiled or screened and the *Stegomyia* had almost completely disappeared from the city; but these old houses were simply swarming with them.

Search was made again from cellar to attic for any possible concealed or forgotten house reservoirs or cisterns, but all in vain. In the last raid one of the inspectors happened to see a mosquito fly out of a water pitcher in one of the bedrooms. He picked it up, looked in, and there, behold, was a thriving colony of wigglers, larvae in their own private porcelain-lined pool! The house was used as a boarding house. There was no running water in the rooms and the boarders were supplied with pitchers and washbasins, filled up daily with water carried upstairs in buckets. The careless servants didn't take the trouble to empty the pitchers before refilling them for weeks at a stretch, and, behold, ideal breeding pools, with plenty of time for eggs to hatch!

## Unsuspected Breeding Spots

Another instance is even more ludicrously incredible. When we undertook to dig the Panama Canal, among other things which we took over from the French company was a hospital managed by one of the nursing sisterhoods of nuns. The hospital was admirably conducted, but two of its wards were simply swarming with yellow fever. Scores of cases would develop in them every year. The windows were thoroughly screened and all cisterns and tanks covered, but still mosquitoes and cases of fever kept appearing. The ward was gone over with a fine-tooth comb, and it was discovered that on account of a dreadful plague of ants the feet of all the bedsteads were kept standing in saucers full of water to keep the little pests from running up the legs and getting into the mattresses. The saucers were kept perpetually refilled, and when examined were found swarming with larvae. The saucers were promptly emptied of their egg-larvae soup and filled with kerosene instead, and the *Stegomyia* and fever disappeared as if by magic.

Yellow fever, incidentally, gets its name in the same way that black death did; only its poisons, breaking down the blood more slowly, produce yellow pigments, like that of the bile, which give a deep yellow or jaundiced tint to the skin. Later in the disease the poisons break down the blood in the walls of the stomach more violently with black or livid colors, and when this broken-down blood is brought up it forms the dreaded black vomit, a very serious but not always fatal symptom.

Another insect-spawned pest is that world scourge of the tropics and half of the temperate zone, malaria, probably the deadliest enemy that man has ever known. It has probably done more than any other single influence—flood, tempest, frost, war, famine—to hold back the progress of the human race and keep man savage, feeble, half civilized. Only when man had struggled blindly northward up from the jungle and the sweltering steam into comparatively fever-free latitudes did the human spirit really become capable of flights. Even after climbing beyond the reach of this pestilence, when greed of conquest led him to plunge back into his poisoned pool, he brought the old enemy home with him. It is strongly suspected that the decay of Greece and the fall of Rome were largely due to malaria, brought back by the armies from Africa and Asia.

When we say "fever" or "jungle fever" or "tropical fever" or "tropical heat" or "sunstroke" we mean, nine times out of ten, malaria. It is the curse of the tropics, the bane of early civilizations, the angel with the flaming sword at the gate till just recently which forbade modern man to return to his primeval Garden of Eden, his equatorial cradle. The real foe of civilization from Jamestown to Panama and the Congo is the mosquito. Conquer her and you open the tropics for white civilization.

One of the most ghastly of insect-spread tragedies is the terrible sleeping sickness of

Central Africa. The first shadow of the approach of this pestilence was in 1895, when Bruce discovered that the dread horse sickness which threatened to exterminate the horses in Cape Colony and Natal was due to a new kind of blood parasite called a *Trypanosoma*, spread by the bite of the tsetse fly. About the same time a similar parasite was found in a long-dreaded plague of horses in India known as surra. Then with the aid of the ultramicroscope Schaudinn discovered the famous parasite, or germ of syphilis, the spirochete, and found it belonged to this class, and the English commission identified another *Trypanosoma* in the blood of African natives in that last sleep which begins weeks this side of the grave, the devastating sleeping sickness, and the blighting big four of blood parasites—tsetse, surra, syphilis and sleeping sickness—was complete.

How the sleeping sickness, originally a little local fever, a mere pocket infection in one or two remote river valleys, carried by the bite of a fly of the tsetse order, *Glossina*, from big game—antelopes, buffaloes and the like—to humans, awakened by the touch of civilization, has spread like a devil unchained along the newly opened trade routes is familiar to every reader of the daily papers. Before the war all the colonial governments involved had to drop everything else and join hands to fight it, and by dint of clearing the banks of rivers and lakes of the long grass and bushes in which the fly breeds, moving the native villages back from the water's edge up to higher ground in the forest and exterminating the already vanishing big game, a temporary armed peace has been secured. But the dead in Uganda alone number a quarter of a million, and this covers probably little more than a tenth of its total ravages.

As is probably generally known, America was the native home and birth ground of that noblest of our animal friends, the horse. Here millions of years ago he grew up from a tiny five-toed creature no bigger than a fox, called *Eohippus*, or Dawn horse, *hippos* being Greek for horse, as in hippodrome, horse race, hippopotamus, horse of the river, and so on.

## An Ancient Mystery Solved

Geologists have collected with infinite pains a superb ancestral picture gallery of literal lithographs, or stone cuts, fossils of the rocks showing every stage of growth up to the modern wild horse—nothing like it anywhere in the world. For fully half a million years they grew and shot up and flourished in hundreds of thousands, then suddenly, only a short geologic period before the appearance of man, they disappeared as suddenly and completely as if they had been engulfed by an earthquake, and never reappeared again in America until brought over by the early Spanish explorers. It was not an earthquake or a southward push of a glacier ice sheet, for all the other families of animals went right on filling the records of the rocks with their fossil thumb prints.

What could possibly have wiped out of existence one of the hardestiest and most vigorous of all the creatures and spared all the rest? It was one of the most puzzling mysteries of geology.

A short time ago the famous paleontologist—which is a terrible name to call an unoffending scientist, but only means student of ancient life—Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, puzzling over this mystery, noticed a report of the latest ravages of the tsetse fly among both horses and humans. The thought struck him at once, why might not some fly-borne plague solve the problem? He made inquiries among his scientific friends who were interested in fossil insects and was told that there was no known trace of any fly or other insect capable of such a spread in the rocks of that period, but they would keep a sharp lookout on the new material coming in.

Within six months they reported the discovery of the lithograph of an insect which was clear and delicate enough not merely to be recognized as a fly but as a *Glossina*, or tsetse.

This is, of course, only an extremely interesting coincidence and brilliant bit of scientific prophecy, and will probably never be more definite, as the parasite *Trypanosoma*, being only visible under the microscope, and having naturally neither bones nor skin,



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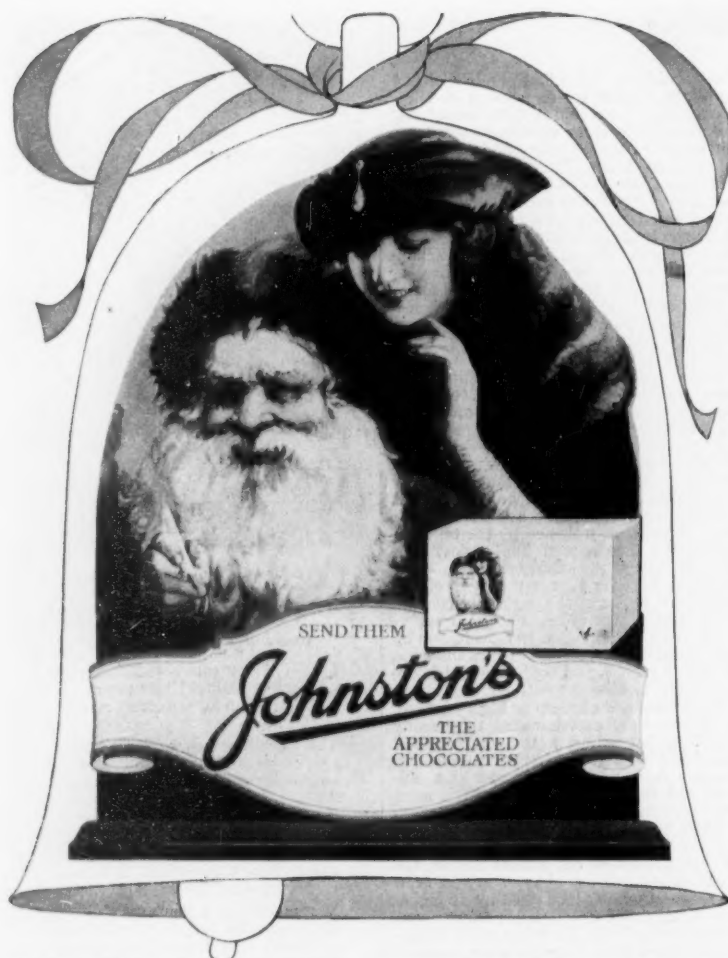
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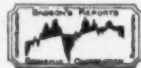
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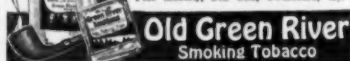
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could hardly have left visible traces in the rock portraits. But it gives us pause to think how far back into the dark cavern and abyss of time even our most modern evils may reach, and what a tremendous and sinister sway insects may possibly have exerted in all ages over the fate of species and of continents.

It is a far cry from the Congo to Spitzbergen, but the welfare of the whole human race is emphatically one, and what we learn by toilsome and dangerous research in Darkest Africa may to-morrow be of life-saving value in Lightest Europe.

This is by no means to preach a world crusade of extermination against insects. That were as needless as it would be hopeless. Only a mere handful of their half million species attack man directly, and some few hundred prey seriously upon his crops. The vast overwhelming majority are not even aware of our illustrious existence. All we need to do is to recognize and keep at a distance from our persons and fields the small minority of flying or crawling things which are dangerously hostile. And this can now usually be done successfully, with fair intelligence and energy.

In this fight certain good insects which destroy the eggs or larvae of bad ones are among our most valuable helpers. Nearly all the well-known ladybugs, or ladybirds, for instance, are of this class, so that our childish ritual of launching them with the rhythmic incantation, "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home; your house is on fire, your children all gone," is sound practice.

We should try to outgrow the childish and colossal self-conceit of judging the right of all living things to exist solely according to the question, What use are they to our lordly selves? But even on this basis the insects have a well-spread credit page in our ledger. In primitive times they most ably assisted our budding desire to appear beautiful in the eyes of our fellows in getting rid of our stuffy, unchangeable hairy coat, which was a vast improvement. We have trouble and fine-tooth combs enough, heaven knows, with the small patch of it left on the top of our heads. What would it be like if it was all over us? Also the "stings and wriggings of outrageous insect" were a powerful incentive to goad us up and away from the tropics to become brainy and civilized in the cool green north. Talk about the uses of adversity—it was insects that made us civilized.

They even promoted our intellectual culture and æsthetic development. We are just beginning to suspect that the

tremendous craving and fondness for scents, perfumes, spices, odors and fragrances of every sort displayed by the whole human race from the earliest ages of civilization is closely connected with the repellent effects of most of these scents upon insects.

The enormous prices eagerly paid for myrrh, frankincense and spices, the caravans sent thousands of miles overland and the merchant argosies beating their perilous way by sea to the Far East, the Spice Islands, in search of spices rested not just upon luxurious fancy or pampered olfactory sense, but upon solid protection against plague-bearing and pestilence-carrying insects—fleas, cooties and mosquitoes.

While upon the visual side of our æsthetic education, it is almost certain that we owe all the wonder and glory and never-failing delight of flowers, the most exquisite beauty in the world, to their necessity of attracting insects, bees, moths, butterflies to visit and fertilize them with pollen. Flowers were the earliest advertisers in the world, and they're still the best—full-page, five-tone, irresistible.

Last, but by no means least, upon the level of the lowliest but most fundamental of our senses, we owe to insects not only the delights of honey but also the rich flavors of our finest and sweetest fruits. Many of our most highly improved modern varieties of pears, plums, peaches and apples are unable to fertilize themselves properly, and for fine fruit and full crops absolutely require cross-fertilization by visiting bees.

In some of our great orchard belts the wild bees are utterly inadequate to deal with the great seas of pink and white blossoms every spring, and it is necessary to install colonies of bees at regular intervals, about a hive to the acre, in order to make sure of fertilization.

In fact, we ought to thank our lucky stars that it was only the stupid insects, not the brainy ones, that happened to attack us. Especially such hymenopterous highbrows, for instance, as ants, which keep cows—plant lice, aphids—milk them, build stables for them and carry them to fresh pasture plants when the old are eaten bare, fencing them in with a ring wall of mud around the stem of the plant; also make gardens, sow seeds, run mushroom beds in properly cooled chambers underground; keep slaves, have a military caste, wage wars of conquest and slave raiding and behave in a distressingly human fashion generally. If they once started to pick on us, heaven help us!

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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## Table of Contents

December 24, 1921

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

### SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Day Dust—Lucy Stone Terrill . . . . .	7
"Worth 10,000!"—Irvin S. Cobb . . . . .	12
A Midsummer Knight's Dream (Conclusion)—Mary Roberts Rinehart . . . . .	18

### ARTICLES

Europe in Transition—Isaac F. Marcossion . . . . .	6
The Importance of Tripping Over a Mat—Stacy Aumonier . . . . .	10
The Crowning Glory—By a Wigmaker . . . . .	11
Insect-Borne Diseases—Woods Hutchinson, M.D. . . . .	14
Hacking at the Federal Reserve—Will Payne . . . . .	21

### SERIALS

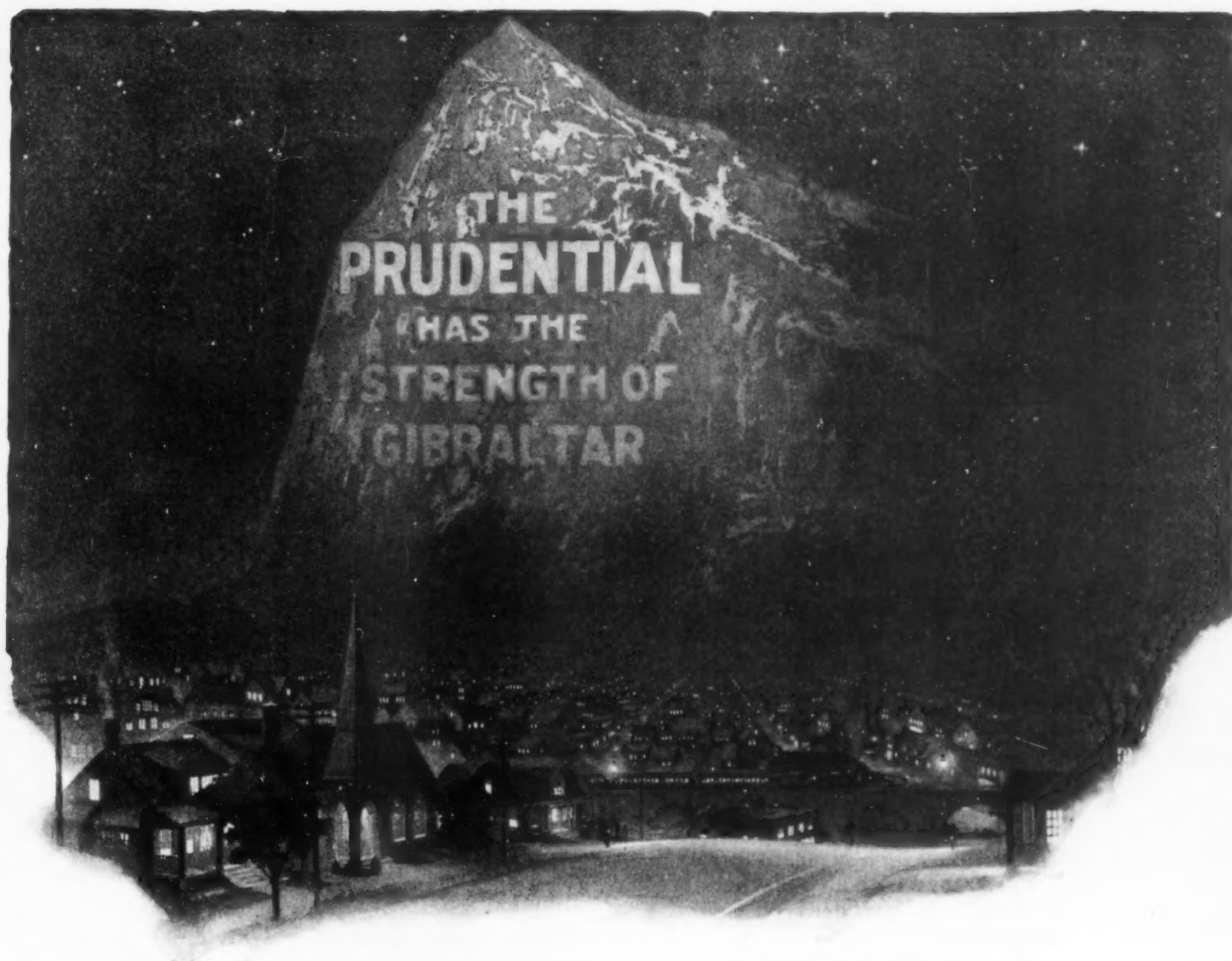
The Driver (In six parts)—Garet Garrett . . . . .	3
Men of Affairs (Fifth part)—Roland Pertwee . . . . .	16

### DEPARTMENTS

Editorials . . . . .	20
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in bonds of the company whose electric current lights the houses and Christmas trees; in bonds of the railroads which have brought the family together for the Holiday; in bonds of the telegraph and telephone companies over whose wires are flashing the messages of peace and good will.

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So there are no regrets this Christmas time in Prudential homes, for in Prudential Valley there is peace.



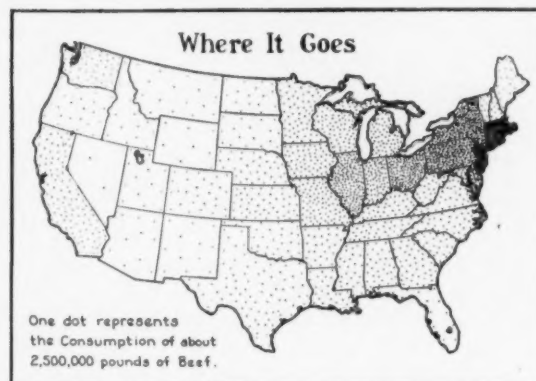
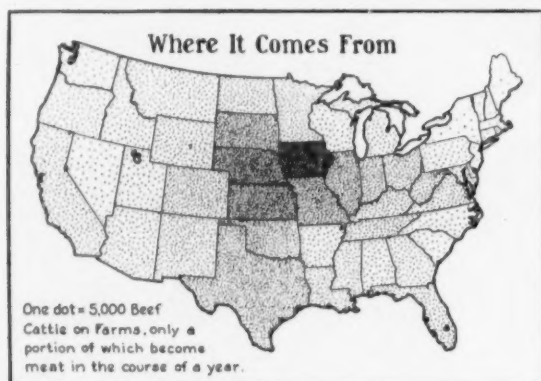
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